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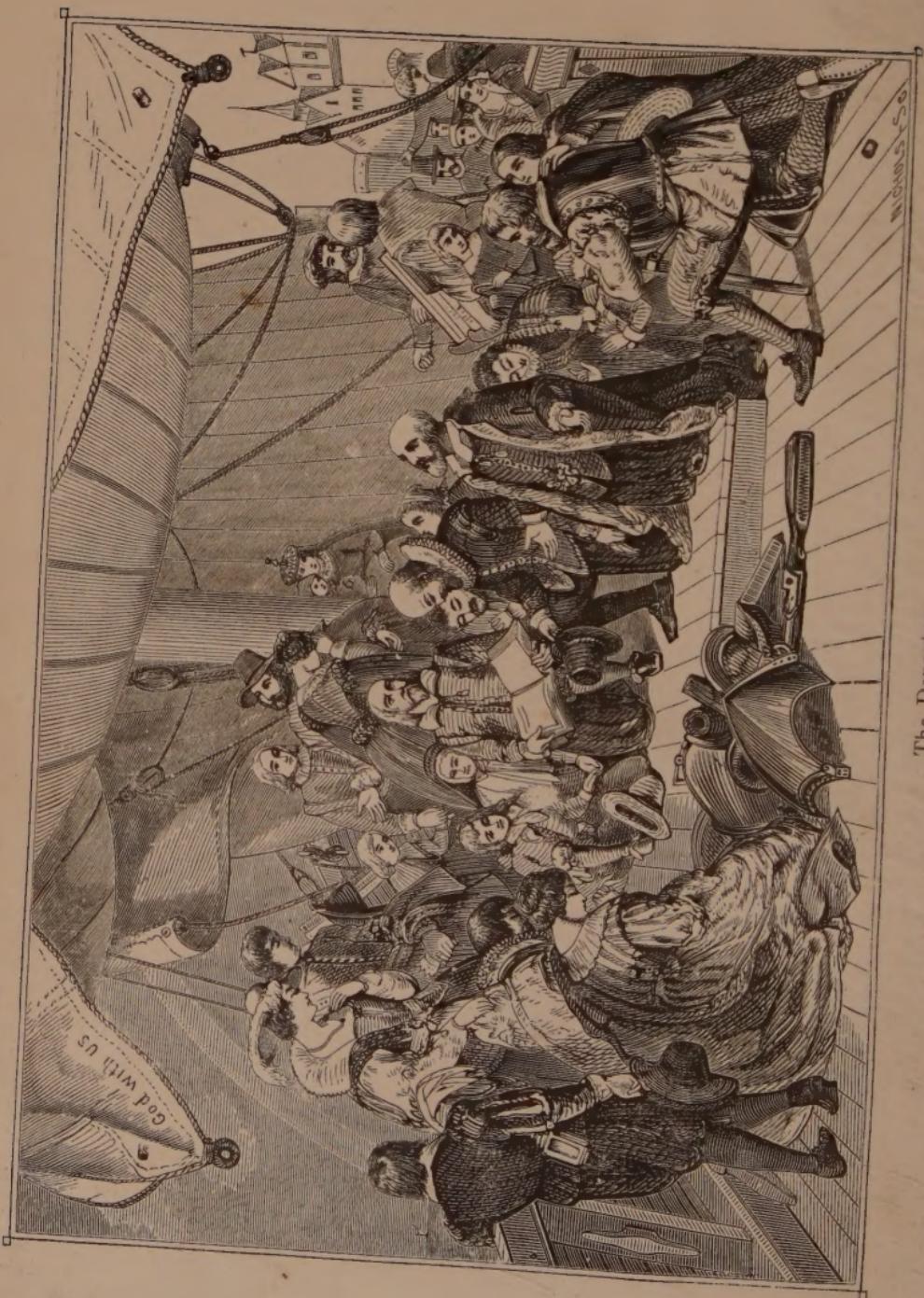
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Garrett Biblical Institute

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Sept 1st 1907.



Faith Wolbit's Letter Book.

1620-1623.

PLYMOUTH, NEW ENGLAND

1620-1623.

"These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were possessed of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." — Hebrews 11:13.



BOSTON:
HENRY HOYT,
NO. 9 CORNHILL.

The Departure.



Faith White's Letter Book.

1620—1623.

PLYMOUTH, NEW ENGLAND.

M. H. Whiting

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TO

My Father,

WHOSE PILGRIM-BARK LONG SINCE STRANDED ON THE SHORES OF THE
ETERNAL CITY, AND

My Mother,

STILL A STRANGER AND A SOJOURNER HERE BELOW,
THIS STORY OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS
IS DEDICATED BY THEIR

DAUGHTER.



FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

Bird's Nest, Leyden, Holland, }
Wednesday, March 29, 1620. }

MY UNKNOWN FRIEND : — I have always heard it was such a nice way of recording your life, with its feelings and actions, to keep a diary. But it seems selfish to me, to keep all your experience and good thoughts to yourself alone.

As is quite customary now, father and mother each have a letter book, in which they copy all the letters they write and receive ; but it seems so much better to write all these things to a friend, that, though I have no idea who you are, or under what part of God's overarching blue sky you dwell, I am going to write to you, instead of keeping a diary.

I believe, earnestly, that somewhere in this wide world is one companion, to whom we could tell freely all the joys that gladden and the sorrows that befall us who are set for these latter times, and that one friend would share them with us. I know Jesus, Saviour, the best Counselor, and you know Him, too, else you could not be this imaginary friend of mine; but to-night, I, just fifteen, am hungering and thirsting for an earthly friend, and it shall be you, my only correspondent,—for I have never written any letters except a few notes in play to Patience Brewster,—and you, not yet named, shall know all of my life past and to come.

I suppose I must introduce myself to you as “Little Faith White,”—that is what everybody calls me,—and the eldest daughter of a family of four. Father says, “So much is expected and will be required by our All-Father of an eldest daughter.”

I have told you that I am fifteen, this is my birthday, and here I live in a darling cottage home, and am writing now in my room, which I call “Bird’s Nest,” though, as I am such a chatter-box, brother Paul often says, to tease me, that it is “Magpie’s Nest.” This dear home is on a

quiet street in grand old Leyden in Holland ; and so long have we been here, that I have only a faint memory of any other,— a sort of a vague dream of a thatch-roofed cottage, on a hillside sloping down to the smooth-flowing river Idle near Austerfield, a little hamlet on the border of Nottinghamshire in dear old England, of which grandfather still talks longingly.

I scarcely know if I recollect, or if having heard the story so often, I seem to remember our flight from there ; of secretly whispered good-byes ; of money paid to greedy sailors ; of going stealthily on board a ship at night, and even from the security of my father's arms, gazing with fearful eyes on the dark waste of waters ; of hard-hearted, profane officers — those dreadful magistrates — coming on board and making us prisoners, rudely searching all parties for money, and often seizing all the valuables they could find, leading us to prison with scoffs and jeers.

That all seems like a frightful dream, but I distinctly remember the next attempt made in the succeeding spring, twelve years ago. Our poor fathers, some but just released from prison, were already in the ship ; but the bark in which we were, was fast in the mud, and before the boat

from the ship could take another load, a party of horsemen, armed with guns and bills, bore down upon us. The frightened Dutch Captain, fearing punishment, swore that he would not wait, and set sail, leaving the unprotected women and children. I can never forget the screams of the terrified children, as the disappointed and furious cavalry approached us, nor my desolate young mother's tears, nor her prayers to God for protection, as with no homes to go to, we wandered up and down the dreary moors, driven here and there by cruel constables,—cold, hungry and disheartened.

Nor can I ever forget her incessant pleadings that the lives of our friends might be spared, for a dreadful storm arose that lasted fourteen days, and drove the ship far out of her course on the coast of Norway. Child that I was, I then learned to pray, and believe in prevailing prayer; for after much suffering and many trials, that are painful to think of, with loss of everything but life, we were finally permitted to go to Amsterdam, and rejoin our friends, who, at length, like ourselves, having passed through almost the bitterness of death, had reached there safely.

I remember but little of this city except its

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

numerous islands, and bridges crossing the canals; the immense shipping in the port, with its forests of masts, and the beautiful Cathedral that filled me with wonder and delight at the magnificence of the building, and echoing strains of its great organ. I used to think the music of heaven could not be grander or sweeter.

I have one more vivid remembrance of my Amsterdam life. It is of a venerable old Deaconess in our church there, who used to sit, in time of service, with a birchen rod in her hand, and woe to the luckless urchins that disturbed the congregation. Good old mother in Israel that she was, I confess that I should have more regard and veneration, and less curious awe for her memory, if I had not so often sat in the meeting-house, in mortal fear lest I should fall asleep, and making some disturbance, be wakened by an application of that which Solomon enjoins on parents not to spare; or from some inadvertent smile, look, or act, provoke it yet more freely.

After one year in Amsterdam, we came to Leyden, this fair and beautiful city, so beloved, where our church, long persecuted, has found an ark of rest. It is a great city, next in size to Amsterdam, the largest in the Province, abound-

ing in frequent green squares, and shut in by strong high walls. It has a large University, full of rare curiosities, and two churches,—St. Peter's and St. Pancras,—immense masses of stone, in whose winding aisles and porticos one can wander and lose himself entirely.

And, too, there is the picturesque *Stadheuis*, or Town Hall, on the walls of which are wonderful paintings that I never tire of looking at, and dreaming over, as I sit half lulled to sleep, by the whirr and buzz of the wheels and looms, a profitable occupation, in which so many of our fathers have found employment weaving ribbons, silks and cloths.

My dear mother died two years after we came here, leaving us little baby Mary to love, for her sake—and a precious child she is. At her request, mother was carried to our old home in Nottinghamshire, and buried in the little church-yard, near the old gray stone church in which she was baptized and married. I love to think of her as sleeping there under the white daises, her favorite flower, and by her side a tiny, grass-grown grave where rests all that was mortal of a baby sister, Hope by name. One year after, my father—it seems to me everybody must know

that best and dearest father of mine—brought a new mother to our dreary home. After he told us he thought of doing so, brother Paul,—his name is Resolved, but I always call him by his other name,—who is three years younger than I, threw his arms around my neck and sobbed in angry grief. “I shall never, never love her as I do you, sister Faith,” he said, “and I wish she would stay away, and let you take care of me and Mary. I will be good to you, but I shall not mind a word she says.”

But I told him she must love our dear father very much to be willing to take the care and trouble of three little children, and that our house would be so much more pleasant with a mother to love in it. She came and we welcomed her, and indeed I know no difference between her and my sainted mother, except that, as she is but ten years older than I, she seems to me both as an elder sister and mother, who cares too much for me to let any wrong go unreproved, yet chides my waywardness so tenderly that I love her more because of the reproof.

And this is Faith White’s life—her “young life,” as father called it at family worship, this morning, though it seems long to me; and then

he begged the All-Father to be such a Shepherd to His lamb, that when my birthdays were over, and I entered on the first of my eternal years, it might be said to me, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." This is my verse in the Bible. I suppose you know how to find anybody's verse, by looking in the last chapter of Proverbs, and taking the one that corresponds in number to the day of the month on which you were born. Mother says she thinks it a wrong and foolish superstition, but if it makes me try to win so high praise from such a source, it will do me good.

And I did think, as father was pleading, with strong crying, for his "first born," and then and there I gave myself away again to Jesus in a new covenant, that thenceforth I would always be the best daughter, the most loving sister. But I am afraid I resolved in my own strength. I was then sure I never could again speak fretfully to David, or either of the other children. But I thought of David, particularly, for Mary is blind and feeble, and we all pet her. Besides, I solemnly promised my own mother, that dreary night she died, that I would always be good to Paul and Mary — both a sister and mother; and

though I was but little more than six years old, I cannot forget it; so if Paul is, sometimes, a great tease, I rarely get vexed with him.

But David is the baby, a little more than two years old, very heavy, and often very cross. I have to tend him a great deal, for mother is not strong, and I am sometimes impatient — O, my dear friend, so very impatient with him! Now I was quite in earnest about my good resolves, and all this morning when he cried so much, for mother had a headache and I took all the care of him, I was kind and patient. But when dinner time came,— did you ever notice that the dinner hour was the crossest part of the day, especially if you are getting it yourself? — as I was very busy, I set him down with ever so many things to amuse him, and Mary to talk to him. But while in the midst of making my birthday pudding, I saw him sailing my new Latin Testament, that Mr. Brewster had sent me, by Patience, for a present, on a tub of water, and laughing merrily to see it float.

I do not dare to think how angry I was at poor David, or what I said to him ; and tears of shame and remorse come when I recall the quiver of his dimpled chin, and the grieved expression in

his blue eyes, as he ran and hid his curly head in mother's lap, and sobbed aloud. Nor shall I soon forget the look in Mary's sightless brown eyes, as she lifted them wonderingly, rebukingly towards me.

I thought of Jesus, only looking at denying, swearing Peter, after all his loud promises of devotion, and how it is said, "And he went out, and wept bitterly." I am sure I am penitent now, and I hope I have been forgiven, but if I could act so badly thus soon after my good resolutions, what can I hope for?

You see how much Faith White has to strive against; will you still let her be your friend? I am afraid, that, after this confession, you will refuse my extended hand reaching out to clasp yours, for already I cannot persuade myself that you are not a real acquaintance of mine, whom I have always known and loved even as Patience Brewster, a choice friend, near my own age, that studies with me.

You will discover that I am egotistical, and fond of talking of myself, and my loved ones. You will find Faith unlike her name, and though fifteen years old to-day, a very thoughtless, vain-minded child, I fear, who forgets how quickly her

life is passing, and how triflingly in little household cares and imperfectly done duties.

You will learn, too, that she is ignorant, knowing somewhat of English studies, and a little of Latin, Dutch and French, just a beginner in the school of science, as she is in the school of Christ.

She can sew well, and embroider a little; can cook so as to suit the taste of an easily pleased father; can knit rapidly — reading at the same time her fingers are busy with the needles — and spin flax very nicely, making such fine table-linen; can nurse the sick, and, as father often flatteringly says to encourage her, "Looketh well to the ways of her household." If either the nineteenth, or twenty-seventh had been my verse, I might have verified it.

O, if I could but make my life great, and good, and useful, so that when this little vapor has passed away my name might not die, but shine among the Marys and Dorcases, with the pious Bertha, or our Virgin-Queen Elizabeth! But often when I think despairingly that I am like the city of Zoar, concerning which poor, hurrying, frightened Lot said pleadingly, "Is it not a little one?" I am comforted by reading that

“ God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty ; ” so I am sure that He has some purpose for even so weak and foolish a thing as Faith White, though what I am to do for Him doth not yet appear.

My grandfather, my own mother’s father, who is very old and silver-haired, and leans tremblingly on his staff, says to me, when I am tired of doing such little things, “ Do your present duty, my child, as to God. Be faithful in the wee sma’ things ; ” and quotes a favorite hymn from Herbert.

“ Teach me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see :
And, what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

All may of Thee partake ;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, **FOR THY SAKE**,
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine,
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that, and the action fine.

This is the famous stone,
That turneth all to gold :
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.”

Such a dear, good grandfather as mine is, with his snow-white locks,—his “crown of glory,”—and loving heart, always happy in making others happy. May he long be spared to us.

And now there is a chance to use his teaching, for David wants to be rocked to sleep ; he has forgiven me for my morning's unkindness, as I hope God has, and desires me to tell him his favorite stories, how the Lord called Samuel, and about David and Goliath. I wish I could write it as he pronounces it in his lisping, baby fashion — my precious little David.

You know David, itself, means beloved, and a much-loved child he is ; how could I be so unkind to him ?

CHAPTER II.

Bird's Nest, Tuesday, April 4.

MY CARIAD; — That is your name ; grandfather says it is the Welsh for love or darling. I wonder if it is not derived from the Latin, *carus*, beloved. I am reading Latin now to Mr. Brewster — Patience and I together — and that is why I am so pedantic.

I do wish you knew Patience, though I expect you would love her more than myself, for she is not dull and prosy like me, thinking this hour, What shall I get for dinner ? the next, How shall I mend those great holes so as not to show the darns or patch ? or, What ought I to do first, so as quickest to get through with the housework and go to spinning ? and so on, daily, from one week's end to the other.

These little talks and anxious thoughts about

bread and butter, scouring floors and washing dishes, although very needful, do not look attractive on paper, any more than they are in reality. But I am the eldest, she the youngest, and that is why her hands are always soft and white, and her curls smooth. And it may be that her never having to think and worry about these ever-recurring household cares, which I am glad to take from my feeble mother, is one reason why she is always amiable and gentle, overflowing with laughter, and brim-full of nonsense and harmless roguery ; coming in like a gleam of sunshine, sitting in her father's lap, pulling his beard, pinching his cheek, and kissing where it hurt, like a child of four years old, while Mr. Brewster, generally so grave, enjoys it all, and calls her his "giddy kitten."

Only yesterday, as I sat knitting and reading in a rare, leisure half-hour between two meals, when David and Mary were sleeping, she came suddenly into the garden, and, calling me a "mope" and "book-worm," picked me up, book, knitting and all, whirled around with me, struggling, and before I could tell whether or not I was Cardinal Wolsey, "nipped by an untimely frost," of whom I had been reading, I was

sitting in my seat, an inverted copy of Shakespeare before me, two of my needles gone, and the white kitten, ever ready to seize an opportunity, playing with my ball of yarn, while Patience looked gravely on as if nothing had happened.

Right before us, enjoying the April sunshine, old gray Tabby lay sleeping on the grass; and at that moment her little kitten, bereft of the ball, and seeking other mischief, came frolicking up, as full of fun as if never even a kitten-care had shaded her life, and rudely disturbed her mother's slumber. Tabby winked, and blinked, trying not to notice it, but being roused again and again by the inexorable kitten, with true cat-like patience she retreated a little space to a more secluded spot, and stretched herself for another nap, from which being remorselessly wakened, she looked up so reproachfully and vexedly at her kitten, that it ought to have moved that pitiless, jolly head.

"There! do you see that?" said Patience. "You are just like old Tabby, very useful, but solemn and sleepy, when you have finished your daily toil of baking and mending — your way of catching mice. I come along like that unpitying

kitten, rout you out, and worry and vex you, as she does her forgiving mother."

Then the old cat, seeing she might as well submit to her fate with the best grace possible, rose, stretched, and shook herself, then entered awkwardly into the spirit of the occasion. Crouching low down, she would spring heavily at the agile kitten that escaped her every time; then running after her, she would climb a tree, and, going out on too slender a bough, fall to the ground; all so well meant, and kindly disposed to enter and seem to enjoy the sport, yet so ridiculous and awkward, that we both sat watching and laughing till the tears came.

Nevertheless I could not help thinking how much I was like that same Tabby, who is a very useful, if not jovial member of our family, and I believe I now find it as hard to play kitten as she did; while it seems to belong to Patience with her light blue eyes, and flossy, yellow curls, as soft and smooth as the silk she embroiders with, her supple joints and winning ways, to dance gaily through life.

Coming back to the inevitable *Ego*, to tell the truth,—all of which I must tell you as far as I can,—I don't think I myself am like anybody

else. I try to be frank and candid, but all these more earnest thoughts and feelings lie so deep down in my soul, that I cannot express them. And I fear that when I meet you, my Cariad, as I sometime expect to, I shall stand before you dumb—in a throbbing agony of delight, but speechless. Do you think you will know me by sight if I say never a word of welcome to you?

CHAPTER III.

Bird's Nest, Monday, April 10.

 NLY a few days have passed since I wrote you before, but already Faith White's life seems to be taking a new turn.

But I must tell you somewhat of our past, before you can fully understand how we are situated, and why it is proposed to take such a step, as to turn our backs again on our dear-loved home, doing like those first disciples, "leave all and follow Jesus."

Faith White is a Puritan maiden, whose proudest inheritance, better than landed wealth or a patent of nobility, is that her ancestors have suffered for the sake of "the word of God, and the testimony of Jesus Christ." Because they wished to worship God in their own way, with a free conscience, coming out from the world and being separate from it; for more than fifty years have

the Puritans been persecuted, hidden away in swamps, hunted by dragoons, fallen upon by relentless persecutors while holding secret meetings; and thrown into prisons, some of them continuing faithful even unto death, deemed worthy to be made partakers of Christ's sufferings, by the axe, on the scaffold, and at the stake, — that is our sad history.

But God has kept His own according to promise, and finally after a great deal of trial, a little of which I have told you, a number came to Amsterdam, then here. But we are not satisfied.

It is not because we wander from house to house, having no settled home of our own possessing, for, as Mr. Bradford, one of our best men, has said, "We know that we are Pilgrims, and look not so much on these things, but lift our eyes to Heaven, our dearest country, and quiet our spirits."

It is not that we are daily growing poorer, though as has again and again been urged, in spite of our labor and persevering industry, in new and unusual employments, "poverty is coming on us like an armed man."

But our young men, the sons and brothers of our families, having no occupation that is profit-

ble, leave us for the army, a poor place for a Christian, at least, in time of peace, though gratifying to ambition. And, too, these good natured Hollanders are not godly people; they still cling to old creeds and superstitions; they are rude and riotous, profaning the Sabbath; they are of the earth, earthy.

Did you ever read in Josephus, how in the temple, before its destruction, the priests heard a rushing wind, and a loud voice echoing through all the passages, "Let us depart! Let us depart!"

So the wise fathers, eager to follow Christ's lead, tossed hither and thither by the tide of persecution and circumstance, have heard yet again a voice, saying, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest," and have already decided to cross the wide, wide ocean, far toward the setting sun, to a new and unknown country, to America, peopled by a wild, barbarous race of red men.

Emigration, somewhere, has been talked of for years,—Virginia, the West Indies, and Guiana have all been thought of,—but hitherto, so many obstacles have been in the way, that it never seemed likely to happen in my life; and father had not thought of going, at least until very lately, so when it was first told me, it was a

wholly new idea, and I thought my heart would break.

But dear, good grandfather, who grows feebler and lovelier every day, smoothed my tangled curls as I sat quietly crying with David in my arms, and said, "My little Faith, you have always been wanting to do some great thing for God, to show your love to Him who first loved us. He is now pointing out the way, and are you already drawing back?"

I smiled at once through my tears, and so soon after writing you that Faith White knew not what she was to do for her Master, He is showing her.

Hitherto the greatest difficulty has been to obtain a patent under King James' broad seal, granting "Liberty of Conscience" wherever we should go, that is, the right to worship God as we please, in this new land; and three years ago strong efforts were made at great expense, that a colony might go to the West Indies, but all in vain.

Soon after, two men, deemed suitable to carry out such important arrangements, were selected, Mr. Carver and Mr. Cushman, who went to England, and with much trouble, with the assistance of Sir Edwin Sandys, a godly man and

distant relative of Mr. Brewster, having much influence at court, they have at last succeeded in obtaining a patent, granted under the Seal of the Virginia Company, and permitting us to settle in New England.

But the utmost promise of religious freedom that they could obtain from the King, was his saying, "Provided they carry themselves peaceably, no molestation shall be offered them on religious grounds."

After this was gained, an agreement was entered into with some wealthy men in London, and other places in England, who are to lend us money, pay the expenses, and divide the profits. "Largely to their own benefit," I heard father say the other night, "but we are poor and weak, they rich and strong, so we must fain do the best we can, thank God it is so well as it is, since it might have been much worse, and trust His unfailing goodness for the future."

Father afterwards explained to me the agreement between the Merchant Adventurers and ourselves, which, as it now stands, has been declared "to be on conditions better fitted for thieves and bond slaves, than honest men," so

hard is it, taking such advantage of our straitness and poverty.

Grandfather often says to me, "You have a wise little head at figures, Faith," and perhaps I understand it so perfectly, that I can correctly repeat it to you.

The partnership is to last seven years, and the shares are to be divided in ten pounds each. Each person, over sixteen years of age, going himself or herself, is to be counted as one share; if he has ten pounds, two shares, and so on in that proportion. Two children between ten and sixteen count a share; so Paul and I will have one between us, but I cannot help wishing that I was a year older. Does such a wish break the tenth commandment?

All persons are to be fed and clothed at the expense of the colony, out of the common store, and at the end of seven years all the profits that have been made in any manner, by trading, tilling the ground, fishing or otherwise; all the houses, lands, goods and chattels, are to be put together, and divided equally among all, giving to each according to his number of shares.

Father says it is almost the same as giving seven years hard labor to get to America, and

mother answered him, "But Jacob willingly served fourteen years for his beloved Rachel, and thought them nothing, because of the love he bore her. Can we not do half as much for the Lord who bought us?"

It was asked, and agreed in the first place, that our houses, gardens, and home-fields should be reserved to us as private property, and that each person might work two days weekly for his own benefit; but now they refuse to allow what seems so just, and Mr. Cushman writes that the conditions mentioned are the best he can possibly obtain.

I forgot to add that each child under the age of ten is to have, at the end of seven years, fifty acres of uncultivated land. Mary says she wants hers full of trees and flowers, where the birds will come and sing, and build their nests; and she can hear the bees buzzing as they fly around gathering honey.

She is herself a darling little busy bee, going around in the "great dark," as she used to say when she first became blind,—for she lost her sight after having brain-fever two years ago, and has never seen David,—gathering honey from every flower and weed on life's highway, and

storing it up against our winter of discontent—ours, not hers, for she is always happy and contented.

A great deal has been said within a week of the possibility of better success, if another attempt were now made to obtain some promise from King James; and we foolish children, who have a great horror of a possible future of trial, like that through which our parents have struggled and suffered, have talked over many wild schemes for accomplishing it, and I don't know how else to explain what I am going to tell you about Patience.

Last Saturday she came into Bird's Nest, not in her usual frolicsome, noisy way, but as quietly as her mother would have done, and now I remember that she had been remarkably demure for several days. At first she was very silent, and I was about to ask her if she had made a mistake in her sampler, one of life's deepest afflictions to her, when she went up to my little looking-glass, glanced in it a moment, and facing me, said abruptly—"Do you think I am pretty, Faith?"

I stopped my spinning-wheel, and looked at her in utter amazement, for I had never thought

she knew how pretty she was, or cared, but I answered candidly, "Yes, Patience, I think you are."

"Very pretty — beautiful — do you think?"

"Yes, beautiful."

"I don't know whether I am glad or sorry," she said musingly, and after a few moments bashful hesitation, and with pleading look that would have made the hardest heart relent, she went on, "Don't you remember, Faith, how we read in the Apocrypha about Judith, who, by her beauty, with God's blessing, won the confidence of Holofernes, Captain of the great army of Nabuchodonosor, and, killing him, saved Israel from destruction? And how the beauty of Esther prevailed upon Ahasuerus, and the Jews were spared? And, too, that Abigail's beauty softened the heart of David, when he went up to destroy churlish Nabal?"

She stopped, and I nodded and said, "Yes, I remember."

"Well, don't laugh at me, please don't; but you know Father is related to Sir Edwin Sandys, and he is influential at court and with His Worshipful Majesty;" here she made as low a courtesy as if she thought she were already in King

James' very presence, "and I have thought—it is so foolish I know—if I could go to England, and God would bless this gift of beauty that you say He has given to me, as He did theirs, and I could persuade King James to give us this Charter of Liberty of Conscience," here her voice, which at each word had grown weaker, failed her entirely, and she hid her scarlet face in her hands, through which the fast-flowing tears trickled, then threw herself on the floor beside me, and laying her head in my lap, cried aloud.

I stroked her soft hair in silent sympathy, not knowing whether to laugh at, or cry with her. I had never dreamed of such a serious thought in that sunshiny head, with its sheen of golden curls. Besides, her scheme was so wild, so romantic and preposterous, withal ridiculous, and yet she was so deeply in earnest, I did not know how to tell her so.

"And you want to know exactly what I think about it?" I asked her when she was a little more quiet.

"If you please, Faith, but don't ridicule me!"

"Well, you know that long before we fled from England, nearly a thousand ministers of our faith petitioned the King for Liberty of Con-

science, and he granted them a conference from which they hoped much. You and I have often heard your father tell of that conference, how the King, pretending to be ready to hear what they complained of, and having called in a great number of his Bishops, brow-beat, ridiculed, and railed at the four men,—good and learned preachers representing the petition,—and finally his bitter threat as he sent them away, which the Lord has permitted him to carry out. ‘If this be all that they have to say, I shall make them conform themselves, or I will harry them out of the land, or yet do worse.’

“ You know how he carried out that threat. How he made his “ Book of Sports,” for the Sabbath, forbidding bear or bull-baiting, but enjoining archery, running, vaulting—and all athletic games. You know the fine of twenty pounds a month for staying away from church-service,—your father has often paid it; you know how he forbade preaching, and praying or catechising in any private family, if any one besides the family was present. You remember how every one was to be excommunicated,—which meant that he could not sue for his debts, and imprisonment for life,—if a word was said

against the Church of England, its forms and ceremonies, its government, or any of its officers; or if they should separate from the communion of that church, and make a new brotherhood with another name.

We have been "hurried out of the land," thankful that we could escape; and how he has "done yet worse" to others less fortunate, you know as you recall the long, horrible stories of fines, imprisonment, and mutilation; men with their cheeks branded, their noses slit, their ears cut off, and whipped publicly at a post for no worse crimes.

"Do you think that from such a relentless persecutor of the right, a promise made to beauty would be binding? Why, Patience, he dislikes your father so much, because of the books he has written and printed here in Leyden, against the abuses and wrongs of the Church of England, that he might make a martyr of you, or keep you in the Tower all the rest of your natural life!"

"So you don't think it is my duty—that I can do any good?"

"No, nothing."

"I am so glad—*so glad!*" she said with a

sigh of relief, and immediately she was the merry-hearted Patience I had always known; after bathing her swollen eyes, and laughing at the "beauty" she saw in the glass, she had a romp with David, who waked just then, and finally went skipping away, while I spun rapidly to make up for lost time, and wondered at this strange freak — this new trait of character in my friend..

In the uncertainty and doubt as to what was best, it was thought right to hold a day of fasting and prayer, on which to meet and ask counsel of the Lord. Mr. Robinson, our pastor, whose wife is a half-sister of father's, gave us a powerful sermon. His text was in First Samuel xxiii: 3. 4. "And David's men said unto him, Behold, we be afraid here in Judah: how much more than if we come to Keilah against the armies of the Philistines? Then David inquired of the Lord yet again. And the Lord answered him, and said, Arise, go down to Keilah: for I will deliver the Philistines into thy hand."

It was full of zeal for the Lord, encouragement to duty, and trustful faith. It was like the sound of a battle-trumpet, so that the most timorous and doubtful now feel strong-hearted, and ready

to venture, believing that Jehovah, with His right arm that doeth valiantly, will as certainly lead us as the Israelites of old, when they went forth into the wilderness ; if not with a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night, yet as clearly by His providence and grace.

Recalling our bitter past, it seems to me that God has long been leading us through desert-lands, by cloud and fire. May He grant us sunshine in our future journeyings.

Patience and I have been having long talks about that sunny future over our work, she at her embroidery and I at my kind of fancy-work —mending.

“ O, Faith ! ” said she to-day, while her eyes, blue as the sky, shone brightly, “ I shall be so glad to live in that beautiful country with hills as high as the clouds, and great forests, full of flowers and strange plants, where the wild deer range, and rare birds and butterflies go flitting by. The best of it is, it will be all our own, —nobody can come and hunt and persecute us ; and father says, with God’s blessing we will some day have a great colony there, — a country that England will be proud of, and as glad to claim us then, as once to drive us away.

“ And, too, he says that we will lay the foundation of a true, spiritual church, with no earthly power to command us how we must serve God ; and then all that are oppressed in England, and other lands, can come there, and we will treat them kindly, and welcome them, as the Amsterdam and Leyden people welcomed us.

“ They say, besides, that the Indians where we are going are heathen — real, dreadful heathen, who do horrible things, even torturing their enemies and prisoners to death ! But father says we are going to treat them kindly, and pay for all the things we get from them, so they will trust and love us, and then some may become Christians. You and I can help, Faith, by seeking out the poor little red children, and teaching them to read, so they can learn about Jesus, and make them clothes to wear. O, it will be so delightful ! I always have wanted to be a missionary ! ” and Patience jumped up, and hugged me for joy, till I was half-smothered, and danced about as if almost crazy.

But her overflow of joy is not to be wondered at, for her father has suffered greatly in our cause — God’s cause perhaps I should say. He was once employed at court in the service of Sir

William Davison, Queen Elizabeth's secretary, and was highly esteemed by him. Patience says her eldest brother can well remember that at one time, when his father was on his way to court, Sir William let him wear a magnificent gold chain that had been presented to him a little while before, for some distinguished service while on an embassy from the Queen into the Low Countries.

When the unfortunate Secretary of State was thrown out of office, his estate mostly confiscated, and he himself confined in the Tower by the treachery of Elizabeth, because at her bidding he had drawn up the death-warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, which she had afterwards signed, and sent by him to the Chancellor to affix the Great Seal, Mr. Brewster still clung to him, doing all he could to alleviate his distress, for Davison was a godly man.

But his occupation at court being gone, soon after Sir William's imprisonment, he came to Scrooby in Yorkshire, but a few miles from our old home in Austerfield, rented a farm which had once been a park of the Archbishops, and was postman many years.

Hour after hour Patience and I sat on low

stools at the feet of Fear Brewster, an older sister, and listened to her tales of the old Manor House in Scrooby. She described it as an inner court-building, surrounded by an outer court four times the size, built of heavy oaken timber except the brick front, to the grand entrance of which they went up by massive stone steps : the wood-work within, was carved with figures of Cupids and dragons, fruit and flowers, and all sorts of nameless things : and O, the mysterious, winding galleries, and dark recesses, the gloomy vaults and lofty-ceiled drinking halls !

Around all, for the sake of defence, had been a wide, deep moat ; and we listened with round eyes at the very thought that Fear "had slept and played again and again without fear!" — as she used to say to make us laugh — "in the very room in which wicked old Henry the Eighth, who had six wives, had passed the night on his journey to the North !"

It was to this same Manor House that Cardinal Wolsey retired after his fall, "in the sere and yellow leaf" of his changeful career, and Fear used to report many traditions of his charity, giving alms of money, meat and drink to the poor near by, and of neighboring parishes, hap-

pier, no doubt, than when clad in scarlet robes he dwelt in the royal palace.

From this Manor House the haughty Archbishops of York used to go galloping bravely off to the chase, followed by splendid retinues ; and returning at night, laden with game and wild fowl taken from the marshy moors, revel and feast, with song, and jest, and drunken riot all night resounding from the Manor of the Bishops, which in later time echoed our songs of praise, and voice of prayer — for there our secret meetings were long held.

When Mr. Brewster cast in his lot with us, he lost much of his property, and being a prominent man was closely watched, and bitterly persecuted. When we first attempted to come to Holland and were betrayed, he was one who paid a large sum of money to the treacherous Captain ; and when arrested, his books and money were taken from him, and he lay for months in prison, with Mr. Robinson and others. Having thus lost and expended nearly everything, he was quite poor when he came here, but, being learned, by printing and teaching, he now has considerable property. The best of all is, he has so many books, which Patience and I read together —

indeed all the little I know is due to Patience Brewster's dear, good father.

Yet he is not perfectly safe here, and he was obliged to go to London about a year since, and secrete himself for a long time from the wrathful Bishops, whom he had written against, and who were on the alert to find, even arresting the wrong man at one time, but thus far God has kept him from their murderous hands.

So while Patience rejoices merrily, looking forward to freedom from persecution, with the birds and butterflies in the lonely security of the western forests, I sit and spin more quietly, and think of how many strange and wonderful sights and experiences I shall have to write to you.

I am glad of that, for when some day, I find you, I don't want these letters to seem to you as only stale, egotistical reports of my own dull thoughts and doings.

But our elders are not so hopeful as we foolish girls, who see only the rose-color of the western sky. Yesterday I found my dear mother leaning her throbbing head on her hand, and reading with tearful eyes, "The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want." I think mother is anxious also about Mary. The precious lamb grows weaker

every day, so that when my work is done, and I take her and David to walk in the streets, and through the public gardens, she says she is so tired she had rather sit still in the warm spring sunshine, and hear the glad birds sing praise to God.

Though only nine years old, she talks so sweetly about the heavenly city, wondering if it can be more beautiful with its gates of pearl and golden streets, than Leyden is. She also says a great deal about mother, and the baby-sister Hope, asking if she is a baby still, or has grown the same as if she had lived on earth ; and wondering if mother would know the little Mary she left, now she has grown so large.

The other day, after we had been talking of crossing the sea, and the beauties of the new country, I heard her tell David that perhaps she would not go with us, but go far away, ever and ever so far away beyond the moon and the stars, on a journey all alone by herself, except that Jesus was going to take a good tight hold on her hand, and lead her ; and that He would lift His little blind Mary over all the stones and ditches, till they came to a beautiful city, that had great high gates, all over like the pearls that Rose

Standish wears, some rare jewels that belong to her husband, Captain Standish, who is from a noble family in England. She has no children, and when she comes to see us she lets David look at and play with them, because he likes them so much.

And Mary went on to say she would not be blind there, and she should see her mother, who died when she was a wee baby, and told sister Faith to take good care of her, so she would grow up to be good, and love the Lord Jesus.

"I'll pick a bouquet of beautiful flowers for her," said the dear child, "and tell her who I am, and hug and kiss her, and say that I have tried to be a good girl, and that I do love the Lord Jesus, who led me all the way so nicely that I never fell once."

She said also that she should see David that killed Goliath, who is our David's greatest hero, next to father of course, who he thinks could have destroyed that giant quite as easily; and she did not think she would be too much afraid of him, to go and tell him she had a dear little brother David down in Leyden, who loved to have his sister Faith tell him how he took five

cunning little smooth stones out of the brook, and killed old Goliath with the very first one.

Finally she assured David that if he was good the Lord would some day call him, as He did Samuel, and he would go and live with her in that beautiful city always.

The dear children! May they sometime in the far-off future meet there.

Paul is even more delighted than I at the idea of going to America, and has decided to be a great soldier, like Miles Standish, and fight the fierce savages who have killed so many English traders in those wilds. He has so much zeal, and is so ready to fight in a good cause, that I think he should have been named Peter instead of Paul, for so far as the Indians are concerned he does not believe in the "gospel of peace."

He has of late been begging father to get him a gun like one belonging to Jasper Carver, who is so much older than Paul that he can be safely trusted with it, and since father's final refusal he has been practising with a painted wooden sword, and bows and arrows of his own construction, that he may be invincible and a good shot; so I hear nothing from him except of parrying, thrusting, and fencing; and am called down from

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

Bird's Nest every little while to see his targets,
and to pass judgment on his list of hits and
misses.

CHAPTER IV.

Bird's Nest, Monday, May 1.

 my Cariad, pity us — pity me ! The Lord has so soon called our Samuel !

After four days sickness, and such dreadful pain, David is dead. Our darling little David, whom I so much loved, yet sometimes was unkind to, has gone far beyond my reach !

There he is now, so cold and white, his little, mischievous fingers still and stiff, his roving, restless feet quiet, and his bird-like voice answering me never a word, nor does he give me even a kiss from his once cherry-red lips, now pale and chill, when I kneel beside him, and beg him to forgive, and love me, and call me Sister Faith in his own sweet way.

It seems to me that I cannot have it so — that I can never say “ Thy will be done.”

Father and mother are so crushed by this

sudden blow, but they bear it submissively, saying each like old King David,—“O my darling David ! my Beloved !—While the child was yet alive I fasted and wept: for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live ? But now he is dead wherefore should I fast ? Can I bring him back again ? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.”

“Shall not return to me !” Not to-morrow—nor the next day—nor forever in any of the long weeks and years ! O, David, David, come back again, come back !

Poor grandfather leans brokenly on his staff, sighing “Lord, how long ?” and Mary’s soul-full eyes swim in a mist of tears, as she sits and holds his little cold hand,—it is not dimpled now but so thin,—singing softly to herself the hymns we all used to sing at nightfall, when little by little the heavy lids fell over the sleep-dimmed eyes.

Never again will he rouse, lift his bright head, unclose the dreamy eyes, and, joining his childish voice for a moment with ours, drop back again on my breast; for death has sealed the lids, and evermore weighed them down, and far away he is singing the new song that no man knoweth.

Paul, always looking forward to the time when David should be “a great boy,” has forgotten his bows and arrows in his grief; and the bright painted sword in which David so much delighted, playing with it in his sickness between his spasms of pain, is laid by. He moves round the house uneasily, as if looking for something lost,—something is indeed lost that we shall find no more!—and tries to do things for poor mother that will show his sympathy and sorrow.

But every little while he runs away to his own room, closes the door, and I hear him throw himself on the bed and sob as if his heart would break; while my heart is as a stone in my breast, and I cannot weep nor pray,—only think and think, how my beautiful, loving baby brother has gone away forever, and cannot come back to me, who was often so impatient with him!

CHAPTER V.

Bird's Nest, Wednesday, May 10.

THIS is such a sad record for me to write to you, my friend. How can the sun shine, and the birds sing when our hearts are drear as midnight? How can the bright, joyous days succeed the dewy nights, and all things go on as before, in merriment and bustle, when we lie crushed under the weight of God's hand, so strong to save, but O, so swift to smite?

This does not seem like the same world as when I wrote you on my birthday. I can hardly persuade myself that I am the same "little Faith White," as I sit here by my dying sister Mary, talking, as she passes on, of the golden streets, and the angel-children with David among them; of mother and little Hope, her peaceful face lighting up with smiles, as if, with her spiritual eyes already unsealed, she saw glories unutterable.

In the next room lies grandfather, dying too. “A sheaf of corn long since ready to be gathered, and carried to the Master’s garner,” he said to me, when to-day I threw myself down beside him in a passionate burst of grief, after coming home from David’s lonely—so lonely grave. “For me to live is Christ, but to depart and be with Christ, is far better,” he went on to say, and I know it is so; but how can we give up these also?

Last night as I stood at the door looking up at the bright unpitying moon, and the stars, that far above and beyond me seemed to smile at, and mock my sorrow, thinking such hard and bitter thoughts of God’s ways and will, Mr. Robinson came in. He said not a word at first, but laid his cool hand on my throbbing head in silent blessing; such thrills of comfort it sent through me, that before he spoke, saying, “Be comforted, little one, for what we know not now we shall know hereafter,” I felt that all was best and right, that it was true, even in this overwhelming sorrow, that the Lord is good, is good and kind.

But to-day again am I grieving over the little, cheerless mound in the green churchyard, where David’s restless feet have pattered so often, but

are at rest now; and over the other graves we shall soon add to his, when it shall be said of grandfather and Mary, each "Lieth down and riseth not up again till the heavens be no more."

Can I — must I say, "Thy will be done?"

Bird's Nest, Saturday, June 3.

MY CARIAD:— It is all over. With the children beside him grandfather sleeps, and they are all gone home.

Two weeks ago last Sabbath eve, at sunset, Mary started up from a sweet sleep, saying, "O, I can see all of you — dear father, mother, Faith and Paul! But here are Jesus and David waiting for me. Kiss me good-bye quick — I must go. O, the beautiful city — the beautiful city!" and so she laid back in father's arms, and fell asleep.

Grandfather followed her the next morning. The manner of his dying was as the stately stepping of a warrior, who follows his Captain unquestioningly, eagerly, to the death. It had been a wild night of storm, like his tempest-tossed life, and the confusion of the elements seemed to rally him, for at intervals during the night, he spoke lofty words of cheer, such strains of en-

couragement to duty, that we, or at least I, had a faint hope that he might recover.

But it was not so to be. In the morning, after counseling us to "Put on the whole armor of God, and fight the good fight of faith," he called me to the bedside, and like dying Jacob laid his hand on my head, saying, "The angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless thee, thou first-born of my only daughter. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and comfort thee."

And as we all knelt around the bed in speechless agony of prayer, he cried with a loud voice, "Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever and ever."

Then Mr. Robinson, who had spent the night with us, followed in prayer, and when we arose grandfather was not, for God had taken him.

The rays of the morning sun streaming in through the latticed window, made his flowing silver hair look like the aureola we see round the

pictured heads of the saints in Catholic Cathedrals, and lighted up his face with a radiant smile. "Do not weep, my little children," said Mr. Robinson to Paul and me. "Rather give thanks, and pray each of us 'Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my end be like his.' "

Since then I have been quite ill myself. Good Dr. Fuller, mother's brother, who told me not to trust in his healing skill, but look away to the Great Physician, said it arose from exhaustion, care, and sorrow. For two days I thought I was going to join the greater host, in the upper sanctuary, but my disease yielded, and now I am almost well again.

I have often wondered how I would feel to be called on to die suddenly, but I was not afraid, and I can never forget the sweet experience of those two days of utter prostration, when, as in a dream, I saw a grand procession of God's sure promises marching "over the mountains of my sins, and the hills of my iniquities," my shortcomings and wrong-doings,— till I saw these swift witnesses against me no more, and instead of their bitter accusing, heard the precious assurances of Mother's favorite twenty-third Psalm,

repeated again and again by invisible choirs and presences.

Some of father's friends, particularly Uncle Roger White, Mrs. Robinson's own brother, and father's half-brother, have been quite anxious that I should remain here, and go on with my studies, till the next ship load goes. It added not a little to the strength of the temptation, that Patience, after all her day-dreams, is to stay with Fear, and a married brother's family.

Father left the decision entirely to me, not even saying what he wished to have me do, and I was much perplexed to know what was the path of duty, but I have finally decided to go with them, and my lightness of heart since that conclusion, makes me feel that I have done right. Indeed, when I told father so, and he folded me in his arms, saying with a tremulous voice, "My darling daughter Faith, I could not have gone without you," I wondered that for a moment I could have thought of parting from him; for I am still the "eldest daughter," though only Paul is left to me; though the other two are gone—gone beyond us all in love and knowledge.

Whatever happens to us in our uncertain future, to which we all look with somewhat of

dread, cannot affect them, our little lilies of the valley, that withered so soon, and are now transplanted in the Lord's Garden of Spices.

It is a very busy time now with so much sewing and spinning, but I am not disturbed by any restless feet running to and fro into mischief. Mother never says to me as soon as the house has been silent for a few moments, "My daughter, I think you had better look for David."

I have no little dirty face, or soiled, dimpled hands to wash again and again daily; no tiny garments to smooth, put on, take off and fold up, morning and evening; no stories to tell, or child's songs to sing; I do not commence "Our Father" for him to take up and finish sentence by sentence, nor have to give any words of comfort, or kisses of healing, when some accident or mischance has happened.

Sometimes I fancy I hear a rustle and stir in Bird's Nest, and am half-way up the stairs before I think how bare and empty it now is, and how our precious birdlings rest there no longer, but nestle in the Saviour's bosom, and sing carols to Him that redeemed them, and brought them safely there, to flutter their wings in the chill air of earth no more.

No children in the house ; O, it is so dreary ! Occasionally I hear a childish voice in the street, of pain or anger perhaps, and I jump up thinking that I must bring David in, before I remember "It is well with the child." O, how sweet would it now seem, were I never so tired and busy, to hear his most continuous cry of fretful grieving or importunate pleading ! How delightful to guide Mary's hesitating feet into sunny places !

I never see Paul practising with his sword and bow, nor is it the height of his ambition to have a gun like Jasper Carver's ; nor do Patience and I talk and dream over the sunny future, for God has taught us that with one sweep of His hand He can dash out our beautiful pictures of fancy.

Faith White is finding her path of duty. It is very hard to walk in, my Cariad. These great things are hard to do ; these great trials hard to bear.

Bird's Nest, Thursday, July 20.

The full fledged bird leaves the parent nest forever. I, too, have outgrown this little room, and tremble on the edge as I balance off into the wide world. I shall never date Bird's Nest

again, and my hand lingers as I write it,— lingers lovingly, and regretfully, for this is our last night in beloved old Leyden.

Can it be that I shall never look on these familiar sights again, nor pass through the busy streets, the green squares, the University grounds, and bright flower garden? Yet they could never seem as in the olden time: I should always miss the clinging, timid clasp of Mary's hand, and the unceasing patter of David's feet.

It was a great trial to say good-bye to their graves, now grass-grown and starry with white daisies. So hard to think that I could never throw myself down by the grassy mounds, and with an arm laid over each, close my eyes and really fancy that they were sleeping beside me; that David would start up from sleep, wide-awake, and rouse me with a kiss; or Mary say, "Sister Faith, I feel the light; I think it is morning."

Poor mother! I thought her heart would break with the anguish of parting, but when father told her it was not yet too late to choose if to go or stay, she answered like Ruth, "Whither thou goest, I will go: thy people shall be my people."

Among several other cherished pets, our old

dog Pompey, Mary's protector, is to be left, for we can take no animals larger than goats; so the old cow, too, another valued member of the family for many years, will have to be given up. We can hardly coax Pompey from the church-yard, where he followed Mary's coffin, and when he does come home, his piteous moans, as he goes whining and seeking her round the desolate house — now doubly deserted — are sad to hear.

I do wonder if some of the higher animals, with all their powers of love and devotion, dogs, cows, and horses, have not souls. I don't know but the thought is wicked, but if I was sure that I should meet Pompey in heaven, I could better bear to throw my arms around his shaggy neck, and say good bye. But now the only certain comfort in regard to him, is that Patience has promised to care for him; and she and Mercy Robinson have also promised to tend the flowers, and plant some trees in the now dearest spot to us on earth, "God's Acre," as the Germans call it, where Christ has planted the choice but corruptible seed of our dead, which shall be raised in incorruptibility.

To-day was our last day of fasting and prayer, and we are going forth, girded anew for this life-

battle, in the armor of promises that cannot fail ;
“For the word of the Lord endureth forever.”

Mr. Robinson’s text—O, to think that we may never more hear his words of counsel—was Ezra viii: 21. “Then I proclaimed a fast there, at the river of Ahava, that we might afflict ourselves before our God, to seek of him a right way for us, and for our little ones, and for all our substance.”

He told us that we must not lean on an arm of flesh, but God ; to trust not to man’s device, but to go for all guidance to the Word and the Testimony. He reminded us of our covenant long since made with God, that by this act we were renewing—“To walk in all His ways made known, or to be made known unto us, according to our best endeavors, whatever it cost us.”

He assured us our Christian course was but begun, and that although our little church had struggled through manifold trials, more were undoubtedly in store, sent to us in love from the hand of God who is love ; that there was yet more in the heights and depths of all knowledge for us to learn, and we should best acquire that wisdom from the heavenly Teacher. He charged us before God and His blessed angels, to follow

him no farther than he followed Christ; to take no man as our example, but look constantly on the One Pattern, the man Christ Jesus; and in seeking for truth or light, not to be deceived by error, or misled into darkness, but diligently examine it, weighing it and comparing with other Scriptures before receiving it.

After the services were over, all of us that are to sail on the morrow, and many others, repaired to Mr. Robinson's house, where we kept, not a joyful feast with the shadow of this parting over us, but yet a pleasant one, with songs and good cheer.

O, if Mr. Robinson could go with us! But so many more of the church are to stay, that it is but right he should remain with them. Good-bye, Pastor dear, thou under shepherd, who hast so sought after the straying lambs of the flock, that thou hast led many back to the Great Shepherd. God grant that thou mayest soon come after us, and together once more we may feed in the green pastures, and drink of the still waters of life.

And darling Patience, what better can I wish for thee, than as Laban of old parting with Jacob, when, "they set up stones, and made an

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

heap and called it Mizpah, for he said, The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another."

Good-bye, Leyden, with thy loved ones, and little, green graves. Good-bye, Pompey -- good-bye all.

CHAPTER VI.

On board Ship Speedwell, July 22.

MY CARIAD ;— Can it be possible that I am leaving you, also, behind ? For Holland, dear Holland is out of sight. I watched with tearful eyes as long as I could see the receding line of low coast ; now there is only a waste of waters between us and the shores I have called home so many years of my “young life” — which seemed so long a life to me four months ago, and seems so much longer now.

Yesterday we left Leyden never to return. Never ! it is such a long time !

Mr. Robinson, and many of our friends, accompanied us fourteen miles in our lazy, but beautiful ride on the canal to Delft-Haven, where we were to embark ; and there we found many of our old friends from Amsterdam, who also

had come to bid us God speed. They gave us a parting feast, and we spent almost all the night in prayer and conversation, saying those last words, so many of which we find have been forgotten, as soon as we are separated.

This morning the wind was fair, the sky blue, and the tide rising, so they came on board ship lying at anchor on the river Maese, and ere we set sail, we kneeled on the deck, while our beloved pastor once more, and for the last time on earth it may be, commended us with all our interests to the care of a covenant-keeping God, then with a blessing bade us good bye.

Our parting was like that of the disciples with St. Paul, of whom it is said, "And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him, sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

In speechless agony of sobs and tears we clasped hands lingeringly,—husband and wife, parents and children, relatives and friends,—but the unwaiting tide sped them away, so, as we drifted down the glassy river, we fired a parting salute,—a volley of small shot, and three pieces of ordnance,—and waved good-bye with our empty, unlocked hands still thrilling with that

last anguished pressure, as they slowly faded, and finally disappeared in the dim distance.

I like being on the ship. Paul already thinks he would rather be a sailor than a soldier, and is eager to learn the names of the ropes and spars, and the meaning of nautical phrases. The free life of the sea must be fascinating to a bold roving spirit, but I cannot bear the thought of my one brother being a common sailor, vile and degraded as are these on board, subject to so much abuse and tyranny from their officers.'

We have a pleasant company on ship; made up from the most courageous and devoted of the church, and mostly of men young in years, but old in experience. First is Mr. Brewster, eldest of all, fifty-three now, whom we reverence next to Mr. Robinson ; he is an elder in the church, and will act as our Pastor till God shall send us one. Goodwife Brewster, as we call her, is a "mother in Israel" indeed, and seems like a mother to all of us, yet she now is quite feeble, more by weight of sorrows and cares, than years. They have two sons with them, Love and Wrestling, but Patience is not here, and every time I look at her father's earnest face, or the prayerfully resigned countenance of her mother, I remember with

filling eyes the solemn parting of the morning, like the separation of death, and how she is still weeping as they toil along the flower-banked canal to the deserted house.

Next I must introduce to you Mr. Carver, a godly man, and another deacon in the church ; not that he is on board, but because he ought to come next to Mr. Brewster. He is now in England, where he has been for a long time, making preparations for our going, and we hope to meet him at Southampton. Mrs. Carver, a sister of Mr. Robinson, is a lovely, Christian woman, very feeble, but so devotedly attached to her husband, that she preferred running the risk of all dangers to being left behind ; and she and Jasper, their adopted son, a noble boy, and though many years older, a good friend of Paul, are counting every mile of the distance that our brave ship speeds over, and numbering the hours before they shall greet their beloved.

Mr. Bradford, a very learned man, and devoutly pious, is also one of the leaders of this enterprise, who, although he lost much of his property when he came from England, has been blessed of God in the new occupation he chose in Leyden,— dyeing and working in silks,— so

that he now has more of wealth than most of us ; and out of his comparative abundance has given freely to forward the success of this pilgrimage. His wife accompanying him, whose maiden name was Dorothy May,— Mr. Bradford always calls her “ My May,”— has a sad face, as if life were but a shadow and weariness even on this bright day of sunshine. No wonder though, for as they spread the sails this morning, she unclasped a pair of little white arms clinging round her neck, and heard her only boy beg, with a tempest of sobs, “ Take me, too, mother ! ” and as our ship sailed bravely away, looking back, so far as she could see or hear, were those outstretched hands, and that heart breaking cry—“ Mother — Mother ! ”

Mr. Edward Winslow, married about two years since, and younger than most of our leading men, is another passenger. He also had property, position and influence, yet like the “ certain scribe,” whose fidelity to Jesus, Matthew has handed down to blessed memory, he has said, “ Master, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest.” Mrs. Winslow is so beautiful and good. I shall always love her for her kindness to us while the children were sick ; she came and went

like an angel, and it seemed to me always brought comfort with her.

Don't you know there are some people the very sight of whom does you good, making you happier when you are happy, and soothing you in grief? Have you never known persons whose coming into the room made all as cheery and bright, as when, after long, dark days of storm, the sun suddenly breaks-through a cloud-rift, and lights up everything with radiance and beauty? Mrs. Winslow and Patience are two just such sunbeams.

Mrs. Winslow has an adopted child, Ellen Moore, sister of Jasper, Mr. Carver's son. She is seven years old, with bright golden hair, and always so loving and gentle, and so suited for it, that Mrs. Winslow called her "Little Sunshine" at once, and now we never give her any other name. There were four of these orphan children when their parents died six years ago, and the other two, James and Richard, between Jasper and Little Sunshine, Mr. Brewster took to his large, generous heart, that has always room in it for an abundant overflow of love towards any of Christ's little ones. In fact he took care of Ellen, also, until Mrs. Winslow adopted her.

Captain Miles Standish, that stern, fearless warrior, Paul's quondam hero, goes with us, as he says "Not as defender of the faith; but of the faithful." But although he is not a member of the church militant,—the fighting, struggling church, how applicable to us!—I can but think he is a true Christian, an acknowledged, elect member of the church triumphant. His wife, whom everybody calls "Faire Rose Standish," is the most beautiful woman I ever saw, and as good as fair.

As I write, Captain Standish marches up and down the deck with his hand on his sword, that keen Damascus blade inscribed with mysterious characters, which has done good service in many a well fought battle, as if he was defying the world; but when his eye falls on Rose Standish, or Little Sunshine, who is devotedly attached to his wife, the fierce, steely glitter fades out of his eyes and his face glows with a look of unutterable love.

Mr. Robert Cushman, now in England, is another strong staff on which we lean; and though many blame him severely for accepting such hard conditions, yet he assures us by letter

that he has done his best, and they hope to change them yet.

John Howland and John Goodman are two excellent young men, resolute and energetic; nor must I omit dear uncle Samuel, Dr. Fuller, who took such good care of us in our illness that I love him more than ever before, and my heart beats in sympathy with the sadness of his, that "knoweth its own bitterness," as he sits near, looking with longing eyes towards Holland, where his dear ones are, for aunt Bridget, and Samuel, the baby, are left behind. God keep and comfort them all, and restore them to each other in a happy future.

I have also another uncle on board, Mr. Edward Fuller, with his wife, and son, named Samuel, too; he is about Paul's age, and they are at this moment climbing the ropes, each trying to surpass the other in height.

I must not forget Mr. and Mrs. Chilton, because Mary, their only daughter, though several years older than I, is very friendly and loving, saying that she is going to try to fill a little of the place made vacant in my heart when I left Patience; and she is to read Latin with Jasper

Carver and me, when we get fairly started from England.

Being so much older, I stand quite in awe of her attainments, and expect to be the dunce of the class. I know Jasper is a better scholar than myself, but somehow I do not care to have him surpass me: he is so generous in his successes and triumphs, that I think it always belongs to him to excel.

Priscilla Mullins, whose parents and one brother complete the family, is a warm friend of Mary's, and as they walk up and down the deck, or sit and talk together, I think sadly of Patience and myself, and of the great, ever widening gulf of space between us.

Mr. Isaac Allerton and his wife are near, with their little flock of children playing around—merry little sprites that they are, never still, so that though two are always in Mr. Allerton's lap, it is never the same two five moments at a time; and as they chirp and fidget around, I can only think of a brood of chickens, called a half-hour too soon to go to sleep under their mother's wings, that nestle a moment, then run out, but soon go back to the patient, sheltering mother, who sits with one eye closed, never uttering a

cluck of reproof to the restless heads, or weary feet, thrust out in all directions through her feathers to take one more moment of daylight.

But somehow, my Cariad, in introducing my friends to you, I have wandered off to hens and chickens, unintentionally, although they are great friends of mine, and we have many on board that we hope will live to cross the ocean, and crow and cackle as merrily and vigorously there as in Holland.

While I have been writing all this, the ship glides swiftly on with white outspreading wings, and the setting sun leaves a rosy haze as an omen of good awaiting us in the far western lands towards which we haste. The warm south-east wind blowing over from Holland, as if bringing good-bye kisses from lips we shall not soon again press, wafts us on to Southampton, where we are again to set sail for the new world: and as we press so gallantly on, all the griefs of the past seem drifting backward, as if we had shaken hands with care and sorrow, and said a perpetual good bye to those unwelcome, yet God-sent guests, forever.

The noisy children,—few of whom if any have ever before been on board ship—laugh,

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

romp and play on deck, while Mr. Brewster paces to and fro with folded arms, and a questioning, earnest face as if seeking to know what was duty, although now and then he stops and looks lovingly, tenderly on me,—as he would upon Patience if she were but here,—even me,

Your own

LITTLE FAITH WHITE.

CHAPTER VII.

Speedwell, Southampton Harbor, Eng., }
Monday, July 31. }

N my own mother's country—dear to ~~me~~
for her sake, dearer even than Holland.
Ah! how I have been wishing that grand-
father could have lived to tread again his beloved
England, forgetting, that he has gone to that
“heavenly country which is a better,” where all
the old are young again.

But I did not think to be grieving at God’s sweet will so soon. When I set me down to write, it was to tell you how much I like this rugged English coast, with its white chalk cliffs, and how many friends we have met, who, one with us in the Lord Jesus, have been awaiting us here for seven days, ready to go with our little flock on this pilgrimage. Among them is a Mr. Hopkins from London, helping, with his family—

seven in all, three children and two servants, to swell our number.

There is also a Mr. Martin, from Billerica, in England, with his wife and adopted son. He has been buying and laying in provisions for the journey, and they have chosen him as Governor of the Mayflower,—that is, to attend to giving out provisions, and arranging all matters on board ship pertaining to our company.

Mr. Carver has greeted his wife and son, and been comforted concerning the change made in the articles of agreement—for which he feared he would be blamed—by assurances from all the men that it is not his fault, and by a consoling letter fresh from Mr. Robinson's warm heart, which father brought to him.

Long and serious discussions have been held over this matter of conditions; our leaders have refused to sign them as they now stand, and Mr. Weston, agent for the Merchant Adventurers, has gone off to London highly offended, saying that we may shift as we can, he will do no more, although when in Leyden, conferring on the subject, he himself proposed that our house, and gardens, should be held as private property.

About a hundred pounds were lacking to pay

the debts and leave port, and as a last resource we have been obliged to sell sixty or eighty firkins of butter. It leaves very little for our journey, and we have no oil; and although going to a country inhabited by savage, warlike men, muskets and armor are greatly wanting, and not every man has even a sword.

All these things seem against us. "But we are in good hands—the Lord will provide for His own," Good-wife Brewster says in such believing faith, that the rest of us are ashamed to doubt.

Mr. Robinson, having heard of our straits and fears, wrote us such a precious letter. It was read aloud to all, and handed round for reading, as Paul's letters of love and counsel to the churches, were doubtless read to and by his "brethren in the Lord Jesus Christ," long ago. I wish I could copy the whole, but it is too long; yet some parts I cannot omit.

After speaking of his earnest longing to be with us, he says, "Make account of me in the meanwhile, as of a man divided in myself with great pain, and as (natural bonds being set aside) having my better part with you."

He reminds us, "As we are daily to renew our

repentance with our God, special for our sins known and general for our unknown trespasses, so doth the Lord call us in a singular manner upon occasions of such difficulty and danger as lieth upon you, to a both more narrow search and careful reformation of our ways in His sight, lest He calling to remembrance our sins forgotten by us, or unrepented of, take advantage against us, and in judgment leave us for the same to be swallowed up in one danger or other."

After recommending mutual forbearance, and admonishing us to follow peace with all men, being watchful "that we neither at all in ourselves do give, no nor easily take offence being given by others," he solemnly adds, "And if taking of offence causelessly or easily at men's doings be so carefully to be avoided, how much more heed is to be taken that we take not offence at God himself, which yet we certainly do so oft as we do murmur at His providence in our crosses, or bear impatiently such afflictions as wherewith He pleaseth to visit us. Store we up therefore patience against the evil day, without which we take offence at the Lord himself in His holy and just works."

“Take offence of the Lord himself!” Every word of that strikes home to my rebellious heart — my complaining soul. Is it not possible that if I had been resigned to God’s will when David died, the Lord would have said “It is enough,” and grandfather and Mary been spared to us?

Finally come Mr. Robinson’s parting words of benediction. “These few things therefore, and the same in few words I do earnestly commend unto your care and conscience, joining therewith my daily incessant prayers unto the Lord, that He who hath made the heavens and the earth, the sea and all rivers of waters, and whose providence is over all His works, specially over all His dear children for good, would so guide and guard you in all your ways, as inwardly by His Spirit, so outwardly, by the hand of His power, as that you and we also, for and with you, may have after matter of praising His name, all the days of yours and our lives. Fare you well in Him in whom you trust, and in whom I rest.

“An unfeigned well wisher of your happy success in this hopeful voyage.

JOHN ROBINSON.”

These are idle days of waiting till the necessary arrangements shall have been completed so that we can set sail again, to see land no more, probably, till we look upon our future home. Our two ships are being busily reladen — the Mayflower from London, much larger than our little Speedwell, which we hope will verify its name, as so far it has done, and bear us swiftly homeward — yes, homeward, for I have thought so much of that unknown land towards which we haste, that it seems to me to have in it stately homes in the midst of great forests, whose waving branches are beckoning to us to come and take possession.

“What a vain, idle thought,” I seem to hear you say, “and how Faith White is laying up disappointments for herself!” I know it; but we have to fill in these slow-going hours as best we can. Even then they drag heavily, though we have had some sweet communion with these friendly Christians in Southampton; and Jasper and Paul, with Little Sunshine and myself, have had also grand rambles through this old town, wonderful with its massive walls and huge towers, the favorite resort of English Kings and Queens for many long years; and through the

ancient churches, St. Michael's and St. Mary's, listening to the organ's echoes, as they are repeated from the tall columns through the lofty aisles.

Then there is the new forest, hundred of acres in extent, covered with huge old trees, and carpeted with velvet grass and moss, where we have whiled away many otherwise toilsome hours, or watching the changing slant of the sunbeams through these grander columns and arches, while far beyond, on the blue upper deep, drifted the white-winged clouds, like ships with full spread sails.

On board ship we sit and watch the tide in its unwearying ebb and flow, or are rocked to sleep by it in the little boats lying alongside. The days pass lingeringly to others besides myself. To be sure the merry little Allertons, having made friends with Mr. Hopkins' children, romp around continually, tired of any amusement in five moments, but never weary enough to sit still, or be still, except when asleep.

But Mrs. Bradford's pale face has a wistful look of home sickness, and the sad expression of her eyes means, "I want my boy." Mr. Martin buzzes around quite like a wasp—practical and

busy, but stinging sharp in his vexation at our delay; while Captain Standish, his opposite, walks moodily around, or wanders off by himself; and when he is absent, Faire Rose Standish sits looking down in the water's depths for hours, while Little Sunshine clings silently to her hand, or nestles in her bosom.

My precious mother has fancied that Mrs. Allerton's youngest child, Johnny, resembles David. It is a great comfort to her, and already they are choice friends, so that many a lonely hour has been filled for both.

Perhaps I ought to be content amidst so many new, and ever-varying sights and sounds, nevertheless, I am longing to set sail once more on the wide ocean, whose pulsing tide, sweeping up the arterial river, flowing in and out of this quiet harbor, reminds me of the mysterious sea beyond, with its great throbbing heart that is never still, and I sigh once again to be on its heaving bosom.

Speedwell, Saturday, Aug. 5.

We unloosed the anchor this morn, unfurled the sails, and left England — will it be forever? Little by little the land disappeared, one by one

the head-lands and light-houses, till we were past the Isle of Wight and its picturesque rocks, the Needles, and now, well out on the Channel, will perhaps see land no more till we greet New England.

The time will no doubt appear tedious, though I think I can never tire of watching these foam-tipped waves, the flickering of the sunlight on the sails and deck, and the foreign sailors in their strange costumes, or listening to their weird cries as they respond to orders: and we all enjoy the pleasant excitement of recognition, as the two boats approach, hail each other, and again recede. Already it seems as if the great busy world, with its roar and babble, had died away, and all of human life was concentrated in these two boats.

Constantia Hopkins, a quaint, thoughtless child, said to her mother to-day, "I think it would have been so much nicer, if in the time of the flood there had been two arks, so while they were sailing round all that long year, each would have had another ark to look at. But, after all, Noah's children must have had a real good time playing with the tame animals, and looking at the lions and tigers!"

On being reminded that Shem, Ham and Japheth, were men grown, with wives, she expressed it as her settled opinion that "It was a great pity if there were no little children in those days to go along and feed the birds, and play with the monkeys!"

I had never thought of it before, but her strange ideas reminded me that it must have been a drearily long year, with this sad thought always pressed home to their consciousness, that, save them in the ark, eight souls, there was nothing more of human life in the once busy, thickly-peopled world.

Mr. Brewster promised us an hour daily for Latin, when once we set sail on our *bon voyage*, as we hope it will be, so we began to-day and have completed the first fifty lines of the *Aeneid*. I do not suppose we shall read so much every day, for we have been translating by ourselves since leaving Delft-Haven, and we must take into account the inevitable sea-sickness, which few suffer from this beautiful day of blue skies and smooth waters.

It seemed so apropos to our propitious departure this morning, as we read how the joyful Trojans, escaping from Grecian fire and sword to

their predicted kingdom, spread their white sails to the favoring breeze, and tossed the foam of the salt sea with their brazen prows. May their after untoward fate not be typical of ours to be.

It is very sweet to think as we speed on, with but a plank between us and the ocean's depths, that we are not subject to the whim of a capricious goddess, or driven by remorseless fate; but are in the hands of a Father, more tender to us than was Juno of her beloved Carthage; who, all-good, as all-powerful, noticing even a sparrow's fall, doth how much more watch over them "that go down to the sea in ships."

Speedwell, Saturday, Aug 12.

Once more, my Cariad, even so soon, are we approaching land — not our New England, but the Mother-Land, — having turned backward.

Though twice trimmed at Southampton, our boat sprung aleak when about four days out, and as she could not be pumped sufficiently fast, Mr. Reynolds, the Ship-Master, said he dared go no farther, and that is why we are headed eastward.

We have had quite the usual amount of seasickness during our short voyage more than on

the other boat, as the Speedwell rocks much worse, and some of the younger members of the company are quite as eagerly anxious for a welcome sight of land, as they were a week ago to embark, from among whom I could not dare to exclude

Your friend,

FAITH WHITE.

Dartmouth Harbor, Eng., Friday, Aug. 18.

Five days ago we made this point, and spite of our dislike to turn back, we all were glad to tread again on mother-earth,—to step on the firm, white sea-sand, and the green grass that never before seemed half so bright to me.

And indeed we trace the hand of a kind Providence in our Ship-Master's decision, for there was a loose plank, two feet long, in the ship's side, where the water poured in freely ; and he says, had we been out three or four hours longer, we must have sunk : so we may well feel, that this, which seemed so contrary to us, is but another proof of the guiding care of God's love to His little flock.

Often doubting not God's ability, but His disposition to relieve His children in the midst of

their distresses, and wondering at His ways towards us, since meeting these believers from different parts of England, one great mystery of Providence has been explained.

It always seemed strange to me, that after we had sold all our earthly possessions at such sacrifice, and were willing to steal away like criminals from our beloved country, going into a strange land, there to endure the poverty and trials that we knew must come upon us, for the sake of serving God, that He should permit us to be betrayed, our little all snatched away, and our fathers, condemned without a hearing, to lie in prison for months ; and that He should give us courage to make a second trial, more desperate, and in some respects resulting even more disastrously, than the former,—all this has seemed as a virtual denial of God that we were His, that He has promised to be with us always ; and that our persecutors might well think that they were “doing God service,” saying, “ See how even the Lord they claim on their side has forsaken, and is punishing this deluded, fanatical people ! ”

But lo ! while the pitiless magistrates, laden with spoil, drove our friends to prison in the

great city of Boston, and the jeering rabble followed, mocking ; while there they dragged out weary months, every pang and pain of their prison-life was a preacher of righteousness, to those who else had never had heard of our faith, and wondering they asked "Who are these ? And what have they done ?" And thus, we are told, God has brought many in that place to a knowledge of the truth whereby all are made free in Christ Jesus.

And while, after the second attempt, we women and children dragged ourselves along the weary moors near the city of Hull, mud-stained and wet with the cold dew of night, apparently abandoned by God to the cruelty of cruel men, the utter helplessness of our condition won many warm hearts to our sinking cause, and as the abundant harvest of this bitterly sad sowing in tears,—not with hope—God has garnered many souls into the fulness of His kingdom, who already talk of emigrating to America, and may soon follow us.

Verily, Faith White, the Lord God reigneth. How could you ever have doubted it for a moment ?

This is a picturesque little town, with the

grotesquely-carved wooden houses, built like swallows nests in a sand-bank, on so steep a hill-side in some places, that the foundations of the houses in the upper street are on a level with the chimney-pots of those on the street below, so that to pass from one street to another, we ascend long flights of stairs. It is an odd, though not unpleasant picture to our eyes after the level of the sea, and the monotony of Holland.

On board, the idle sails, close furled that they may not toy with the favoring wind, hang by the side of the masts and spars, and the equally idle sailors lounge wearily round. Some on board the Mayflower are impatient, even fretfully so, complaining that they waited for us seven days at Southampton, and then, when after long delay we were ready to start the wind turned. Now we have come back and spent four more here, with no likelihood as yet of going, while a fair breeze blows, that once in a while furtively lifts a corner of one of the sails, and swells it out, as if to remind us how we ought at this moment to be speeding away — away.

Speedwell, Thursday, Aug. 24.

And thus by the swift gliding of these beautiful days, with their fair winds, and serene skies, God teaches us, His restless children, patience tempered with thankfulness.

And yet again we hasten towards the rosy west, with unfurled sails spreading welcoming arms to the breeze, hoping to be delayed no more. And again the days pass joyously, as we float beneath the azure sky, which seemeth to me as the hollow of God's hand, on the blue deep below—like the depth of His infinite grace.

We—Mary, Jasper, and I—have divided these days between Virgil, and watching the busy schools of fish that follow in the wake of the ship,—huge porpoises, and mammoth grampus large as an ox, leaping out of the water. Yesterday the sailors caught one of the latter, and hauled the great struggling creature on deck, where he floundered heavily around till he died. They gave us a part of it, and we found it a welcome addition to our stale ship-diet.

Besides these immense fishes we often see beautiful little dolphins, leaping in all graceful curves and lines, flashing their rainbowed sides in the sunbeams, then darting away out of sight:

and, floating languidly on the water, the strangely beautiful carvel, called the Man-of-war by the Portuguese, because they resemble a war-ship with full-spread sails.

Last night we sat on deck and watched the play of the moonbeams on the water, making it a vast expanse of liquid, tossing silver, lighting up the foam-crested waves as if set with myriads of diamonds, that flashed back bright glances in response to the hundred twinklings of the stars, a scene so rare in beauty that I am sorry I tried to describe it to you; and so fascinating, that I do not know but we should have gazed on it the livelong night, had not our more prudent mother called us.

Yes, even as I write, Paul calls, "Come quick, and see the shark, Faith!" so I must needs leave even you, to run and take my first look at this new monster.

CHAPTER VIII.

Plymouth, Eng., Monday, Sept. 4.

DREARY — dreary — sad and dreary, even here in this quiet harbor, with the welcome sight of green fields, where “the singing of birds is heard in the land.”

I cannot write to-day of perfect peace flowing like a river, for all is tumult and confusion as here we find ourselves, six weeks after leaving Leyden, beaten back again on English soil, preparing to leave our boat, the Speedwell,—what a misnomer that was!—as unseaworthy; that is the ostensible reason given by the Captain, but we have not the charity to believe that all is as it should be. The Captain of the Mayflower, who has waited so long and so many times for us, having gone with us in our shuttle-cock movements, says it was determined upon by the Speedwell officers and crew that she should leak; that

they pressed her with too much sail, so as to strain the seams, and make the boat leak, by this trick gaining an excuse to forfeit the engagement they had made to spend a year with us after we get to America, fearing that, on account of our many delays, our stock of provisions was getting low.

Be that as it may, we leave the Speedwell now, and a part of our company, among whom are Mr. Cushman and many others that we had learned to love, about twenty in all; a few of whom were discouraged and fearful, but most of them remaining, because being burdened with large families of children, it was deemed better that they should be the ones to stay.

As fast as possible the ill-fated Speedwell is being unladen; and heavily loaded, with cabins so crowded that whatever be the weather, some will have to sleep on deck, the Mayflower is to go alone. It must be all for the best; we have not deserved one of our innumerable mercies, and "shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" Yet these many new discouragements are very trying to the weak faith of Faith White, who only a few days since was wondering that she could ever have

doubted God's providence, and felt fully assured that she should never again do so.

Mary said the other day, as after a long conference between the officers of the boats and our men, we finally "tacked about" and headed for England the third time,—"Virgil seems to be the only thing in which we do not go backwards;" for amidst all our vicissitudes and discouragements, we have at least progressed rapidly in our Latin reading.

Jasper has been drawing for our amusement a funny parallel between the "wandering Trojans tossed seven years on all seas, whilst they should found a kingdom and bear the gods to Latium," and ourselves. He said, "It is very comforting to think we have but six years and ten months more of similiar trials to look forward to!"

Little Constantia Hopkins, standing near by, answered gravely with wide open eyes, "I think that's a great, long while, Jasper! Why, I shall be fifteen years old then!"

Jasper calls his father the "pious *Aeneas*," himself "the loved Ascanius," and Mr. Carver, not without reason, does love his adopted son, with almost the same devotion that *Aeneas* is said

to have felt for his boy,—“The sole care of this fond parent centers on Ascanius.”

Mr. Bradford, Mr. Carver’s right hand man, represents the “faithful Achates,” and Captain Standish is “dauntless Cloanthus.” Plymouth is supposed to be Carthage on the shores of Libya, where Dido succored the perishing, shipwrecked voyagers, and through the interposition of the gods, feasted and entertained them, and in this respect Jasper’s comparison holds good, for we have received abundant hospitality from God’s kindly hearted people in this goodly town.

It is no doubt best to amuse ourselves in any harmless way we can, for this hope deferred presseth us sore,—this new parting is very bitter, and few of our company will start again, late as it is in the season with so much to dread from storms, with the cheerful, high-beating hearts of each time before.

Some days previous to our last backward movement, Paul confided to me that he had settled his mind on being a sailor,—a Master of course, he did not think of commencing at the lowest round of cabin boy, or deck-hand, and climbing up,—and wanted to know if I would not like to travel back to England and Holland

in a few years on his boat,—none of your leaky, go-to-pieces Speedwells, but the fast-sailing, well-manned Faith White !

“I had thought of naming my boat for Patience,” he said, “she is such a favorite of mine and would like the honor so much, but I have concluded that it is not a good name for a ship, unless she is a heavy, slow-going sure sort of a brig, just such a boat as I do not care to be master of. He added that not one of his officers should be wicked and profane, but Puritans, all keeping the Sabbath, and that the sailors should be God fearing men, too, making it in every respect a model vessel. “Will you not be proud,” he asked, “to sit like a queen on the deck, clean as can be, scoured white as snow, and hear me called ‘Captain White,’ and see how my officers and men love and obey me ?”

But to-day while we were strolling round Plymouth Town, Paul said he believed when once he set foot in America he could never be tempted to cross the wide ocean again, even if he should be the Captain of the best ship in the world, and his sister Faith thinks so too for herself.

Mayflower, Saturday, October 21.

It has indeed been a dreary while since I have written to you, my Cariad,— if measured as it seems to me in reviewing it, I scarce could count the weeks. In all this while have you missed anything out of your life? For I have not had time to think of, or pray for you as I did once; and now I have so much of which to write, I hardly know where to commence to take up the scattered threads of my life and weave them into narration.

And yet it is the same old story of gala days and fair winds, of sunshine and warmth for a little while, then of rough seas, of sickness and suffering, and finally — O, the horror of these storms at sea! After whole days of adverse winds, when our ship was unable to spread any sail, yet even then, scudding under bare poles, and we were driven far out of our course, then came a storm such as I have no words to describe. The skies became of an inky blackness, while the wind howled, and shrieked like a crazed demon through the rigging. One moment we rode on the crest of a mountain-wave, the next, with such strainings of the overloaded ship as seemed must break her in pieces, we

plunged headlong in the trough of the sea, only to mount again and repeat the dreadful scene.

When at times before, I had been on deck and quite a stiff gale was blowing, I had thought that Virgil's description of *Æolus*, king of the winds, pricking with his revolving spear the hollow mountain side, in whose vast caverns raged the chained winds seeking exit, and their fiercely impetuous rushing forth, as if in formed battalions, sweeping over land and sea, was grand and sublime.

But when to the horrors of such a tempest and blackness of darkness without, is added the terror of sick children within the crowded cabin, and the danger as we were tossed back and forth with every mad leap of the reeling vessel, you can faintly conceive a little of the confusion and distress.

Again and again with different varieties of intensity has that scene been repeated, till our ship gaped with seams, and a great beam amidships was so bent and cracked, that a council was held with the ship's officers, whether to go on or turn back again, but by God's good providence,— and God has indeed been good to us, “So comfortable!” as Good-wife Brewster says,—

Mr. Bradford had brought a large iron screw with him from Holland, and by use of that it was forced into place.

Now it is getting so late in the season, and consequently cold, and so weary are all of this stormy, tedious passage, that it has been decided not to wait to seek for the entrance of the "Goodly Hudson," of which we have heard and talked so much, and so often since we started traced on the map, but to put into the first harbor that seems safe and commodious.

"And there was no more sea" is said of the Better Country. At first, in our golden days of fair winds, swift sailing and blue skies, it seemed to me a pity to lose the great, mysterious sea; sad, that when "the glorious Lord will be unto us a place of broad rivers and streams," that there "shall go no galley with oars, neither shall gallant ship pass thereby." But now the ocean is to me as a cruel monster of hungry unrest, crying, "Give, give, give!" and will not be satisfied.

Little Sunshine, who has been suffering much from sea-sickness, said to-day, "Mother Rose, don't you wish Jesus was somewhere asleep on this ship, so that we could go and wake Him, and

He would get right up and say, ‘Peace, be still!’ It would be so nice to have a great calm, and see the sun shine again, I think.”

Mary Allerton, an older sister of mother’s pet Johnny, came to me to-day, as after a little lull the wind began to blow again, and the ship to rock, her large eyes full of tears, and the hopeless, sea-sick look settling on her face and drawing heavy lines around her mouth. “I’m tired of this ship!” she said, with a quiver of lip and working of cheek, “when shall we go off? How many days?” and when I answered, “O, not but a few, perhaps twenty ;” she asked with the same tremor of lip and face, drooping lashes and dripping tears, “How many are twenty ?” till my soul was sick and weary within me, thinking how many they would be, and I longed for the wings of a dove, to take her in my arms, to fly far beyond the sight and sound of the wild sea-waves, and be at rest.

For our comfort in this fear and tribulation, Mr. Brewster, and others who experienced it, have been telling us what we have again and again heard, but never before so fully realized, of the terrible storm they encountered when on their way to Amsterdam, that raged fourteen

days, during seven of which they saw neither sun, moon, nor stars. Compared with that, our danger and trial have been light ; and yet they, in their great distress, mindful of God's power and willingness, when the water ran in their ears and mouth, and the terrified sailors cried, " We sink ! we sink !" called to God in the height of faith, " Yet Lord, Thou canst save !" and so, at length, He brought them safely to their desired haven.

We have all been reading Jonah's sad history, and each one inquiring earnestly of his own heart and life, whether it was for his own sake that " the sea wrought and was tempestuous." The midnight storm on Galilee has been another favorite portion of Scripture, and we verily believe that Jesus is here with us on the ship, not asleep, and not unmindful of our anguish, but teaching us to trust in Him, even to walk *over* the waves to Him as did Peter on another occasion, fearing not, doubting not, only believing.

Mayflower, Monday, Nov. 6.

A burial at sea ! could anything be more sad ? This morning William Butten died, a boy, Dr. Fuller's servant, but loved by my good uncle as

his own son. He has been ill a long while, at first very sea-sick, and then a fever set in ; but he was a good boy, ready to die, and not afraid of the dark valley, for he trusted in Jesus who died for him.

I don't think I have written you of one burial we had before this. There was a sailor on board, a very healthy, but profane and wicked young man, who seemed to take delight in wickedness, making himself merry over the poor and scant possessions of some of us. Again and again in the pride of life, in his strength and vigor that seemed to defy all sickness, would he rave and swear whenever he saw the wan, pallid face of sea-sick passengers, expressing a hope that he might cast half of us overboard, ere we came to our journey's end ; and the gentlest reproof for such an awful wish, brought only a fresh storm of curses and ravings. But before the voyage was half over, he was struck down with serious disease, and unprepared, and unreconciled to God, his soul went up to the judgment seat of Christ, and he himself was the first to be cast overboard, a swift punishment, that for a time at least, struck home terror to the hearts and con-

sciences of his fellow sailors, who saw in it God's speedy avenging hand.

William's body was laid in a hammock, then wrapped in sacking with shot and heavy weights, and after a solemn and earnest prayer by Mr. Brewster, lowered into the sea, and the waves parted over it, and it went down,—down into the depths. I was so glad when the hungry, eager water closed over it, for a great shark, with cruel, greedy eyes, has been following in the ship's wake, at intervals, for days. Is it not strange and horrible that these fearful creatures, will continually pursue a ship when there is serious sickness on board, and so be ready to seize and devour the dead body as soon as it is lowered into the water?

It seems so unutterably dreadful to me to be buried in the sea; to have one's body forever fretted and tossed by the chafing sea-waves, when it should be at utter rest, that to-day, for the first time, though I have long been resigned to God's will, that did not permit our darlings to undergo the hardships and perils of this voyage,—I felt that I could thank our Father from a full heart for the dear, green graves in the Leyden church-yard, where the birds sing and the grass grows

green over the bodies of our loved ones, that shall sleep undisturbed till He who is the Resurrection and the Life, shall call them forth like Himself all glorious.

And yet, after all, no doubt poor William — I ought rather to call him happy William — is resting as peacefully and painlessly in the many mansions, as if his body had been committed to the cherishing bosom of earth, to be held in sacred trust till Christ should wake it from its sweet repose.

About two weeks ago we had another striking instance of God's watchful love over us. Mr. John Howland, going on deck at one time during a heavy storm, by a sudden lurch of the vessel, was thrown overboard, but as he fell caught hold of the topsail halliards hanging over the ship's side at great length, and clung to it though he sunk far under water. By means of these ropes they dragged him to the surface, and using a boat-hook, with much danger and difficulty, owing to the high waves, and tossing of the ship, he was brought on board ere life was extinct, so that by use of means, God ultimately restored him to us.

It is very strange, but he says during the little

while that he was in the water, all his past life came to him as if it had been pictured and spread out before him, perfect in every minute particular,—every act, word, and thought,—yet all the time he was crying unto himself the wail of David, “ Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts: all thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.”

Mayflower, Thursday, November 9.

Land ho! land ho! was the shrill cry that awakened the Mayflower passengers this morning.

After having been out of sight of land for more than sixty days,—it is sixty-six days since we left Plymouth,—you can imagine a little how welcome was the cry, and how quickly we dressed and ran out on deck, the sick all well again, the old as eager and delighted as the young, and feasted our sea-weary eyes on the beauty of the coast, where the evergreen forests come down to the water's edge, lighted up with radiant beauty in the beams of the rising sun, shining on the branches covered with diamonds of frost work, and laden with snow.

No words can do justice to our ecstasy of de-

light ; there was a perfect April shower of patterning talk, and dropping tears, as we wept, embraced each other, laughed and gave thanks,—our long, sad voyage forgotten in the brightness of its ending.

But the ship headed southward in search of the oft-talked-of Hudson's river, and with a sigh of regret, we left the enchanted spot behind, to be again entangled in shoals and breakers, and beaten by pitiless waves, till we were glad to turn back again, towards what seems an earthly paradise to me — land — land anywhere, barren, rocky, and even a desert waste, if so it be mother-earth ; and not the cruel, treacherous sea.

Mayflower, Cape Cod Harbor, Sat., Nov. 11.

A party went on shore to-day, but before we landed, so that we might commence life in these wilds with perfect concord and agreement,— to which all have not always seemed inclined,— the whole of the passengers met in the great cabin, and all the men signed the following

COMPACT.

“In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwritten, the loyall Subjects of

our dread Sovereign Lord King James, by the grace of God of Great Britian, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, etc.

“ Having undertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honour of our King and Country, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northern parts of Virginia, do by these presents solemnly and mutually in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by vertue hereof to enact, constitute, and frame such just and equal Laws, Ordinances, acts, constitutions, officers from time to time, as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the general good of the Colony; unto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witness whereof we have here under subscribed our names. Cape, Cod eleventh of November, in the years of the reigne of our sovereign Lord King James of England, France and Ireland eighteen, and of Scotland fifty-four. Anno Domini, sixteen hundred and twenty.”

It was a very solemn sight. Governor Carver—as I must hereafter call him, for he was

chosen Governor of the Colony — sat by the table with an anxious, care-worn face, as if he felt that his hands were too weak to hold up the burden they must carry ; and I knew that Mrs. Carver had retired somewhere by herself to thank God with proud love for her husband, that he had been deemed worthy to be called to so responsible a position, and to beg the All-Powerful to bestow of His strength to him as he should have need.

Jasper stood back leaning on Dr. Fuller's shoulder ; — he and the Doctor are great friends, — looking on delighted, and proudly fond of his good father. Jasper is such a strange boy, so eager and earnest to be a grown man, that he may take his full share with other men in these life-battles just before us.

But just then he had that weird, prescient look in his deep, far-seeing eyes, that comes over him when he says he is “ reading the future,” — so troubled and sad, yet so beautiful. He has a noble heart, — God make that future very bright for him !

Elder Brewster, the spiritual Father and shepherd of our little flock, stood at Governor Carver's right hand, and after the Compact was

signed by all, in a prayer that seemed to take hold of the very throne, he begged God to bless as His own, so far as it accorded with the divine will and glory, this vine about to be planted in the wilderness, that it might indeed be a branch of the True Vine, abiding in Christ, and partaking of His Spirit, and that we might have within us, each one, that gracious spirit, which is first pure, then peaceable and undefiled, abounding in good works unto God.

Masters Winslow and Bradford stood near with resolute, prayerful faces, as if ready in God's strength to dare and endure all they may yet be called upon to do and suffer, in the uncertain future.

Not far from them was my own dearest father, with a grave, serene look on his noble face, which at that moment struck me as having grown old and careworn. My heart gave such a sharp throb of pain, as I recalled how much of sickness, death, anxiety, and sorrow, had been poured into his cup during the past few months, yet, how uncomplainingly he had pressed it to his lips, saying, "Not my will, but Thine be done," and drank it to the bitter dregs. My own dearest father! Every silver thread in his

black hair reminds me that he is growing old, and I must be a stay and prop to him — even I his weak little daughter.

Mother sat with her pet in her lap, and Constantia Hopkins at her side, trying to explain to the curious child what was being done. Near her sat Mrs. Winslow, her sweet spiritual face lighted up with a great glow of peace and joy, that made me think involuntarily of the passage, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee."

Captain Standish, though small in stature, stood so defiantly erect, with such a warlike air, that he seemed fully six feet in height; and he signed his name — I half expected to see him do it with the point of his sword — with as much fierceness as he would have used that trusty weapon on a deadly foe.

Rose Standish sat near with Little Sunshine at her knee, looking, for perhaps the hundredth time at the curious pictures and illumined letters in a very old Bible — a family heir-loom.

Mrs. Bradford, whose ever sad face, fascinates me with its mournfulness, so different from the beaming cheerfulness of Mrs. Winslow's countenance, sat back in the shadow of a recess, her

head bowed on her hand as if in silent prayer, while the tears fell fast beneath the long lashes : she was thinking, no doubt of " My boy " left behind, and as I looked at her, sad thoughts filled my mind of our beloved left behind, too — perhaps I should say gone before us, whom we are trying to overtake.

Not far from her, Goodwife Brewster, with a face beaming with motherly love and patience, stood holding a cup containing some article of food for a sick person, and all forgetful of her object, was saying to herself " The Lord's name be praised ! The Lord bless us evermore ! "

This is such a beautiful, quiet harbor, almost circled by land, and abounding in strange fish and fowl, with whales so plenty that when the glad children — glad because our trials by storm and sea seem over — cry, " There she blows ! " nobody runs to get a sight at the monster. I believe that, among the children, at least, Jonah is the most read and best understood book in the Bible ; and since they have seen a veritable whale, they all stand greatly in awe of his sad fate.

Soon after the Compact was signed, a boat went on shore for wood and water, and the party have just returned bringing favorable reports of

the land, which they say, seems to be only a narrow neck from the mainland. They saw no inhabitants, and they brought back for fuel a kind of wood called Juniper, fragrant and sweet.

My old dream of homes awaiting us in these forests, that have seemed to grow more and more a cruel fancy, comes back again to me since we have neared the land, and every movement of the waving boughs of the dark, varied evergreens on the shore, is to me as the beckoning of eager, tremulous fingers, inviting and urging us to come and take possession — to abide in peace under their calm, protecting shadow.

So, at last, without “seven years of tossing on high seas,” we seem to have realized what *Æneas* promised, when, on the Libyan shore, rescued from shipwreck, after reminding his faithful companions, that in their fated past they had not been ignorant of suffering, he said, “God will also give to these calamities an end.”

With a firmer trust in a higher Divinity, and unfailing Word, we feel that here, on this New England shore, our trials by land and sea may perchance have come to a perpetual end.

CHAPTER IX.

Mayflower, Cape Cod Harbor, }
Saturday, Nov. 18. }

ANY CARIAD;—I don't know how it happened, for I had never confided even to Patience about these letters to you, my imaginary Friend, for I knew she would embrace me, and say with a gay laugh,—“ You are such a dear, little romantic ray of moonshine ! ”—though of the two, I think Patience is far more poetic and imaginative.

Nor had I said a word to Mary Chilton, when she wondered what I could be writing so much for, and questioningly surmised it was a long epistle to that same darling Patience, which I must begin to write some day. But to-day, almost before I knew it, and without any intention of doing so, I told Jasper. I was very sorry for a moment after, for it seemed as if a great part of the pleasure lay in its being an utter

secret,— *meum et tuum*,— and, too, I was half afraid he would laugh at the absurdity of my penning such long letters to some one I did not know,— some myth of my own fanciful imagination. Though I shall always contend it is quite as sensible, and to me far more pleasant and social, than writing in a Diary for myself, what I myself already know.

But instead of sneering and laughing,— I might have known he would not do either,— Jasper encouraged me, and said he thought it was a good idea, and he was sure I would some day find my expected Cariad,— I told him also what I had christened you,— for whom I had thoughtfully been preparing a Letter Book, and that we would read it together, you and I, and thus you would know more of my past, real life than I could even tell you, even more than if you had been always with me; for he said we all lived two lives,— an inner one to ourselves and God, and an outer one to our friends and the world,— and I know that we do not generally, or often, speak our deepest, most earnest thoughts to our choicest and best friends.

Then, after saying it would be very grateful to any of us, to meet in coming years, some one

who should say joyfully, "I have long been expectant of you,— I have long looked for you! Welcome, thrice welcome, art thou; read this, and see with what confidence I have awaited your sure coming, to me impatient!" Jasper added, that he thought he knew who you were, but he might be mistaken, and so would not tell me just now.

I have not the remotest idea whom he means, but since he has promised at some future time to give you a real name, my Cariad, I feel that I have a new claim on you, that you have grown dearer, and drawn nearer to me; yea, that I can almost clasp your warm hand, and feel the beating of your heart, as I sit here writing, rocked by the sleepy tide in this harbor of rest.

Jasper is such a good boy, so obedient and childlike in honoring his father, so chivalric and studiously devoted to his mother, that when he helps her on deck—she is unusually feeble now— or, ever watchful of opportunity, performs any service for her, I think of the brave Knights of the olden time, in the days of the Crusades, of Chevalier Bayard "without fear and without reproach."

And, too, he guards Little Sunshine, his sister,

and his own orphan brothers, with such kindness and affection, that I am always wishing I had an older brother like Jasper Carver, to care thus for my father and mother, and to whom I could look up with pride and love as do his brothers and sister. Not that Paul is anything but the best and dearest brother that ever was or could be, but being younger than I he comes for, counsel and aid to me, who am so little able to direct him wisely.

Three days ago, sixteen men all armed to the teeth with musket, sword, and corslet, under the leadership of Captain Standish, started off into the interior to see if this were a suitable place for a permanent landing. Of course we felt very anxious as to their safety while absent, but they all returned safely yesterday with tales of adventures to which we listen with much interest.

They had not advanced in single file more than a mile from the sea, watching every step carefully for fear of an ambuscade, when they saw five or six savages with a dog ; the Indians soon espied them, and at once ran into the woods, whistling the dog in after them. Our men followed in pursuit for about ten miles, then, building fires, camped for the night under the canopy

of the starry heavens, having posted sentinels to warn them of danger. The next day they continued to pursue the savages, but did not overtake them. However, in one place in their march they found what, after digging in one, they supposed were graves made in the sand, containing bones and decayed arrows ; these they carefully replaced and covered up again, not wishing to anger them by disturbing their dead.

Further on they found a corn-field where corn had been raised the past summer, and a place where a house had been, near which they discovered a great kettle, evidently of European manufacture, and close by in a heap of sand, a large basket full of corn. They brought the corn to the ship to keep for seed, intending to pay the Indian owners for it at the first opportunity. Although we have seen some before, it is still a great curiosity, being entirely different from any other grain,—wheat, rye, barley, or oats.

It grows in straight, regular rows of dense kernels, packed closely together and encircling a hard, white substance which the men call a cob, and totally unlike anything in nature that I have ever before seen. Some of the corn is red, some

yellow, and some blue, while many ears are a mixture of the three colors; and it is so beautiful and wonderful — though my description may not make it seem so to you — that the children are all begging for it to play with, not realizing that it is much too precious to use in that way.

Mr. Bradford has been telling us of other things; of the wild strawberry vines, and walnut trees, laden with nuts, a few of which they brought to the ship; of the deer and game, wild geese, ducks and partridges, and of plentiful living springs of water, till we are ready to believe, as Goodwife Brewster cried out, "Verily, God hath led us to a land flowing with milk and honey."

Constantia Hopkins, who is very literal, answered, "We can't have milk without cows, as I see, and who is going to catch the bees to make the honey?"

We are waiting here for our shallop to be repaired, so that they can safely coast the Bay in a longer voyage of discovery; but most of the men and boys, and some women, to wash, have been on shore in the long boat: and Mary Chilton, with her usual promptness, has the honor of

being the first woman to set foot on the soil of our new home.

Jasper and Paul have brought me three kinds of late wild flowers from the woods; one, of a purple color, looks something like a stunted German Aster; the other, Dr. Fuller, who is quite a botanist, calls Golden Rod; it is of a bright yellow at the top, but partly dead and faded below. The last and prettiest is a cluster of round, white buds, yellowish in the center, with the stem dry, but the flowers are as fresh and white as if just picked.

I have pressed, and carefully laid by these first tokens of the beauties of this goodly country we call home, and if no more flowers come before our Mayflower sails back, I shall divide them with Patience, who will doubtless value them even more highly than myself.

They say the song-birds have all flown south, except a few cheerful little snow-birds; the butterflies have died or hidden away—I wonder where they do go to!—and of course the sleeping flowers and leaf-buds are secreted in the kindly bosom of earth, till the yearly resurrection shall waken them to a new life; so we will have

to possess our souls in patience, till comes the spring again and they with it.

Mayflower, Tuesday, November 21.

Yesterday many of us again went on shore, to do some washing which was much needed, thinking also to refresh our ship-weary feet by treading again on land — the land of our adoption ; but being so long accustomed to the motion of the boat we could scarcely walk at all. Besides it has grown very cold and stormy within a few days, the water freezes in our clothing, and spite of the huge fires we could well afford to have in this thickly wooded country, we suffered much on shore and in going to and from the ship, on account of the bitter cold, so that even I, like Noah's dove, that found no rest for the sole of her foot and returned unto the ark, was glad to go on board the crowded ship again, and, I realize now, that I have begun to look upon and love the Mayflower with all its discomforts as a home, and shall feel sorry to leave it when we finally disembark.

CHAPTER X.

Mayflower, Thursday, November 23.

MY OWN CARIAD;—I have something so completely joyful to tell you. “This cruel, treacherous sea,” as I once impatiently called it, is a darling old body of water after all, for I have a baby brother born upon it, with eyes as blue as the Atlantic on a calm day, or the azure skies bending above it. He is a timid, white-winged sea-bird, that has fluttered hither from some summer region, and nestled in the warmth of my mother’s arms, to gladden and fill her empty heart, so lonely since David beloved was called away.

How good it was in God to send us this darling child to love, and to give him birth on the ocean, that I might after all my wayward murmurings at this rough sea, have one precious token whereby to remember it kindly! What a

sweet reproof, and gentle plea for the blue Atlantic, will his blue eyes always be to me !

Paul is equally delighted with myself, and, after much careful reconsideration, has again concluded to be Captain White, and take Peregrine as his First Mate in the same vessel; cousin Samuel Fuller is to be Second Mate or Ship Surgeon, as he chooses,—and when he is wealthy and old, Paul is to become an honored, retired Sea Captain, and hand the still staunch boat—the Faith White — over to his younger brother.

Dear Mary is as pleased, and little envious of my happiness, as if she had not been wishing for a younger brother or sister all her life long— did I ever tell you she was the only living child of her family ? She has commenced some very elaborate embroidery for the baby's adornment, and says till that is done the little savages will have to wait for the clothes she was intending to make for them, for we are thinking to carry out Patience's enthusiastic plans in behalf of the little Indian children, and have talked much of our future zealous missionary labor. But now I am quite sure the winter will be gone ere Mary will call on me to do my allotted share of the work — cut and fit the dresses.

Little Sunshine, strange to say, stands quite in awe of our pink and white stranger, but Johnny Allerton, mother's pet, is very eager to make his complete acquaintance, to "hold the baby" and "see his feet," and considers it the highest possible felicity and honor, to "rock the cradle," — Dr. Fuller's family-cradle, that my poor uncle brought to remind him of the darling boy he left in Leyden, and in which our darling now lies asleep.

Constantia Hopkins, who cannot forget Jasper's startling theory of our roaming on all seas for seven years, after the manner of the ill-fated Trojans, has been rejoicing that our ocean-born birdling will be large enough to play, and have great romps with her, long before we leave the ship. There are not many small children on board, and almost all are still weak and listless from long-continued sea-sickness, so this accession to their number is hailed with delight. Constantia was rejoiced above measure at her own little puny, baby brother, born while we were in mid-ocean during those dreadful days of storm. He was a frail little ocean-bird, — they named him Oceanus in commemoration of his birth place, though we all call him "Petrel," —

and every day we have looked to see him die,— to find his wings and fly away. When day after day he suffered such agony that it did not seem possible he could live from one hour to another, death seemed so much better as a sweet release from pain and sorrow, that I could not help wondering at their unsubmissiveness,— but now— O, I cannot bear even the thought of death, and a watery grave for our loved one,— I would keep him at all cost.

And yet, poor child ! amidst all our rejoicings, I cannot help thinking that with such a cordon of welcoming and loving hearts and hands encircling him, even with God above, to love and guard him as we cannot, he has come to a sad and dreary world. Still, spite of this conviction, I cling to him, and my heart to-day is like a singing-bird upon the wing, while over-riding all fear and anxiety, comes this glad, ever-present thought,— I have a darling little brother, and his name is Peregrine White.

Mayflower, Friday, Dec. 1.

All our men came in late last night, foot-sore and so exhausted, from their second discovery, with a large supply of corn, full ten bushels.

besides wheat and beans, and a new kind of grain, that we call Indian wheat ; and they tell many tales of what they have seen that are wonderful to hear.

But they suffered much from cold, as a severe winter tempest overtook them, so that some of the party, who were too weak to go on, returned two days ago. They found frequent Indian graves, and abandoned houses made with young saplings bent, both ends being stuck in the ground, and covered with the bark of trees, or mats made of rushes. In them, as in some of the graves they opened, thinking they might be heaps of sand containing corn, they found many bowls, trays and dishes, and various trinkets ; also woven baskets, curiously wrought with black and white in pretty patterns, some of which they brought to the ship ; but for all of the things they will pay the Indians when they can.

So we are together again in safety, one hundred and three in all, counting the last and least, our darling baby-boy, who seems a strong, healthy child ; but many are so ill from exposure to the cold, that we fear the result, only that we are in the hands of God who doeth all things well.

My letters grow shorter and shorter, but we

that are well have so much to do, in cooking, and nursing the feeble, that I can write no more,—indeed I scarcely feel like writing at all in such a dreary hospital, surrounded by so many sick friends, and, too, it seems like throwing the shadow of our gloomy days on your heart also — your dear heart, my Cariad, whose name I do not yet know, but whose lines are drawn in more pleasant places than ours I would fain believe.

Mayflower, Tuesday, Dec. 5.

I am striving to understand God's wondrous ways, why it is that as soon as come comfort and peace,—as soon as we begin to dare to rejoice, then calamities overtake us.

One was added to our little number whom we welcomed thankfully; and now one has been taken. Yesterday, Edward Thompson, our servant boy, died. He was a good boy, faithful in duty, and we all loved him. Besides he had lived with us some time in Leyden, and was so kind and gentle to Mary, drawing her so carefully around in a little carriage, in her later, feebler days, that he seemed one of the family.

I cannot drive from my mind the thought of the grief of his poor old mother in Leyden, when

at some future day, far-off I fear, this story of his death shall fill with gloom her empty home, for he was "the only son of his mother and she a widow." I remember that sad, sad parting, as weeping she blessed him and said good-bye at the door of their humble home, and he strove to comfort her. "Don't cry, mother, I will try to do right, and sometime you shall come to me, the Lord willing, and we will be happy again together."

That Edward was not afraid of the valley with its dark shadows, consoles us, and even when they took his body in the long-boat to the shore, and digging through the deep-frozen ground, buried it till we should find some permanent place to disembark and settle, and there remove it, I thought, that after all, it was sometimes not nearly so sad to pass through the gates of death to life eternal, as clinging to this body of death, endure this daily dying which we call living.

All on board to-day have had a narrow escape from a dreadful death. Now that it is over, and the danger past, I tremble to think what might have been our sad fate. We have on board a man from London named Billington,—with us, but not of us,—a wicked man, who with his bad

sons verifies how God doth "visit the iniquities of the fathers upon the children." In the absence of his father, the younger boy, Francis, went into his parent's cabin, got some gunpowder, shot off a piece or two, made some squibs, and afterwards fired off a loaded gun that was standing there. Although there was a barrel partly full of powder in the cabin, and a fire within a few feet, with many people around it, no harm was done.

Surely we, having been preserved through so many trials by land and sea, fire and flood, are kept for some great end. And our Redeemer is showing us by these untiring tokens of infinite love, that we are not our own, but bought with a price; that we belong to Him, and we know that His are kept safely,—a precious truth for times of doubt; a bright light in hours of darkness.

The poor boy is now suffering the penalty of his naughtiness. I never saw a man in such a passion, as was Mr. Billington when he returned, and his wife, who had already given Francis a severe beating, and threatened to give him more, began to give him an account of the matter. Waiting only to hear a part, he fell upon the child with such a tempest of kicks, cuffs, blows,

and curses, as made us all tremble for the boy's life, and the father's soul.

When he was exhausted with beating him, he thrust him down into the hold, where, according to his father's threat, given in no gentle tone, he is to stay a week and live on bread and water; but Mrs. Billington, equally unfortunate in governing herself and her family, as soon as he began to punish Francis, interrupted, taking his part, and upbraiding her husband most bitterly, said she should see to it that Francis had everything that was good to eat, which promise she has verified by taking down to him a large piece of cheese and a cake; she promises, too, that if her husband goes on shore to-morrow she will let him out of confinement, and certainly we shall be glad to be rid of his distracting kicking and screaming below.

In a day or two, some of the men will go on another and longer voyage of discovery, hoping to find not too far-off towards the north, better ground and fishing, with running brooks, that we may be sure of water in the summer time, though now it seems to me that there can be no such thing as summer here, but that one eternal winter of frost, snow, and cold reigns. We still

have some butter, beer, and salted meat left, and we fear if we do not find some place of settling soon, our impatient Captain, when our food is spent, will put us on shore and leave us to our fate, as he has often threatened.

So while they are gone, we shall sit here in their absence, and talk of, wait and pray for them, while watching over our sick, for many are now alarmingly ill with lung fevers, and dreadful colds and coughs, that come from wading in this freezing water, in the necessary excursions on shore.

The shadow is over us, it may be the cloud leading us in the right way, but it is a thick cloud of gloom, that makes me recall with tears my wish once expressed that henceforth we might be led through sunny places.

I think, my Cariad, whose name Jasper has promised to tell me when I am through writing by his sick bedside, that doing the Lord's will is easier than suffering it; action however laborious, easier than sitting still and waiting on God. I was wishing to-day that I was a man to take part in this trip, foolishly asking again for some great thing to do, not bear, till my mind ran back to my quiet, peaceful life in Leyden, when I

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

often tired of *little* things, and then I almost sighed that it might be the All-Father's will to let those care-free days come again — only that cannot, cannot be.

CHAPTER XI.

Mayflower, Wednesday, December 6.

MY CARIAD ! my Cariad ! — Thou who hast entered — O mystery of mysteries ! hast already entered on thine eternal years, tell me, is “the Lord good and kind, gracious and long-suffering ?” I dare not doubt it, and yet “the heavens above are as brass ” when I stretch pleading hands unto them, and I “look unto the earth and behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish.”

When I would pray for resignation and peace, only this mournful thought comes to me again and again, that I found thee for a little while — it was such a little while ! — and now thou hast gone from earth forever.

If for a moment I could forget it, I hear the sad children whisper sorrowfully between their sobs — “ Jasper Carver is dead ! ” You, the life

of this sad handful of dying Pilgrims who have come to these shores but to find undisturbed graves! You, who only two days ago, when our poor Edward lay struggling with Death, and though conquered yet came off the conqueror, forgetful of your own pain, told us of "the exceeding comfort wherewith Christ comforteth us;" you, too, have met the same enemy, vanquished him in the power and name of the Lord Jesus, and gone from us to your triumph!

My Cariad! Mine still! How good it was in you — how like your own good self, always so much better than I, now so infinitely exalted — to tell me that you were "My Cariad," so long-looked for! To ask to read and be interested in these simple, little letters of which I was so much ashamed! How thoughtful to tell me still to write to you in the coming long years of my life, — if, perchance, they must be long, — as if any poor words of mine could reach or gladden you, in that fair land, so far, yet so near, where you rest, wrapped in a sweeter repose, than was Ascanius, when Cytheria, bearing him beyond life's turmoil and trouble, laid him on flowery banks out of danger's reach, and he was lulled

to enchanted sleep by odors burning on a hundred unquenched altars.

And still it comforts me to believe, that although thou hast "come unto Mount Sion, and into the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling that speaketh better things than that of Abel," yet even there, with my other loved ones, you still look down on us with love and tenderest yearning.

Already you have met your father and mother so long parted from you; and you have seen grandfather, and Mary, no longer blind, has looked on you whom she always so much loved; and David, and my own mother with the infant Hope in her bosom are also with you.

My Cariad, when you lay dying, did you know — of course you now know — how much I wanted to send word by you to the loved ones in the Better Land, messages of unforgetting devo-

tion, kisses of greeting, and dared not, for fear it might be wrong?

I see your father sorrowing as Jacob, and refusing to be comforted, saying, "For I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning;" your poor mother bowing like a bruised reed under this stroke from God's heavy hand; while Little Sunshine—you told me to call her my sister now—sits sobbing in deepest grief for her "best brother," and your two orphan brothers—doubly orphaned in losing you—cling to each in their sorrowful loneliness.

The passengers, captain, officers, and crew all weep and mourn,—and it is right to grieve at thy fate—so young to die! Over dead Lazarus, his friend, "Jesus wept," till said the Jews, "Behold how he loved him!" albeit He knew that by His divine power, Lazarus should soon come forth from that gloomy prison-house of death, to live again,—come back to this dreary earth-life, to which I would not, no, would not if I could, call thee, or any of mine who have gone to be forever with the Resurrection and the Life.

Perchance "Jesus wept," not that Lazarus was dead, but because He, his Friend, who so well loved him, for the sake of the Jews and weeping

Mary and Martha, was to break the sweet bonds that bound him in the sunlight of the heavenly city, and call him back to earth and life, to tread the roughnesses of one, and buffet and struggle with the temptations and disappointments of the other, all the darker and gloomier contrasted with his four days glimpse of eternal brightness, till, sinking once more under the weight of his burden, he should go up to share perpetually the final glory of his Friend and Master.

O that I could thus go to thee, to mine, and Him forever — for even with death thus near and around me, life seems so long — so long and drear !

Mayflower, Sabbath, December 10.

My Cariad,— I set me down to write, and from habit commence as before, yet I can but feel that the Letter Book part of this record of my life is ended,— that it is really but a Diary, now,— yet, perchance, by going on in the old, accustomed way, I may at times rise to that height of faith which shall bring you very near— my Friend, still. Again the Lord has been among us, calling two more away to life eternal with you and them gone before.

Mrs. Bradford drowned ! O, how we tried to bring her back to life, to recall consciousness, to give warmth and breath to the cold, still body, watching with such agony and fear for the slightest symptoms of life — but all in vain, in vain ! God is wiser than we — He knoweth what is best.

Her face as she lies in the sleep of death, has on it a brighter smile than I ever saw there before ; gone the look of home-sickness and wistful yearning for " My boy," because she has at last reached home, and found Him whose name is better than many sons and daughters. Like frightened children we cluster together, and look in each other's faces and weep, each dreading to think of the grief of Mr. Bradford, when he shall return from this voyage, and find his wife, so beloved, snatched suddenly from him.

His face haunts me as he looked when trying to comfort your father, the other day, and dissuade him from his determination of going on this voyage of discovery that he might have something to fill his empty, dreary heart — for it is so lonely since you went away ! — and now Mr. Bradford in turn needs the healing balm of Christ's consolation.

Mr. Chilton is our other dead. His smitten

wife, and only daughter Mary, sit dumb with sorrow under the lightning-stroke of affliction, striving to look upwards through the gloom and thick darkness to where Jesus is, and he with Him. Poor, dear Mary! I thought I had passed through the greatest possible sorrow by the hand of death, but since she has lost her father, I am led to remember that this bitterest of all losses may yet come to me. “O my father! my father!” I hear her moan now and then, half in mourning for her dead, and half in prayer to the pitying All-Father; and responsively I cry, “O my Father in heaven! spare to me my earthly father—take Thou not him, not him.”

To be ready to die! That used to seem to me such a solemn thought. Now with all this death around and among us, with this grim shadow—which Christ by His death has made but a shadow—always so near and ready, reaching out to snatch us, it seems much harder to be ready to live.

After watching by the sick half the night, I wake in the cold, dark morning from a little troubled, broken sleep, and starting up, for one moment commence my morning prayer,—“My Father, I thank Thee that I still live, that Thou,

ever watchful, hast preserved me through these night watches," and then there rushes over my mind such a sense of the sad yesterday, and prophetic knowledge of the deepening gloom of to-day; such a recollection of our wasting, dying band, and longing for that perfect peace, and sweet rest of heaven, that I cry out, "Take Thou me, also. Let me not live my worthless life amid so much death. Spare these fathers and mothers,—these helpful, needed ones— and take me, weak and helpless, instead."

Mr. Brewster preached to us to-day from Revelation XIV: 3. "For they are without fault before the throne of God." In my past self-sufficiency, I thought I had taken as large draughts of comfort as possible, from the outgushing overflow of God's exceeding love to us, in letting us know that our christian dead are, in the very article of death, at once, and "forever with the Lord." But I had to-day such an overwhelming sense of the beautiful completeness of that robe of righteousness Christ wrought for us, in which the dying sinner wraps his naked, trembling soul, and goes triumphantly, gloriously pure, and fully acquitted up to God's throne,—no longer a throne of judgment to him, but a

throne of glory, in which this new-crowned King shall share — that I could scarcely endure the brightness of the thought.

And thou art already there, and thither our faltering footsteps tend, till He, from leading us in these lone desert paths shall say, “Come up higher!” “Even so, come, Lord Jesus.”

Mayflower, Tuesday, December 12.

The exploring party have just returned with the joyful tidings that at last they have found a home,—“A place pleasant for situation,” they say, but we are not rejoicing, and I write midst my fast-dropping tears of sympathy for Mr. Bradford.

Mr. Brewster and Dr. Fuller went out in a boat to meet them, that they might break the sad tidings to him as gently as possible. After speaking of Mr. Chilton’s death, he was very ill when they went away, Mr. Brewster said that another had been unexpectedly taken by drowning — one who was nearest and dearest to a member of that weary band. Mr. Bradford seemed to know all by a sad intuition, for he said at once as he wrung Mr. Brewster’s hand, “Pray the Lord for me that He give me grace to bear even this. It

is May — my May ! Her dreary December days are over, and she has entered in her eternal June ! Oh, my darling May ! ”

He made no inquiries, and seemed disinclined to talk, but went to the back part of the shallop, as if he would be alone with God and his grief.

When he reached the ship, he walked calmly forward, and went on deck where she lies in her beautiful sleep. He lifted the cover from off the white, smiling face, knelt down and kissed her again and again, saying only, “ My May ! My May ! ” with never a tear, or word of complaint, while we, who have wept over our dead till our eyes are as fountains of tears, sobbed and mourned with him.

How like the prophet Ezekiel, to whom came the word of the Lord saying, “ Son of man, behold, I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke ; neither shalt thou mourn nor weep, neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead, bind the tire of thine head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet, and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.” With what simplicity of active faith does Ezekiel add, “ So I spake unto the people in the morning : and at even my

wife died ; and I did in the morning as I was commanded.”

No questioning of God’s goodness, no striving against that immutable, incomprehensible Will, asking such hard things of humanity ! “ And I did in the morning as I was commanded.” Teach me thus to obey, O Thou who commandest me.

Now Mr. Bradford sits in the cabin leaning his head on his hand, with her Bible open before him,—it is all marked by her pencil and tears,—as if he would draw comfort from the exceeding precious promises of Christ to His flock — promises that grow dearer to us each day and hour.

They have had a long, severe and perilous voyage, but the Lord kept them, and it is the last trip of discovery. When they started the weather was so cold that the water froze in their clothes, till they were like coats of iron, and two men were so ill, that they thought for a time they would have to return with them.

As they drew near the shore to land they saw ten or twelve Indians busily engaged, as they found afterwards, in cutting up a huge grampus, but they fled at once.

The next morning they divided the company, leaving eight in the shallop — there were sixteen in the company including the ship's mates and some sailors — while the rest went on shore, where they saw the tracks of the Indians, and further on found a large burying-place enclosed by a palisade, and also deserted Indian houses.

That night the land party camped on shore near the shallop. At midnight a dreadful cry arose, and the startled sentinel roused them from their slumbers, but as they heard no more after firing their muskets, they concluded it must have come from wolves or foxes.

But in the gray of the morning, after prayer for divine guidance, as they were preparing for breakfast, some of them took their armor to the shallop, but being unable to reach the boat, left it on shore. A little after, as they sat unsuspectingly at breakfast, they heard again the same horrible cry of the night before,— John Howland says it seemed to curdle the blood in his veins, and he has dreamed of hearing it every night since! — and one of the company who was a little distance off came running in, and told them that the Indians were at hand; almost at the same moment the arrows flew thick in their

very midst, and instantly the men ran out to secure their guns lying on the beach, which they feared the Indians had taken, but found them safe.

But Captain Standish is too old a soldier to be caught unawares, and he had a snaphance ready, which he discharged at them, and then another man fired. Being anxious as to the state of the men in the shallop, they called to them, and from their reply, "Well, well, every one, and be of good courage," they found they were not unprepared for the attack; and after they had fired three pieces from the boat, a man in the barricade took a burning log out of the fire to them, that they might more easily light their matches. So at once from the boat and barricade they answered the tempest of arrows with a rain of shot, till some one aimed a musket at the Indian captain, who was standing behind a tree, and rapidly hurling his arrows at our men. This seemed to take effect, for he gave a loud cry of command or pain, and then all went away, supposed to be about thirty or forty in number, yet, although the arrows had flown thick and fast among our men, so that some coats hanging in the barricade were shot through and through, not one was hurt

in this battle, which they called The First Encounter, and for which deliverance they gathered together and thanked God with full hearts.

To just such protection as this must David have referred, when he said, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."

They have brought to the ship, to send as curiosities to England, eighteen of their arrows, and fierce-looking weapons they are, some headed with brass, some with deer's horn, and others with eagles' claws.

After their prayer of thanksgiving, they went on board, but a storm of wind, snow and rain arose, the hinge of the rudder broke, and the boat was so unmanageable as to put them in great danger. By afternoon the gale became so violent that the weight of the sail split the mast in three pieces, yet finally, by God's preserving goodness that never deserts us, they struck into a harbor, which before then the Pilot had thought he knew, but found that it was a strange place, entirely unknown to him, surrounded by dangerous rocks; at length they drifted near to an island in a secure place, and late on Friday night landed there, and kept their watch in the

cold, heavy rain, not knowing but that at any moment the arrows of the watchful savages might fly in their midst.

On Saturday morning they marched through and around the island, which was quite small, and received the name of Clark's Island from the first mate, who was with the company ; the rest of that day they spent in drying their clothes, and in repairing the shallop, and there they rested on the Sabbath according to the commandment.

Monday they sounded the harbor, and found it good, landed on a friendly rock on the main-land, marched into the country where they found corn-fields and running brooks, and were so pleased with all that they saw, that all were willing to decide on this as our future home, to which we are to set sail as soon as possible.

“The Lord is very good unto us His sinful children !” I hear Goodwife Brewster saying. It is a sweet thought to carry with us always, especially to our sleep in these long, sad nights, disturbed by the moans of the sick and sorrowing.

So, as I close my Letter Book and say “good night” to you who know its shadows no longer,

— “For there shall be no night there,” — I whisper softly to myself, “The Lord is very good to us His sinful children.”

Plymouth Harbor, Tuesday, Dec. 19.

With our future home in full view, its snow-capped hills dotted with evergreens stretching far away till they meet the blue horizon, we ride at anchor in the shelter of beautiful Plymouth Bay, called Plymouth because of its resemblance to that harbor of peace on dear old England’s shores, whence we last set sail hither, with anxious hearts even then but gay and light compared with their heavy, solemn beating now; and also they have named our future home Plymouth, in memory of the exceeding kindness of those fellow-christians there, to us way-faring pilgrims.

We left Cape Cod Harbor last Friday, but a bitter storm drove us back nearly to our old position. Saturday we came safely here, and are now securely anchored one and a half miles from land, sheltered on all sides by points of land that seem to be islands, on one of which our men spent the Sabbath. They are beautiful, and covered with trees, from which the children are eating the walnuts, and chewing the sassafras

bark given them by the sailors, with great delight, as foretastes of the abundance of our new home, of which they anticipate many impossible things.

Yesterday, parties went on shore, and somewhere near on the coast we shall settle and say “Home” at last. It seems a mockery to call any place here below a *Home* for such a wasting, dying band as we! Already neath the shadow of a great tree, on a hill overlooking the bay, four lie side by side, buried as you requested, where you could hear the solemn beat and rhythm of the sea.

My Cariad, as long as you were yet unburied, ere you found a final resting place in tender mother-earth, whence the magnet of God's love let down shall draw your floating particles of dust to itself and Himself, I felt that you were still in one sense here with us; that you had not quite slipped our frantic hold on your young life — so young to die! But when, midst loud sobs, and a rain of tears wrung from our hearts, they yesterday rowed away in the shallop, carrying four rude coffins — A Precious Freight! — all was and seemed ended.

And so it is ended, and over the four graves

where yesterday they turned the frozen clods, and underneath planted this choice seed of death, the snow has sifted and drifted during the night, and to-day we see no ripple or ruffle in the sod, to tell us where you lie, only the overhanging trees, with their branches weighed down by the snow, bending like heart-broken mourners above their dead, yet each pointing with one slender finger to the sky, as if to remind us whither your spirits have gone, and a voice whispers to us as Jesus to grieving Martha, "Thy brother shall rise again."

Sleep on, dear Dead! Neath the mourning pine-trees distilling their tears of snow and dew, in winter and summer nights, rest ye in peace profound, till one by one, soon perhaps, we, an unbroken band, shall near you "sleep in Jesus."

Plymouth Harbor, Friday, Dec. 22.

Last Wednesday, all who were able to do so, went on shore and commenced with a will to construct a Rendezvous, or Common House, where about twenty could stay, proposing to begin on Thursday to build their own houses.

It was such a cheerful day on board. The monotony of uncertain waiting of our past ship-life

was broken ; this was a near reality, and we watched the men on shore hurrying hither and thither like swarming bees, their dark forms showing plainly against the snowy ground, even at the distance we are from them.

The children were merrier than for many a long day, playing their old, almost forgotten games of the earlier part of our voyage, singing songs, chasing each other here and there over the ship, and when the flesh was weary with un wanted exercise, collecting in groups, and talking all together the most delightful nonsense, and incomprehensible jargon about their new houses, and what they would have to put in them, chatting gaily over the coming Christmas, and its expected gifts,—particularly Mr. Hopkins' children, who being from London have always kept Christmas with yule log, holly-decked rooms and gifts,—in the fulness of their faith in us, anticipating as much as if we were just off England's or Holland's shores, instead of a vast, howling wilderness ; as if we were rich, and abounded in all things, and were not the daily mock and jest of the captain and sailors, because of our poverty—in some cases real poverty.

But we had forgotten those stinging words and

taunts, and all at length caught the joyous infection, so that before I knew it, I found myself singing over my work like the Faith White of Bird's Nest days.

Even Captain Jones himself, who has of late been very surly and glum, threatening several times in the midst of our sickness and distresses, when our men were making all possible speed, that if they did not soon find a place to land and settle, he would decide the matter speedily, and put us all on shore anywhere, it did not matter to him so that he was well rid of us,—even he was so wrought upon by God's grace interposing in our behalf, that he became social and pleasant, and the idle, brutal sailors followed his example.

So that Wednesday was a brighter, happier day in our calendar than we have known since we first espied land after our weary, weary voyage. I was intending ere it ended and night came on, to write you a really cheery letter, fragrant with the odor of heart's ease that grew in that one day of continuous sunshine; but I was so busy in just being happy, that the swift hours flew by, and were gone before I knew it. I was going to date it "All Saint's Day," an anniversary occurring, I know not where, but celebrated

with much pomp by the Roman Catholic Church in honor of their imaginary saints; — not that I have any such superstition, only it seemed to me that all the saints — those ministering spirits of ours of whom St. Paul so comfortingly speaks — had combined to make that one day glad, and bright to each and every one of us.

But it ended at last, as all happy and sad days do,— and the children, weary with their joyous games, slept, as the night closed in with another tempest of snow, wind, rain and hail, covering everything exposed with a coat of sleet, and so hard did it blow, that it was only with the greatest difficulty that they could get the boat launched by Thursday noon, laden with provision for the poor men standing guard in their incomplete Rendezvous on shore, having nothing to eat, and exposed to the bitter storm, which still continues to rage to-day, so that we cannot even see the shore, nor send anything to the men who are still there.

This morning, as usual, little Johnny Allerton was watching me with round-eyed wonder, while I washed and dressed our darling Peregrine,— who is such a dear, good baby, never crying, and already learning to smile! — and waiting patiently

for him to be "fixed nice," as he says, so he could have "good times" at his favorite occupation,—rocking the cradle,—when Goodwife Brewster came in our cabin, with a wee baby in her arms, and told Johnny because he was a good boy, she had brought him that baby for his own little brother.

I never saw so delighted a child. Mother sat back in her easy-chair and laughed as she has not since David died, to see him welcome and fondle the stranger, and try to entertain it with baby-talk, and telling it stories, particularly of Jonah, adding with great emphasis, "But the naughty old whale shan't get you baby!" and wondering why it had not hair like Peregrine, and very sure he saw a tooth in its mouth which our baby did not have.

So all the morning Johnny and the older ones — two brothers and one sister — were quite great heroes in the eyes of the rest of the envious children, who, in their wildest imaginings of what Christmas was going to bring them, never had dreamed of so wonderful a gift. But already Johnny's happiness is clouded, and as I write he lies beside mother, now and then sighing deeply in his sleep,—as David used to do

when he had sobbed himself to slumber after some heart-breaking grief,—for a few moments after Goodwife Brewster brought the baby in, it closed its eyes, as Johnny said “To have a nice sleep, and make it grow large as Peregrine,”—but although he did not then know it, the sleep was unto death—the old, sad story! No, not sad, for God took him where he shall grow in all heavenly graces and beauties.

His mother could not bear to have the dear little baby put into a rude coffin for his last, long sleep, so in the little drawer of a mahogany table, wrapped in soft, warm flannel, they have laid the mysterious bundle of humanity, that for so brief a space of time held an impatient soul, which, struggling, broke from its weak prison-house and went away—away.

Short life it was indeed, but not all in vain, for one of the most profane and hardened sailors, as he came in and looked at it—reminded perhaps of some other dear little face whose closed lips had called him “father,” brushed away with the sleeve of his jacket the tears that rolled down his bronzed cheeks, and going down into the forecastle, wept and sobbed like a child; while Mary Allerton sat in his lap, and stroking his rough

face, said, "Don't cry, Sailor! my little tiny baby-brother has gone up to heaven, and is in Jesus' arms now; and the flowers up there are a great deal prettier and sweeter than those that are in his little hands, Goodwife Brewster says. I am going some day to see him, and if you'll be a good man, and not swear, the Lord will let you go along, and then you'll see my baby-brother and the flowers too."

"How could it go all alone, so far — away up to heaven?" asked Johnny. "It was so little, and couldn't hold up its head, nor walk! Why can't we go, and run, and bring it back again?"

In vain mother tried to tell him and comfort him. He seemed only to have a vague idea of a lonely child's soul flitting around outside in the dark, cruel tempest, and vainly seeking entrance into the warmth and light of some mysterious, far-away place, called heaven; and again and again in the early evening, when the lamps were lighted, he pressed his face to the cabin window to see if he could espy him, calling "Baby, baby!" in most beseeching tones, and when he saw his own reflection he begged mother, "Please, Mamma White, let in that poor little boy that is out in the dark cold, like my little

baby brother's soul!" and when the window was opened to show him that only his shadow — nothing else — was there, he sobbed in grief, "The poor boy is gone now, and will lose his way, and be frozen to death!"

Dear, little Johnny! He is only learning his first lessons of death. Sad lessons they are; hard lessons too, which do not begin with the alphabet and primer.

CHAPTER XII.

Christmas, Monday, Dec. 25.

 was awakened this morning by hearing the children whisper "Merry Christmas" to each other, and rejoice quietly over the few, poor little surprises we had been able to prepare for them, and was glad that a child's heart could be thus easily made so cheerful and light in this thick darkness where we grope and touch only these prison-walls of sorrow and death, that like one of the dread instruments of torture in the time of the Inquisition, are each day slowly and surely closing around us.

On Saturday Mr. John Rigdale died, leaving a young wife who said good-bye to parents and all other friends in Holland, to come with him hither. And last night, Christmas eve, instead of angel-choirs chanting "Peace on earth, good will to men," Azrael, swift Angel of Death, stood

again on the ship's threshold, beckoning another to his cold embrace, and Solomon Prower, nephew to Mr. Christopher Martin, could not choose but to follow his imperious beck and nod. So to-day, this dark sad day on board ship, they carried up in the shallop two more, to add to the five snow-covered mounds on the hill-side looking seaward,— one so small! — looking down on us, anchored here in this lone harbor of death.

But we must work for those that perchance may live, though Death stands ever grimly at the door; so on Saturday, as the storm had abated, they went on shore, and did all they could in the way of felling timber, and a part of them kept the Sabbath there in their Rendezvous, though, above their songs of praise and voice of prayer, they heard the shrill cry of the Indians, who seem to be ever ready to sweep down upon them.

To-day again they have been busy at work, far beyond their failing strength, in cutting down, sawing, splitting and carrying the heavy timber, and again they heard the cry of the watchful, haunting savages, but saw none.

And it is to this we have come “for the word of God and the testimony of Jesus Christ.” After having endured trials from wind and storm,

from evil-minded men and false brethren, finally one by one, two by two, to die and swell the fast-lengthening line of graves, till, when so few are left that they dare, the merciless savages will fall upon the rest and haply, with one short agony all will be over.

This for Thee—all this for Thee, O Jesus! Is it worth so much? Had it not been better to have staid on Holland's friendly shores, trusting to God's promise to keep His own in the world but not of it, rather than rashly venture here, and lose all?

O the weak faith of Faith White to-night. This Christmas night, anniversary of that day when our Christ, leaving the wealth and ease of His Father's many mansions, flesh-clothed and burdened with the ills of mortality, "became poor that we through His poverty might be rich;" wandering in after long, weary years up and down this sin-smitten earth, unloved, rejected, despised, having no place to lay his head; and finally, thorn-crowned a king in suffering, loving and forgiving; His flesh, emblem of our sin, pierced by nails and spears from more cruel than savage hands; "His soul made an offering for sin," goaded by betraying, abandoning, and deny-

ing followers, He died — died that we might live ! Was it worth so much ?

Though on that very endurance, even to the bitter end, hangs all my hope of meeting this same Saviour, and rejoining friends, already sanctified and made pure in the drippings of His cross. I have dared — how did I dare ? — to ask “ Is it worth such sacrifice ? ”

Alas, alas, for Faith White ! But it was such a dreary change to hear this morn, instead of the sweet matin carols of the Leyden children, the dull, cold thud and beat of the waves against the ship ; for the bell’s chimes and Christmas anthems, only the rude jargon and profanity of the sailors, and the fiercely brutal commands of the captain ; for the voice of prayer and hymns of praise, the sobs over the dead, and the heavy choked breathing of the sick and dying !

It all made me so long for home — for the hearth of a year ago, blazing brightly with grandfather’s yule-log, that he always had in memory of dear old England, and his childish days ; the holly on the wall, thick set with shining red berries, and the old story ever new, of the watching shepherds on Bethlehem’s sacred hill, startled and charmed by the flash and melody of sudden-

ly appearing angel choirs; of the guiding star with its long, bright train, and the obedient wise men from the east, rejoicing with "exceeding great joy" as they followed the glory on unto the Lord of glory.

And this Christmas day grandfather is seeing the King in His glory, and is to night, ah me! looking down with mournful pity — only that they do not mourn in heaven — on his little grand-daughter, who is drawing back from this time of trial, longing for the ease and plenty of Pharaoh's house, — who is, as he once said reproachfully, "Looking backward, backward."

Mayflower, Sunday, Dec. 31, 1620.

It is the last night of the year, my Cariad,— mine still, I am persuaded, though I am closing this simple record of a long weary year, and the recording angel is sealing up his book until the great day of accounts; and you, but a little while ago — yet how long it seems — turned life's last page, and began your unwearied beat on the cycles of eternity, commensurate only with God Himself.

Then and Now! One year ago only! How much of sorrowful change God can compress

into a year — into one month even ! *Then* I remember a warm bright fire, and a group of parents and children gathered around, the purr of the cat on the hearth — poor old Tabby, she sleeps and hums beside me now as I write, alone unchanged, — the humming of the tea-kettle, the shouting and singing of the children, the joy and the laughter. You were there, my Cariad, with your brother and Little Sunshine, — whose woful face since you dropped out of our band makes a sad mockery of her name ; Mary and David sat on grandfather's knee, and Mr. Bradford played with his little boy, and said “ My May ” to her whom God called as His own to Himself.

To-night — the sad *now* — in this ship is only here and there one well enough to sit up — for all the men who are able to work went on shore, and are keeping the Sabbath there — with no voice of song, or cheerful, joyous smile, happy in God's smiling providence and grace. We hear only the groans of the sick, the sighs of the smitten and sorrowful, tempered with a solemn psalm of submissiveness to the incomprehensible divine will : and a prayer of far-reaching faith by the bedside of the dying, sublime in its out-

stretching beyond the cloud and thick darkness, to the throne of God itself.

Poor Mary Chilton! Her father sleeps under the snow beside you, and her mother now lies at death's door, almost ready to pass through that mysterious portal to the Saviour that redeemed and claimed him she loved so well, and, except for Mary's sake, is glad so soon to follow.

"She may live till morning, now she has passed the sunset hour," uncle Fuller replied in answer to Mary's earnest questioning of the whole truth, "but another sun will never set for her; the morning, when it breaks, will usher in an eternal day."

Uncle Edward Fuller is also very ill, so low that to-night he told his wife that the days of his years were numbered, and he should soon have measured their little span. Lonely wife that she will be, but not long, for she is very feeble, and coughs incessantly; yet she insists upon waiting on him with untiring, sleepless devotion, performing those last precious acts of love that God permits us to give to our dying friends.

Mr. Christopher Martin is very sick also, and in his delirium talks incessantly of Billerica on English shores, calling by name many of the friends

he left there ; and imagining them around him, he says good-bye, and tells them he shall never see them more. Mr. Martin is really a good man, though while he was Governor of the Speedwell he was waspish and tyrannical,—of course there must have been many very trying things, to vex and worry him in his new position,—and sometimes, in the pride of his better estate, made himself so merry over the poverty of some of our sorry band, that we could not feel that he was wholly one with us in the love of the Lord Jesus and His poor.

But since his nephew that he loved so much was ill and died, and especially since his own sickness, his eyes have been opened to see that a vast wealth of forgiving and brotherly love, better than “the gold that perisheth,” may be hidden away in a poor man’s heart if he be a Christian, ready to be shed forth freely on any of Christ’s disciples, so that now he does not seem like the same man.

Thus does the Lord Jesus our righteousness make us perfect through suffering, some in one way, some in another, according to our need. And it is better so. Closing to-night this sad, old year, about to enter on a new, untried one, I

would pray earnestly and sincerely, "O, Abba, Father, make Thou me like Thine own self; take Thou me to Thyself. I must go to Thee in some way; I must find Thee somehow. Be it by sorrow, by suffering or deprivations, any way Thou seest best for Thee and Thine own glory, accomplish this, and bring us all that labor and are so heavy laden unto Thine own perfect rest at last."

Mayflower, Wednesday, January 3.

"Swifter than a weaver's shuttle," says the Bible, of human life. I think of the fast-flying shuttles in the busy looms at Leyden, and of their likeness to our own quickly-fleeting lives, as I make this first record of the year,—Mrs. Chilton is dead. The New Year's morning ushered in for her an eternity unmeasured by years.

Uncle Edward is still very ill and low, but Mr. Martin so much better, that we hope for his recovery.

Still the work on shore progresses as rapidly as possible, for they are anxious to remove us out of the close, foul air of the ship, hoping that it will help to stay the sickness. Last Thursday they began to work on a high hill, where they

propose to build a platform and plant the Ordinance, because it commands the plain and the bay.

At the foot they have concluded to build a line on each side of a street, which is to be called First Street, all to be securely impaled around as a defence against Indian attacks. They measured the grounds, and, so as to build fewer houses, they allowed families and single men to unite together as they chose. Thus they have made nineteen families, and they laid out the lots allowing a half-pole in breadth, to three in length, for each person.

That seems like having a fixed home at last,—as fixed as we who have no abiding city here could hope for,—and our family as selected will be uncle Samuel, uncle Edward and aunt Ann, if they live to occupy it, and cousin Samuel. With Mr. Winslow's family, including a brother and two servants, and one in ours, William Holbeck, there will be sixteen in all — three times as many as are in some families, and quite a number for our small house of but one room at present; but several are sick already, and we can only guess how many of us will dwell in a nar-

rower house, but none too strait for us, ere this rude shelter shall have been completed.

To be ready to occupy this narrow house when the Master Builder calls on His tenants should be our one greatest wish and labor.

To think that we give so much precious time and anxious thought to these poor earthly homes of ours, whose thresholds we may never cross, and so little to the "many mansions" shut in by jasper walls and pearly gates, to which we may have an undisputed title, and that Christ has gone to "prepare" for us! Preparing for us, and we not preparing for it! How strange, how strange!

Friday and Saturday were too stormy days for work, but Monday they commenced again, and as the weather has been quite favorable, they have succeeded well. To-day, as some of the men went out a long distance to cut thatch, they saw great fires that the Indians had made, and came to their cornfields planted last year, but saw none of the Indians themselves: indeed none have as yet been seen since we came to Plymouth Bay, though they flit around the men on shore like unlaid ghosts, startling them from their work

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

and slumber with shrill cries, as if to warn us that we are never safe, but that in some unguarded moment they will swoop down upon us as a kite on a dove, and then — then — God will take care of the rest!

CHAPTER XIII.

Mayflower, Tuesday, Jan. 9.

THE days and weeks creep slowly, slowly on, stifling us with the weight of their burden of care and weariness — yet they take our loved ones rapidly.

Mr. Martin is dead. He had seemed so much better till within a few days that we had strong hopes he might survive, but last Saturday he took a sudden relapse, and grew worse so fast, that at his request they hastily sent on shore for Governor Carver, who came at once.

“I cannot possibly get well,” he said, “and I would like to settle all my accounts with you, while the Lord gives me strength and reason.”

So they looked them over together. It was a tedious task, for he had spent about seven hundred pounds in various ways for the benefit of the company, and until then had refused to make

any statements as to the way it had been expended.

Again and again did Governor Carver tell him he was too weak and weary to finish, and beg him to rest a little while. He insisted on going on, and when it was satisfactorily explained he laid back, and wiping the perspiration from his deathly pale brow, he said with a sigh of relief, "I have done with man, and must now settle with God. It is a longer account than this one, Governor Carver, and I have nothing wherewith to pay, but God for Christ's sake forgives us all our debts ;" and from that time, till he died on yesterday, he seemed to be calmly happy, not triumphantly so, saying little, and nothing, except that already mentioned, of his soul's experience and hope as he journeyed on, and looked with dimming eyes into the valley of the shadow of death.

Uncle Edward Fuller is very low. "He will never go to the new house, except his own narrow tenement for one, that we shall all some day claim," said uncle Samuel to-day with a shake of his head, and a murmur of "My brother!" as he went on his sad round of duties to the sick. Aunt Ann has long had no hope of his recov-

ery, but she does not seem to mourn. Her cough has reduced her very rapidly, and after talking with the doctor this morning, she called cousin Samuel to her, and with many fond kisses told him to notice how weak his once strong father was, and see how thin were her hands, and how bright her deep sunken eyes.

Little by little she led him on to know her sad meaning—it is so hard for us children to think that our parents can die!—and when the tumultuous tears gathered in his eyes as he dimly perceived the dread truth, she said between spasms of coughing that choked her utterance, “My poor boy, do not cry and fret for us. God knows it is best that your father and I should go to Him soon, else He would not take us. But we will not leave you all alone. The Lord, who loves you better than father or mother can, will be with you, and as long as you both live, your uncle Samuel has promised to care for you as for his own little Samuel across the seas.”

She took the boy’s plump, hard fingers in her own white, wasted hand, and caressing it with the unspeakable fondness of mother-love that grows stronger as it feels its hold on life relaxing, she asked him to promise to be a good and

prayerful boy, and to love the Lord his Maker and Redeemer, in whom was his father's and mother's only trust in these last hours of life.

"For O my poor boy, my only boy, whom I am going to leave, I could better bear to straighten your stony limbs for the grave, and know that I must drag on through long years of life without you, than to think they would ever run into forbidden ways of wickedness,—that you would grow up a bad man, one that did not delight to fear God and keep His commandments."

He promised with sobs of anguish, and he locked his arms tightly around his mother's neck, as if he would dispute possession with Death himself. Only a little while ago with swollen eyes and tear-stained face, I heard him asking Paul my old question,—not so old either, for alas! I repeat it in substance and spirit to myself almost daily,—"How can God love me so much — better even than my parents, and want me to be happy, and yet take away all my friends, and leave me here without either father or mother, when He has commanded us to love our parents, and knows that it will make me very miserable to let them die?"

Paul's philosophy could not explain the sophistic mystery, but in reply he gave obedient childhood's unanswerable argument; "I don't know, but father says that God always knows and does what is best for us, and the Bible says so too." And as they drew nearer together, and twined their arms around each other in speechless grief, and sympathy with coming grief beyond all power of speech to avert, Paul promised Samuel to love him always, and that our father and mother should be the same as his, and that he knew I would let him call me sister.

Dear boy! it is so little that I can do for him in this his trial hour! Yet how gladly, if God, who "always knows what is best for us," thought it best to let me, would I die in place of one of his parents, that he might not be wholly orphaned.

Last night John Billington's second son — Francis by name, the same one who fired off the guns in his father's cabin while we lay in Cape Cod Harbor — came on board very much elated, and strange as it may seem, has helped not a little to break up for one day the sad monotony of our prison-life here on ship.

He and his brother John had gone on shore for

the purpose of helping their father, who always takes them, and invariably says of them with an oath, "My boys are more plague than profit ten times over!" and assuredly they do abound in "superfluity of naughtiness." Amusing himself at his old trick of climbing, this time in the top of a high tree, he saw the shining of a body of water far off.

As Captain Standish, with four or five men, made quite a circuit around the plantation the other day, going to the place where the fires of the Indians had been seen, yet did not meet any, it was thought sufficiently safe for him and one of the ship's mates to go in search of it. After travelling three miles in a southwesterly direction from the town,— sorry town that it now is!— they came to two beautifully clear lakes, the larger one six miles around, containing an island in the center, and abounding in fish and wild fowl.

They have agreed to name it Billington Sea in honor of the explorer, and Christopher Columbus, after discovering America, could not have carried himself with more dignity in the presence of Ferdinand and Isabella, and the once sneering, but then admiringly envious Spanish courtiers,

than Francis has to-day among the boys on board, so that, instead of being the fear and aversion of all of them on account of his mischievous, vicious tricks, he is quite a stately hero among them,

“And bears his blushing honors thick about him.”

At this moment he is entertaining them with another, and perhaps the twentieth, description of the Indian houses they passed — increasing in number at each repetition — the cornfields they saw, and indulging them in a patronizing promise, that when they all got on shore, he will escort a party to fish and hunt fowl in Billington Sea, adding, with many consequential airs, various directions as to the weapons of defense it will be necessary to take with them, and how carefully they must walk in single file, looking cautiously right and left — here he drills them by way of experiment — that they may be always ready for a surprise from the lurking Indians, and so on “*Ad libitum*,” only longer than before, as Mr. Brewster used sometimes to say to Patience and me, when giving us the morrow’s Latin lessons, in the days of long ago, happy

days, so far in the dim past that I can hardly seem to remember them.

Father being better and the day fair, he went on shore a little while, and returned to night when the boat came out after burying Mr. Martin. He says that the Common House is nearly finished, wanting only covering. It is about twenty feet square, and all the men sleep in it, and use it as a store-house while they are preparing their own houses, the ground for each one of which was to-day decided by lot.

Father brought us the plan of our side of the street as now laid out. We are to live at one end, nearest to the hill of defense; next beside is Mr. Francis Cook's house, then comes Mr. Allerton's, and lastly Mr. Billington's; just across the High Way, or Cross street, on the same side, is Mr. Brewster's house, with whom Governor Carver and family, and Mr. Bradford are to live.

Mayflower, Monday, Jan. 15.

So many, many sad and strange providences have I to record, I scarce know where to begin. How can I repeat the same story of death flitting in the breeze, and floating in the air? For two more are gone to sleep in the fast-lengthening

line of graves on the hill-side,—uncle Edward and aunt Rachel, two out of our family; yes, three, for very suddenly and unexpectedly Elias Story, one of Mr. Winslow's servants, while on shore dropped out of life yesterday.

All around us, both on ship and land, are the sick, though none seem now to be fatally ill except Mrs. Alice Rigdale, whose few days of mourning will soon be over, when widowed no longer, nor sitting solitary in tears for the husband of her youth, she will have left us and gone to meet the Heavenly Bridegroom that impatiently awaiteth His bride.

I write a moment, and then start up to give some one a drink of water, and have hardly seated myself when I see another flushed face with fever-parched lips that need to be moistened, one of Christ's "little ones," to whom I am glad to be able to give that "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple," which He has promised to remember.

I look over our little family and wonder if God is going to enter it again—in love verily, but bringing grief. Paul was quite ill two or three days ago, having been chilled through and almost frozen while coming on board from the shore, but

thank God ! he is almost well now. Father still coughs, but has gone on shore to work, and he and Mr. Winslow, with the help of their two men, are getting on so finely with the house, that if it continues pleasant, they promise to take us on shore in a few days, so I may never date May-flower again.

A few days ! “ O joy—joy ! ” as Mary used to say when her easily-pleased heart tided over with delight. Dear Mary ! in her everlasting home, enjoying this day her eternal joy — for her eyes look upon “ the King in His beauty : they behold the land that is very far-off.”

Mother is quite well for her, better than she has been for two years, and this disease that at one time or another has prostrated nearly all, has so far not affected her ; while Peregrine is the dearest, chubby-faced, round-limbed, blue-eyed darling that ever was, a strong and healthy child, much larger now than Oceanus Hopkins, whose baby-life has always been a struggle with death.

So much as I have to be thankful for as far as our own family are concerned — how can I help being patient and loving, willing to do what I can for all the others ?

Mr. Bradford, who was on shore at work, was

last Thursday taken with very severe pain, and suffered so great agony for a while, they thought he couldn't possibly live, but before evening he became easier, and is better now. Governor Carver is also reported as ill on shore, having taken a heavy cold, but as yet his case does not seem serious.

Midst these trials of our love and faith, we have had a severe fright that came about in this way. It being pleasant on Friday morning, four men went out some distance to cut thatch. Mr. John Goodman and Peter Browne, having worked at it all the forenoon, they told the other men they themselves would go further on, and they should soon follow. They started into the thick woods, and after a little while the other two followed in the same direction, a mile and a half from the plantation, but could find neither of them, though they shouted and hallooed a long time. It had then commenced to rain, so they returned to the Company, hoping a little to find the lost men there, but as they were not, Governor Carver and four men went out to hunt for them, but came back after a vain search, and more went in their place, but nothing could be seen or heard of them that night.

The next day a dozen men were armed and sent, who fruitlessly sought them midst the blinding storm, through a circuit of eight miles around, and came back at night weary and disheartened, almost certain that the savages had surprised and captured — perhaps murdered them. But late at night the missing men came in, John Goodman having his feet frozen, and so swollen, for the rain had turned to a storm of sleet and snow, that his shoes had to be cut off, and he now fears that he will not be able to walk for sometime.

He has been telling us of their perilous journey. It seems that they took their meat at dinner-time, and thought it would rest them to walk a little, after stooping all the morning to cut thatch. A mastiff and a spaniel followed them, and coming to a lake near by, they saw a great deer. The dogs at once started in eager pursuit, and the men hastened on in search of game, so excited that they did not think of the distance, till they found they were hopelessly lost in the great forest, having no idea of the points of compass, with no food, thinly dressed, and no weapons except the sickles with which they had been cutting thatch.

They wandered up and down through the rain and the storm, that froze as it fell, coating them with ice, till the early, dark night settled down, and then they heard the roaring of wild beasts far away, answered by a third that seemed near by. As they knew they should freeze to death if they did not move around, they walked all that night of bitter cold at the foot of a tree, thinking if they should be attacked, they might climb it, all the while holding on to the restive mastiff that was crazy to chase after the wild animals.

As soon as they saw the first welcome streak of morning light they started again, and after long wandering past lakes, and through endless woods, in the afternoon they climbed a high hill from which they saw in the Bay the islands that shelter us; by these they steered, and so got in, in safety.

Meantime, we on the ship having heard late in the evening that the men had not been found, were mourning them as lost, or worse yet in savage hands, and besought God unceasingly in their behalf that He would guide and protect them, and if it was His righteous will, bring them again to us.

Early on Sabbath morning, the wind being high, we noticed the Rendezvous on fire. Then indeed we were in despair, for our men were almost all on shore, and we feared that the savages had come down in great numbers, over-powered and killed our friends, and set fire to the Rendezvous. Such cries of terror and tears of grief! But Mr. Brewster calmed us in the strength of God's promises to His dear children, and saying, "Let us pray!" drew us near in quiet trust to Jehovah, sitting in eternal oneness and infinite loneliness on His throne of power, holding all things in His hand, and told Him of our great strait and need, of our weakness in ourselves, and utter dependence on Him, till we arose from our knees as confident of safety as if we had been on Holland's shores, with all our dear ones unharmed around us.

In less than an hour, as soon as the tide was on, being well armed, they put off in a boat, and moving cautiously to shore, found, when they landed, that our confidence had not been misplaced — that ours was still "a great God doing valiantly," — for the two lost men had returned, and the Common House had been set on fire by an accidental spark, — burning the light thatch

indeed, with a great blaze, but leaving the roof unharmed ; and although the house was full of beds, in two of which lay Masters Carver and Bradford sick, and the muskets stood by loaded, and powder was stored within, yet none were hurt.

“ Who of us can doubt God’s care from this time forth ? ‘ Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him,’ ” cried Goodwife Brewster with streaming eyes, as they brought back the comforting tidings.

It had been the intention to keep the Sabbath on shore, as most of the grown people were there, but the Rendezvous being without a covering, they returned to the ship bringing John Goodman with them ; and after the good news had been told, while our hearts were too charged with thankfulness for speech, Mr. Brewster said, “ Let us give God thanks,” and we poured out our souls’ full tide of gratitude to God the Giver of all our good ; and at morning service, the time being near, he preached to us from 1 John V : 14. “ And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will He heareth us.”

Thus that which promised to be a great grief

unto us, beyond all that we had passed through, overruled by God, is but another proof of His unspeakable love to us, confirming our faith in Him as a prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God ; so although this is a cold, rainy day, dark and gloomy without, our hearts are warm and cheerily bright with the perpetual sunlight of God's love let down into them.

Swallow's Nest, Plymouth, Thursday Jan. 18.

On land — at home — my Cariad, could anything be more joyful ? Sitting here in our new log-house, mud-daubed in the wide chinks, that still gape in places, with the sun setting in a purple mist that was first golden, then rosy red, — changing from glory to glory, — at the close of three days of sunshine and warmth, like April in Holland, without its fitful showers, I am so happy and thankful.

“ My singing bird,” said father to-day, coming as I sat rocking Peregrine, and unconsciously humming one of the old-time tunes I used to sing with David and Mary, “ I am glad to hear you tuning your pipes again, for you have been out of Bird’s Nest so long, I feared you had forgotten how to sing. What are you going to

name this new, poor house of ours, where, if Christ will but come, and abide our honored guest, we may be happier than ever before?"

I could think of nothing more appropriate than Swallow's Nest,—as like the old, familiar name as possible, and quite similar to those thatch-roofed houses under the eaves, where the restless birds chirp and flutter, topple out and balance themselves; whence, having learned the wise ways of the bird-world, they dip, swim, and circle, in endless, mazy flight.

So Swallow's Nest it has been christened, and if the Heavenly Dove come herein as Comforter, bringing balm for our griefs, and shedding peace into our oft-troubled hearts, in the shadow of His ways will we rejoice evermore.

I brought mother's rose-tree from off the ship, and it stands beside me on the rough windowsill.—strange window that it is, yet already beautifully homelike to my eyes, having but one pane of glass, and the rest of the rude sash filled with oiled paper, very good in its imperfectness to admit both air and light, but not quite transparent.

By the side of the rose is the favorite geranium Mrs. Winslow brought with her, in memory

of the many pots of flowers in her vine-covered home in Leyden, and to me, every blanched leaf is written over with memories of your dear self, because of the care you gave it, helping Little Sunshine in her love's labor of tending it. And the geranium still lives, and you — ah! yes, you live too. •

The rose-bush is full of buds, and one, just trying to expand as I brought it away, has taken new and bright tints, and opened wide its warm heart to the sunshine, and in full bloom is drinking in the light; while each glad leaf lifting a gleeful face sunward, and dancing in the warm south-wind, seems to say "I thank you!"

This is the first rose that has bloomed since leaving Holland, except the pale, sickly one that unfolded the day you were called to God's garden of delight, which, together with geranium leaves, I laid in your dead fingers: and this red blossom calls you very near to Swallow's Nest tonight, and I seem to breathe faintly the odors wafted from the fountain of gardens, laden with fruits, where you rest among lilies.

In my longing to share these pleasures with you and mine, that through these floral associations seems to be a little — ever so little —

granted me, I look into the heart of the red rose, and into the violet eyes of a purple pansy, that does not disdain to bloom royally under this thatched roof, and my gaze draws back an answer from the dumb life sealed within, which finds utterance only in fragrance and beauty: and these flowers — all leaves and flowers — seem to me as a sensible and palpable expression of God's out-reaching love, to the love and beauty, and the love of beauty, that He breathed into our surcharged bodies, when man became a living soul: His own kisses, that are to meet us as glad surprises morning and evening, every hour and each moment,— like His sweet, tender thoughts flowing to us ward.

Mrs. Winslow came on shore with mother and me; and since Mr. Hopkins' house was as nearly completed as ours,— we can watch the stars from either, through the crevices in the walls and roof as we lie on our pillows at night,— and all were well but Oceanus — poor little storm-bird! — they also came on shore yesterday, bringing Mrs. Martin with them, who has spent this day of sunlight at the graves of her husband and nephew.

Little Sunshine and Constantia Hopkins have been running back and forth all day, revelling in

the healing light and rest on land. But when I took your cherished and cherishing sister to your grave, and we laid green mosses over the bare, dark clods, the sorrow came back, and the tired, wistful look, that she has worn so much of late, crept into her face, and she threw herself in my arms sobbing that she wanted to die, too, and be laid at your feet ; nor would she be satisfied till I had promised to put mosses over her grave, and the sweet wild flowers that would come up from the cold ground after she was laid in it.

But I hope that in running wild over the hills with Constantia Hopkins, who is full of life and happy beyond expression, she will forget the haunting fancies of death that have clung to us on board ship, and be our Sunshine indeed,—for I could illy spare the little sister, that you gave me with dying lips, even to you.

Mr. Billington's family are also on shore, occupying a house by themselves, as no one was willing to go in with them. It is a strange fact that amidst all our sea-sickness, suffering and death, not one of this family has had a pain or ache ; but have been always well, and boastingly scornful in their health and strength, as if disease

dared not touch them. So wicked as they are, so unprepared for death, how good it is in God to be thus merciful and long-suffering !

And how full of comfort beyond expression is it to us, as we pass along the line of graves, to think that as yet not one has died without being able to give a reason for the hope that is in him, that although he pillows his head on a turf-clod, yet in the spirit shall he behold the Father of spirits.

Mr. Brewster's family are to come on shore next week, also Mr. Allerton's household, bringing with them Rose Standish ; and I think when that magnet comes, Little Sunshine will have more eye-sparkles than now, and Captain Standish forget some of his dark, glowering looks.

Mary Chilton came in the first boat this morning with Mr. Mullins' family, and they will all live in the house with Mr. Hopkins, as Mr. Mullins has been too feeble ever since we came to Plymouth Harbor, to do anything for himself. Mary has been up to her parents' graves, and she just came down from the consecrated height with tear-filled eyes ; and poor cousin Samuel was clinging to Mary's hand, as if a com-

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

mon grief bound them in close sympathy,— both orphans now, with only God for their father.

Only God did I say? Having Him—resting in Him, what can we need or want beside?

CHAPTER XIV.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, January 20.

AT the close of one of the brightest weeks I ever knew, I can do no more, no less, than write something in remembrance of the sweet sunshine that has flooded earth, and filled and blessed us, making our peace to flow like a river.

It rained awhile yesterday afternoon, so that the men could not work; but with father and Mr. Winslow at home, and uncle Samuel here,—only Mrs. Rigdale on ship being very sick,—we spent so pleasant a day and evening,—drawing closely together round the bright, sparkling fire, that roared up the wide-mouthed chimney, thus filling up the gaps death had made, and shutting out the thought that he might come soon again,—that in my evening prayer I forgot all con-

fession of sin, in thanking God for the hindering rain.

Towards evening John Goodman went out to use his feet, that are still badly swollen. His little spaniel, that accompanied him in his wanderings before, followed also this time; and they had gone but a little ways from the plantation, when he saw two great wolves that immediately ran after the dog. Poor little Fido, a universal favorite with all, not relishing the idea of coming to America to be ingloriously devoured by wolves, ran to his master for protection, who, being able to move but slowly on account of his feet, took up a stick, and throwing it, hit one of them. For a moment both fled like cowards, but turned again soon, and as he said when telling of it,— “They came close up to me, and sat on their tails, grinning at me a good while, but seeing I had gathered a pale-board that had been sawed for paling in the gardens, they finally went their way and left me.”

Before he could get near enough to the plantation to rouse the men, who at once went in pursuit, the evening shadows had settled, and they saw nothing of the wolves.

To-day they made a shed, where they propose

to stow the goods that are rapidly being brought from the ship, and to-morrow we are to have a meeting in the Rendezvous, that now, newly thatched, and cleared of much of the storage, is a very comfortable house in which to worship the Lord our God, who has brought us hither to this goodly land stretching away in infinite beauty to the mysterious west; a land that at some future day,—perhaps when some letter-book writer dates *Anno Domini* 3000—may be filled with multitudes of happy homes, redeemed from the wilderness by hands made strong in the consciousness of freedom, right, and secure possession.

Is it a dream—a vain dream, that I shall never look from over the jasper walls of the City of the great King, and see realized? Is it only the fancy of a wild imagination—a soul filled to the brim with gladness and enthusiasm, because we rest at home, and the Death-Angel stalks no more boldly in our midst? And the sunlight slants down, on new-made graves indeed, but in our hearts, too, and the rose-buds open, and nod their regal heads to the blue-eyed, winking pansies, appareled most royally?

If so it be, let me thus dream then to-night, all the sweet night long, till the gray, chill morn-

ing comes, and wakens me, as it will, if I do but dream.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, January 25.

We kept our meeting on land last Sabbath as we anticipated. Mr. Brewster came from the ship, bringing Goodwife Brewster with him, whom we persuaded to stay with us, though she was very loth to leave "Jamie, my baby," as she calls him, for a single night.

So she abode with us two days, her very presence consecrating and beautifying these rough walls,—her life a practical exposition of Elder Brewster's text on Sabbath—"Great peace have they that love thy law." A sermon full of comfort that we already need, for although this week is passing us by, bright, warm and beautiful as the last, and it would seem that we ought to be cheerful in the glad greeting with our friends as they come on shore from the ship—our few days of absence seeming as months—yct the wehr-wolf, death, has again been greedily snatching his prey out of our fold.

Mrs. Rigdale and Mrs. Eaton, the latter a young wife, were brought on shore in coffin-beds, and in solemn procession we followed them up

the hill of hope, and laid by this earthly house, whence the Holy Ghost, who once had his temple there, had departed. For Alice Rigdale, sorrowing over the husband of her youth, and gone to him in his perpetual youth, where none grow old, we cannot mourn. And over the grave of Mrs. Eaton, who in perfect trust committed her suddenly-called soul into Christ's hands, we see a rainbow of promise through our thick-dropping rain of tears.

Sad as is the thought, we can no longer conceal from ourselves the fact that many are very ill, and instead of gaining since being brought on land, they seem to fail hourly ; nor can we escape the growing conviction pressed home to our hearts, that among the number are Little Sunshine, and Jamie Moore,—your brother and sister, my Cariad.

We did not realize how the former was failing—we shut our eyes, and would not see ; but when Rose Standish came on shore, she was so startled at the change of a few days,—days in which so much happiness has been compressed, that our full hearts were heaped-up, and ran over,—that it roused us to perceive, unwillingly, that the wan face was thinner and paler, and the

bright red spot on her cheek an unhealthy flush. And in turn, we all noticed, that, spite of Good-wife Brewster's most tender motherly care, little Jamie had failed rapidly since we left the ship.

I cannot make it seem possible that they are to die,— but in chastening love, with God all things are possible. Does that sound like murmuring? I did not so mean it. “Thy will be done,” is fast becoming the easiest petition of my prayers.

And another one is going from us,— another besides Mr. John Goodman, “Who will lose himself no more in wild, dark forests,” Dr. Fuller says, “but walk soon the golden streets; and no ravening beast shall go up therein, but the redeemed of the Lord shall walk there.”

I write slowly and hesitatingly, for I am scarcely willing to acknowledge to myself, that it is set down among the unchangeable decrees, that our Fair Rose Standish is soon to fade and die. But so it is, uncle Samuel says, and, except for her husband's sake, she has expressed her glad' willingness to be transplanted into His kingdom who says of Himself, “I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley.”

But no one dared to intimate the truth to Cap-

tain Standish, as his wife had requested, till Mr. Bradford,—mindful of “my May,” snatched out of life without a moment’s warning, making earth to him as if a trumpet had sounded, and the sun and moon were darkened, and the stars fell from heaven,—after much prayer, went yesterday and told him his sad errand.

It was a great shock, and the whole force of his untempered nature rebelled. He laid his hand on his sword as though a bugle had blared with no uncertain sound, and striding up and down, swore that he would dispute possession, inch by inch with Death himself,—as if there really were some grim, grizzly monster called Death,—some Apollyon with whom he could measure weapons, and by prowess made superior in the might of his wrath, snatch victory from the very jaws of defeat.

Unheeding—perhaps in the might of his passion not hearing—Mr. Bradford’s words of sympathy, he strode away into the forest, and came not near till evening, when he entered Mr. Allerton’s cabin, and greeted his wife with a calm, resolute smile that told not of his day’s struggling with the powers that be for her life, so that she feared

Mr. Bradford had not found courage to tell him her impending fate.

To-day he stalks restlessly through the plantation, glaring defiantly around at any noise, as if he were eager to try his strength with any foe,—even to rush defiantly against the thick bosses of God's buckler, but pitifully tender in his devotion to his wife and Little Sunshine, whose two lives seem to be so bound in one bundle, that we took the latter over to Mr. Allerton's to-day, that while both live, they may enjoy, that speechless communion—soul speaking to soul—which seems to be sustenance to both.

Johnny is very glad to make the exchange, and be at our house with mother, and his favorite Peregrine, on whom he seems to feel he has a new claim, in virtue of the baby brother given him and taken so soon away, for whom he has searched vainly, many an hour, on earth and in air, and asked innumerable, unsatisfied questions, as to how and whither he had gone, and insists that some day he will go and find him.

God grant he may, but not yet — not yet.

Swallow's Nest, Monday, Jan. 29.

If it is to you I am writing, my Cariad,—and

Heaven seems very near me to-day, with only a thin vail of cloud between that any breath may blow aside,—I need not write that our Little Sunshine is ours no longer, but that her little light, which flamed for a brief season, then flared and flickered in life's windy storm, has gone out, and now is merged in the great Sun of Righteousness; that face to face, with a bared arm and stoutly rebellious heart, Captain Standish met the conqueror and was conquered: and all that was mortal of Rose Standish and Little Sunshine, rests side by side in one wide coffin, made from a piece of furniture in the Rendezvous, ready for burial on the morrow, and there Captain Standish keeps his lone tryst with the victorious spoiler.

If that omnipresent destroyer had not been among us so many times—if he were not to-day knocking imperatively at the door of many a chilling heart on shore and ship, we should sit dumb and still under this common, heaviest stroke, but God has given us so much to do for others, if happily they may yet be spared, that we cannot stop even to think,—only pray with hushed hearts for Captain Standish, who, never having learned submission, is now chasing and

raving in insane passion over this terrible blow—
a passion all the more dreadful because of its
utter helplessness, and because of its long repression, more violent.

For although he could possibly have had no hope of her recovery for days, yet he controlled himself for her sake, never uttering a word of his bitter hate for the Spoiler, and watched her triumphant march through the dark valley, with calm grief and dejectedness, as though every step were not bearing his heart's one idol hopelessly from him, and each fainter growing breath piercing his heart like a sword.

But finally, when the silver cord was gently loosed, and the golden bowl irredeemably broken : when life's full pitcher was shattered and spilled at the fountain, and its sweet waters gathered into the eternal Fountain of all living waters,—then the covered, smouldering fires of his impotent rage burst forth, furious in their unchecked freedom, and he was ready to arraign all the powers of heaven, earth, and hell,—to curse God and die. Poor Captain Standish!

It was a very touching sight to see Jamie's parting with Little Sunshine. Mr. Brewster carried him to her on this last day of her life, as she

failed little by little, her light going out like the setting sun, so that we, watching every breath, scarcely knew when her earth-life ended, and her life without end began. Jamie did not cry or seem frightened, but asked to be laid beside her, and when he had hugged and kissed her, he said his prayers as if he were going to sleep for the night, and turning his face to the wall closed his tearless eyes.

But his brother Richard — soon to be the only one left of four — sobbed and cried in uncontrollable grief, burying his head in Goodwife Brewster's lap, or clinging to Captain Standish's hand, as though his soul surcharged with sorrow, found relief in sympathy with this other more billowy spirit.

But your God and ours, and the God of his father and mother, in whom you all rest to-day, shall soon fill that lone orphan's heart with comfort.

CHAPTER XV.

Swallow's Nest, Monday, Feb. 5.

AE have buried our dead out of our sight, and the white snow lies deep on the sod so oft upturned, as we went forth weeping, bearing our precious seed, and committed it to earth in confident waiting for the Lord of Harvest.

The last was a drear week of rain and sleet, of foes without and foes within — the cold and the sickness. It has added not a little to our many discomforts, — our lack of wood and water near by — to be still in open houses, filled as several are to overflowing with the sick, and they have decided to use the Rendezvous as a sick-house for those men who have no immediate relatives to care for them, since it is tighter, larger, and less exposed to the weather.

The Indians have again been seen, this time on

Clark's Island, near the ship,— for what purpose there we can only conjecture, but hope they do not suspect our weakened state, and come to spy it out, ready to gather in one great army those thousands of fearless warriors that have been said to be on this coast, and fall upon us; for what has become of these multitudes of savages, or why they are so shy of us, unless hostile, we do not know.

But this coming revived our fears, and a subject that has before been discussed in whispers only, and the men met in the Rendezvous on Saturday evening, to consult as to the sad necessity of levelling the tell-tale graves, and so hide our fast-growing weakness from our enemies.

There are very few among us that have not already committed choicest trusts to this field of death, and the hungry monster is not yet satisfied, so it could be but a painful discussion to all. Not that we are superstitious, or doubt God's ability, and will to care for, and gather our scattered dust; but, beside a grave where sleeps the mortal part of a loved one, there lingers yet a sense of nearness, and in some happier moments a feeling of possession,— so that the thought of

giving up their graves was like burying them again, and cost us many quiet tears.

After several opinions had been given, Captain Standish, who has scarcely spoken a word to any one since his wife died, stalked quite unexpectedly into their midst, and advocated the utter demolition of all the graves, as a stern necessity admitting no alternative; especially as many of the sailors on whom we might have relied for help, were quite ill on board ship, and would doubtless die.

It was done to-day, and the smooth hill-side, where the snow, fast falling, is spreading a pall, tells no story of our losses.

Thou hast no grave, my Cariad! It cannot disquiet thee in the unmeasured bliss and perfect repose of the many mansions — why should it perturb our hearts that are but dust and ashes? “For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.”

A terrible storm raged all day yesterday, with the heaviest gusts of wind we have ever experienced since coming to this harbor, shaking our houses, heavy as they are, so that much of the clay mortar fell down, exposing us more than

before. But it was far worse on the ship, for most of the goods had been taken out, and lacking ballast, she careened and lurched heavily, quite at the mercy of the winds and waves. They were really in great danger, and those of our company still on board ship—mostly the very sick, too ill to bring on shore—suffered severely: while we on land, burdened at heart with a sense of our complete helplessness, could only gather together, a little band, in the Rendezvous half-filled with sick men, and pray to the All-Powerful for deliverance and submission.

But in the midst of our sad meeting, Elder Brewster was called out to say good bye to little Jamie, who wanted to take a kiss from him to Little Sunshine; while on ship, near the same time, as we learned to-day, John Langemore breasted the billows of the dark-rolling river of death, and, as we trust, landed safely on the shores of the Better Land.

Uncle Samuel just came in and said in his quaint, comforting way, “John Goodman is no longer lost, but found, and led into the light and rest of heaven, where he halteth feebly no longer, but hasteth with swift feet to run in the way of God’s commandments.”

Two more orphans, Joseph and Priscilla Mullins, bereaved of their staff and stay, cry out, "Our Father which art in heaven!" partly in submissive prayer as Christ commanded, and part in agony of grief for their earthly father, gone to be with his and their eternal Parent.

O Thou whose years fail not, Thou only knowest that which I shrink from mentioning, as if it might kindle an idea in the mind of Omnipotence — how many of these fathers of ours now smitten with sickness, and which of them, soon or at length, Thou wilt also call to Thyself. Forgive the selfishness of my prayer, O All-Forgiving, and heed only the love that implores, and supplicates Thee to let it not be my father — not mine, O Jehovah.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, February 9.

I have persuaded mother to let me try to write a few words, penning with a tremulous hand what may be my last letter to you,— how sweetly strange it seems, to think that it may indeed be so! — for lying here sick, with death flitting like a phantom through every house, I feel his presence by me, and can only guess whether it is a warning to be soon ready, or a reminder of his final, inevitable coming.

"The Lord's will be done," I keep trying to say of myself, but if I only could go now, when it is so easy to cut loose from earth, and the very thought of the tedious days and nights of getting better is a burden,—that I must live, and so many here no longer! If I could to-day but lay my weak hand in Death's strong one,—he seems to me as one of God's good angels—and go away, away—but then, God's will be done.

Father lies in a bed near, breathing heavily, and almost strangled by frequent spasms of coughing. Paul and Peregrine are tossing in burning fever; and cousin Samuel, watching and waiting on them like the gentle nurse that he is, is far from well. They say, too, that William Holbeck, our servant, lies dying in the Sick-house, pressing fast on whither Mrs. Martin has just gone, having so soon met her husband and nephew in a happier home than was their loved Billerica on England's shores.

Mr. Winslow is scarcely able to move around, and dear Mrs. Winslow helps my overburdened mother as much as she can, carrying a face like a Psalm in every house of affliction, but I see it convulse with pain now and then, as she presses her hand to her side; and though she says "It is

nothing of any importance," I know she too is smitten.

I miss Johnny's face, and they tell me that he lies beside his mother, both very ill. With Richard by her side, unconscious or raving in his delirium about Jamie and Little Sunshine, Goodwife Brewster, between her paroxysms of pain, repeats her favorite Psalms, and calls on her soul to bless the Lord and not forget His benefits.

All Mr. Hopkins' household are sick, and Mr. and Mrs. Billington lie shrieking in mortal pain and terror, with that "fearful looking for," which those who do not love God often experience, when death and the judgment stare them in the face; and the poor frightened boys, able to do nothing for them, cower, and shiver in fear by the fire.

We have lacked many things that might relieve, and perhaps recover some of us, our stock, and variety of provisions being low; and the few men able to hunt or fish having no time to spare from tending the sick; and although Mr. Bradford himself asked Captain Jones for a little beer, of which he knew they had a supply on board, it was refused him. But the Master came on shore yesterday and killed some wild geese,

and the Ruler of all hearts put it into his heart to give us a goodly portion for our sick, which revived some not a little.

He reports four of our men on ship as dangerously ill, past recovery he thinks, also many of his crew; and uncle Samuel, confined to the bed for several days, spite of all remonstrances, got up and went to them.

Scarcely a dozen of our company are able to be up and about, so that finally, after a few happy days, we all seem to be nearing the earthly end, and endless heavenly beginning. No longer does it seem to me sad that a handful of the Father's dear children — after long communion in suffering, and much enjoyment in walking together in the way Jesus trod before — should come here to die, as at God's direction Moses went up to Mount Nebo, overlooking the promised land that he was not to enjoy: and his earthly house buried by angel-hands with more than regal honors, in a grave that no man knoweth, his spirit disenthralled from its clay prison-house, soared away to the better land of promise.

I have been hours writing this, and mother says now, "No more, dear Faith," and in my

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

utter weariness I am ready to bid you "good night," to whom my next greeting may be a spoken "good morning," where there comes no night. O, if it could be so!

CHAPTER XVI.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, Feb. 16.

MY CARIAD ;— One week ago I seemed so near to you, and the land that is said to be “very far off,” and they tell me that since then I have drawn nearer still, but the two succeeding days after my last date are a blank to me. Now I am fast getting better, as many others of our sick are, and I take up my pen as I do the burden of living—too weary and weak to be more than half-glad, and that only because God willed it so ; yet this sense of new life tingling in every nerve and vein is very pleasant, as I lie and dreamily watch the sunlight streaming in through the one pane of glass on the south side of the house—albeit it shines on new-made graves.

The four sick men on ship are well again—but they are where no one saith “I am sick”

any more. Our servant has gone there too, and Mr. Allerton's,— six men in all. The Reaper Death gathered the ripe grain in this last harvest.

Several of the sailors have also died. Wretched, miserable creatures that they are, as soon as disease broke out among them, forgetful of their companionship in sin, they deserted each other, letting the sick lie unhelped and uncared for in their filthy cabins.

But though for three days last week there were only seven able to be up, Elder Brewster, Captain Standish,— who courts death and cannot die,— mother and Priscilla Mullins, Mr. Francis Cooke, and a girl in Mr. Tilly's family, Humility Cooper, yet every day one of the three men went to the ship, attending to the physical wants of the sailors, and talked and prayed with them, till the wicked but kind-hearted boatswain cried out remorsefully to Wrestling Brewster, who had ministered to his wants, and prayed God to spare his life if it was His holy will, and if not to cleanse his soul and prepare it for death, judgment and heaven:— “ I do not deserve this at your hands. I have cursed at, and mocked you, and abused you in every way I could. O, sir, you Puritans that I have so despised, act to each other, and

us, like Christians indeed ; but we let each other lie and die like dogs."

He was not to recover however, and two days ago he died, but though late in his repentance, like the dying thief, we trust that Jesus spoke comfort and forgiveness to his sin-sick soul, and that the poor boatswain has met his Christian mother in heaven, whose counsels and warnings he said he had never been able to shake off ; and met, too, the baby over whose dead face he shed such bitter tears.

Mrs. Allerton and Johnny are " both going to find the lost baby-brother," we fear ; and uncle Samuel, made much worse by his visit to the ship, talks of studying soon under the Great Physician. Over our own family death has so far passed, and all are apparently out of danger, father being much easier than a week ago, sitting up now nearly all the time.

And I live ! I was indeed glad that I had lived, when I woke from my long stupor, the crisis past, and father, staggering to my bedside, kneeled down and thanked God that the destroying-angel, seeing on the lintel the blood of so many of his lambs sprinkled there within the past year, had gone by, and spared his first-born.

My life had saved one pang from his tender, overburdened heart, and with no new furrow made in the hill-side for any of my dearest ones, life for myself, with my father living too, seemed a good gift, to be accepted from the Life-Giver, with somewhat of thankfulness palpitating in my heart.

Governor Carver and his wife are better, and Goodwife Brewster is abounding in praise that God has recovered her, and she may yet greet her absent children on earth.

Dear Patience! How she would have mourned her mother's loss, and how glad are we that so many of our dear ones staid in Holland, escaping this fiery trial of our faith, and baptism of suffering.

Mary Chilton, well again and just gone from here, is watching with Priscilla over Mrs. Mullins, lying at death's door, "Waiting like myself," uncle Samuel said a moment ago, "at the porch Bethesda, for the good angel to come down and disturb the healing waters of the fountain, that I may plunge in and be cured evermore."

But, human-like, we pray that he, and Mr. Tinker's and Tilly's families, every member of whom is ill, may live to drink of earth's bitter

fountains,— where we thirst, drink, and are never satisfied, which we yet are so unwilling to leave.

A man out hunting to-day, when about a mile and a half from the plantation, saw twelve Indians cautiously defiling in this direction, and heard the voices of many more in the woods. Describing a circuit that he might not come in contact with them, he hurried in and gave the alarm; the men at once armed themselves, and cleaned and prepared their guns, which in the great distress they had neglected. Captain Standish, and another man working with him in the woods, left their tools in their haste, and when well-armed, they returned for them, the tools were gone.

They saw no Indians however, but as I close this long letter, written at intervals, I see the blue smoke of their fires curling up against the sapphire sky, showing that they are camped not more than two miles distant; therefore several of our men, weak and weary from disease and labor as they are, will stand guard to-night, and pace up and down in the night air, through the long hours.

Plymouth, Wednesday, Feb. 21.

I do not write in Swallow's Nest this golden afternoon, but sitting under the pine trees that whisper to each other sweet secrets of the precious dust over which they alone keep guard,—a place about to be made doubly consecrate to me, for father, my own best father, is soon to sleep here also.

One moment I think I fully realize that the destroying angel turned on his blood-marked track, and smote better than the first-born, and that my weeks and years—that for his life's sake I was almost rejoicing over when last I wrote—must stretch on and on, and I am to climb the steeps of life, and thread its dark, lone valleys without him by my side. But the next moment consciousness falls short of the reality, and I say to myself—"It is but a dream—just a sad dream! My father cannot be dead!"

Looking back, now I see how it was that I blinded myself, and would not see. In that bright, warm week of joy—every moment of which is a blessed memory to me,—when sometimes in the midst of our cheerful talk he would have an attack of coughing, and I would go to him, and stroking his hair, thick-threaded with

silver lines, ask him about it, worrying and grieving over his failing health, and old age creeping on him, he would say, "Ah! yes, mother, do you hear that? Our little daughter Faith has grown so womanly and quiet, so grave and matronly, that she thinks me old and infirm, as her favorite Shakespeare says, 'In the sere and yellow leaf.' She will no doubt come to me some of these days, and getting behind me where I cannot see her face, say hesitatingly that she wants to marry and leave me, going away to some little humming bird's nest of her own!"

All which I knew could never, never be, my Cariad, but teased somewhat, and speechless between an agony of fear, and hope that was scarcely the shadow of hope, I would continue to fondle him, and smothering him with kisses that he might say no more, tell him in this mute way that I was always to be his song-bird only, and stay at home with him, the dearest of all dear fathers. So I stifled, and tried to shake off the conviction haunting me, that it was not age, nor care that was wasting and weakening his once strong arm, and dimming his eye; but unconquerable disease, leading him gently but sensibly on, to a crown of glory for him indeed, but for

us — for us what God knows it is best we should have.

But mother has been conscious of it all along, and weeks ago yielded him up in spirit, and God has strengthened her brave heart, and undismayed by this out-look on death, she has faced life before her so dark and drear with no protector ; one brother here in his narrow house, and the other daily growing weaker.

Such is her trust in God, and my own resignation, — so different from anything I have known before, — seems to be what the Chastiser wishes in me, — a quiet grief that spends its strength in tears, — and once in a while, for his sake, rises to thanksgiving because my father has laid by the burdens of his flesh, and gone to his exceeding and eternal weight of glory.

If this is the lesson I was to learn, and have been so slow to acquire, from these oft-repeated strokes, will God send another ?

But yet I had never really thought that he would die ; — that my father could die, and I live without him, seemed impossible ! — and not till they wakened me at his request this morning, did I believe he was certainly called, or resign

him. He was too weak then to talk, but after a while he rallied and called me to him.

"I am surely going, dear child," he said, "going for a little while from you all that I love so well — how dearly, only He who calls Himself Love knows; going from you, my singing bird, who chose to leave Holland, with its peace and plenty, and follow your father to these dreary wilds. You have had a solemn song of thanksgiving to sing this last year, little one, and you will soon again take up the sad burden of it — death — death. But it is only for a little while, and I am going but a little way off.

"Though your dear mother, and the baby Hope, sleep under the Nottinghamshire daises ; grandfather, Mary, and David in the green Leyden graveyard, and you will bury me here in an unmarked grave, do not think of us as severed, but, one family in Christ Jesus, gathered to our Father the Great Head — for I shall meet them all there. And what shall I say to them for you, my child ? "

All the messages I had wished to send ; all the infinitude of thoughts floating to you ward, and heavenward, died on my lips, and I could only murmur, "Tell them to watch over, and wait for

me too,—but not long father. O, I hope not for a long while.”

“ My dear daughter,” he went on to say, “ ever since you, my first baby girl, was laid in my arms, you have been but a comfort and blessing to me, giving me never a pang or pain, and every day of your life I have thanked God for you.”

How it smote me to the heart to hear him say this ! For it was not that I had been so good a daughter, for the remembrance of multitudes of wilful follies, and sins towards him, swept over my mind : but in dying, with father-love that yearned towards me, he had forgotten all my waywardnesses, and remembered only the dutiful acts. And above my remorse and sorrow floated this sweet, God-sent thought, that such was Christ’s dying love to us so sinful, crying out in His self-forgetful anguish, even when forsaken of God, “ Father, forgive them ; for they know not what they do.”

“ God has been very good to give me strength and reason to tell you this, my lamb, and I have something else to leave you for comfort. In my dressing-case is a letter, written to you by your own mother but a few days before she died, which she asked me to give to you, either at your

marriage, or, if it came before, at my death.
The time has come, darling."

As I handed him the time-yellowed, priceless memento, he put it to his lips with a lover's fondness, and caressed it reverently, tenderly, as if it were the dear hand that penned it — which he has clasped before now.

"Let me hold it till I am dead, dear Faith," he whispered, "then, when I can do no more for the children left me in dying trust, unclasp my cold fingers, and take it and read it; not here in the house, but out in the sunshine, up under the spreading arms of the trees, where I shall soon be laid to rest, and where you can remember that we are all enfolded in the wide arms of infinite Love. Don't cry, my child: don't grieve and fret, but live to bless and comfort your mother and Paul, and the baby-boy, as you have me."

Then he talked to mother, and Paul, and all of us, and kissed Peregrine again and again, and until noon we sat, and watched the gray shadow of death stealing over the calm features, that still glowed with unutterable love; when finally, — I think I realize it now — the strong staff was broken and the beautiful rod.

So I took the letter from his thin, stiffening

fingers, and came out here by you to read it, this precious letter of my mother's, that seems to me like dew let down from heaven on my fevered soul ; like her voice, and her love, reaching down to me, and wrapping round me.

O treasure above my choicest treasures ! How little did I think, when I began this poor letter-book to some one I knew not, and lost almost as soon as found, that the first letter I should copy in it would be written by my darling mother's hand, long since grown cold, and folded on her pulseless breast. O my mother, my mother !

My Precious, Eldest Daughter, Faith :—

A dying mother, who is sitting just on the brink of the river of death, already feeling its chill waves drawing up round her, hears her child in the next room pleading with God for her life.

The mother is myself — the child, you, dear Faith, — named Faith, my darling, because when first I saw your brown eyes, I gave you to the All-Faithful, in trust that He would be yours, you His ; and I believe He accepted my offering. You have been a dear child to me, my Faith, — how very near and dear, God knows — and He

knows, too, how hard it was for me to-day to darken your young years with this coming grief, your first great grief beyond power of earthly father or mother to assuage or prevent.

And as I sit here this spring afternoon with Paul fast asleep near me, and the "bonnie bairn," as her grandfather calls her, sleeping on my breast, and hear you pleading—"O God, please to let my dear mother live! Please to let her get well and take care of me, and Paul, and the dear little baby!" all the old agony of this struggle comes over me again, and I am saying, "Not yet, O God, I cannot yet die!"

I want you always to remember this afternoon, dear Faith. You sat with your sewing at my feet,—sewing for baby with those busy little fingers that have always delighted to do something for those you love,—and I showed you the picture of John Rogers at the stake, with his helpless family gathered around, and I told you how in prison, the night before his execution, he wrote a letter for his children to read, after his white soul should have ascended in triumph from the flame, to the rest and reward of heaven.

Then, gently as possible, I tried to tell you how I also, was soon—very soon I think,—to

pass by a more quiet death to my eternal home—to meet my baby Hope and my mother. And you, as soon as you had comprehended what I meant, when the first gust of passionate grief was over, cried midst a flood of tears, and a rain of kisses, "Write me a letter, too, dear mother, to read," and afterwards went away to ask for me the boon of life from the Life-Giver.

But it is too late, my precious child. Life and health can come back to me no more, and only when my trust in God is weak, and the innocent faces of my children smile upon me, do I wish it. So you must be a mother to the dear little ones, as I know you will. You have thus promised, and have always done a mother's part in your old-fashioned, womanly way—quite unlike the care-free childhood I could have wished for you.

I write this letter to you, not to read soon, but if you live, at some time by and by, years hence,—that inevitable time when you shall so much wish you had a mother,—a mother's heart to pour the swelling tide of yours into,—a mother's love, stronger and more enduring than any other.

I shall consign this to your father, to give to you, either at your marriage, or should he be

called from you ere then, at his death. In the former case, darling Faith, take with your marriage name to your untried life a benediction from your mother, blessed above women with a fond husband that cherished her as she never deserved, through the brief checkered years of her married life — now so nearly ended.

But should it seem best to God's inscrutable will to summon your father to Himself before you have found a strong arm on which to lean, the Comforter only can speak consolation to you. And alas! my child, He in His omniscience only knows whether you will more need comfort than in the other case.

My darling daughter, I do not want you, as you read, to cry out in bitterness of spirit, "O my mother, would you had lived!" For you have a love stronger than father or lover, passing the love of women, — the infinite tenderness of Jesus outstretching itself to you, overshadowing and sustaining you. Say this rather of me — "Her warfare is accomplished, her iniquity is pardoned: for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all of her sins."

Dear heart, a mother's full heart that you never grieved, yearns towards you this day of

April sunlight, as it always will, with an ever-growing fulness in the eternal noon of my coming life, to which this sunshine is but as night. Look up my child, always, and say, "I have a mother in heaven."

Walk softly, and in all humility and heavenly graces before the Lord, and thou shalt be the King's daughter, and the Lamb's joyful bride, and finally come where I shall soon be — where I long to be — in the King's palace to go no more out forever.

Good bye, dearest child, a long good bye, till we meet and clasp each other where this sad word is never spoken.

Your loving mother,

MARY WHITE.

Leyden, April 13, 1611.

My own glorified mother! As I kiss the love-filled missive, and read over the tender words, all the chill clouds of life and death that have settled over me roll skyward, and I seem to myself to float and soar in the enduring warmth and halo of my mother's love. No grief of mine that she knows not — no joy of my few joys that she does not share. Ever near, her breath is on

my cheek, her kisses on my lips, and her un-spoken consolations soothing my heart; she is my mother still, waiting for me as I asked,—watching over me as I wished.

O Thou Comforter, who hast sent peace and comfort into my innermost heart, I thank Thee. For this new manifestation of Thy undying love,—shining through the radiance of a mother's love, that had its strength and completeness in and from Thee,—I love Thee.

Help me henceforth to walk softly before Thee, and towards Thee, till sometime,—it matters not when, but as Thou willest,—I shall be with Thee and among Thine evermore.

CHAPTER XVII.

Swallow's Nest, Tuesday, February 27.

 I take up my letter book as a rude casket containing a precious gem,—and as I read again what my blessed mother wrote, never dreaming how much it would bless her child, it matters not to me whether the north wind blows cold, or the east wind heaps up the waves on the shore, or the wind from the south sighs gently in warm breezes prophetic of spring,—for every glad and bright thing gathers around me, and a spirit whispers to my uplifted spirit, “All things are yours, and ye are Christ’s and Christ is God’s.

Is it my mother’s voice—my mother’s presence pervading all around me? Will it ever leave me again, and I seek her in the cold dark, and cry vainly after the warmth and light of her communing soul?

I notice that in my self-absorption I have for-

gotten to mention some important events that occurred just before, and on the last day I wrote, a day of death, for besides father, and Johnny Allerton, a man named Moyses Fletcher, and a servant of Mr. Mullins died; and yesterday we laid Mrs. Allerton near Johnny, of whom they say that, when he lay moaning with pain, and his father took him in his arms, and told him he would soon "find his dear brother, that was such a little baby and got lost," he composed himself to sleep with the happy thought, and awoke no more on earth—led gently heavenward by his Elder Brother who redeemed him, and there the lost was found.

On Saturday the seventeenth, the next day after the fright from the Indians, the men met together to make arrangements as to the conduct of civil and military affairs, and formally elected Miles Standish as our Captain, and gave him sole authority in matters pertaining to defence against attack. While they were in consultation, two Indians appeared on the top of a hill less than a quarter of a mile distant, and made signs for our men to go to them, who in turn motioned the savages hither, but they would not come. So our men armed themselves, and stood ready,

while Captain Standish and Mr. Hopkins went to them. Captain Standish took a musket with him, and laid it on the ground as a sign of peace, but the Indians would not stay, but ran behind the hill, where from the voices they judged there were many more.

The men were therefore anxious to plant their Ordnance, and on the next Wednesday,—my father's birthday into eternal life—Captain Jones, with all of his crew that were able, came on shore, bringing from the ship a heavy gun called a minion, which they dragged up Fort Hill and planted, with another gun that had previously been brought on shore.

After they had made this formidable show of strength, they invited the captain and sailors to dinner; and sobered by the thought of nearly half their number filling graves on shore, and the memory of the Christian love and kindness our men had shown them in their night of distress, they were friendly and social; so the occasion was as pleasant and as much one of rejoicing as could be under the circumstances, and we rest now in the protection of guns, better than nothing, yet insufficient for defence against a severe attack.

Mr. Winslow read the ninetieth and ninety-first Psalms that night at family worship, and every precious promise seemed to be God's spoken word addressed to us specially.

"With long life will I satisfy him," repeated uncle Samuel in a choked voice as the prayer was ended; and then he broke forth in a strain of thanksgiving, supplication, and confession, that awed us all; but the great burden of his mighty cry unto the Lord was that he might be satisfied with long life, and once more upon the earth behold the faces of his wife and child. It was like good old Hezekiah, smitten with disease, prophesied to be unto death, turning his face to the wall, and in bitterness of spirit beseeching God to spare his life a little longer, and weeping sore before the Lord in prevailing prayer.

Will not his prayers and ours be answered, and the shadow move backward on his life's dial-plate?

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, March 3.

Euroclydon, the tempestuous wind that has raged so long, is stilled, and the south wind blew softly, and out of the misty morning ushered in the spring most sweetly, with the birds in the

woods singing a grand chorus of rejoicing over winter gone;—dreary winter, the robber, that has taken so many of our friends and laid them in earth's cold, unpitying bosom; nor can the spring release them in new beauty, as by some subtle charms she will evoke the flowers, now stirring and striving to climb up to the light, and has called forth the grass, already taking bright tints of green on the sunny hillside, sloping to the south.

In the afternoon it thundered in strong, heavy claps, that made me think of Mary as she used to sit in delight, “listening,” as she said, “to God’s chariot-wheels rolling through the sky,” —sharing herself His triumphant march now. Then the rain came thick and fast, and the drifts of snow wore thinner and thinner, and swept themselves away; the swollen Town Brook rattled and roared—almost a river now, as it sweeps along to the ocean. Then came night, and though the storm has sobbed itself away to an occasional low moan, it still rains heavily, dripping here and there through the thatching into many an open house, and beating in at many a crevice,—out of which we have been no more able to shut and bar death, who cares not

for bolts, and observes no order in his coming and going.

Mrs. Mullins heard neither these bird-songs to-day, nor the rolling of the thunder, but instead "As it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunders, saying Allelulia : for the Lord God reigneth."

And though life still lingers, as if loath to leave a dwelling he called his own so long, yet death is surely binding the strong men, and despoiling their house, and two in Mr. Tilly's family, and two more in Mr. Tinker's, are past hearing all sounds of earth. Soon Elizabeth Tilly will be orphaned, as are so many others,—left all alone it may be, for her uncle, the other Mr. Tilly, and his wife, are also very ill.

It is a great grief to uncle Samuel that he is not able to attend the sick, and though utterly prostrate in mind and body, when he heard that Mr. Turner and his two sons, still on board ship, were very sick, it was only at mother's earnest persuasion that he was prevented from trying to go to them ; but finally he sent some medicine that he hopes will be of benefit.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, March. 17.

Two weeks have passed, and I have not written a word. Meanwhile the spring has been stealing quickly on us, as if trying to take winter by stratagem and gentleness; but unappeased, and not to be outwitted, he is retiring with all a conqueror's triumph, leading in his train many despoiled victims.

Both of the Mr. Tyllys and their wives are dead, Mr. Tinker and his wife and son, Mr. Turner and his two boys, with a man-servant, belonging in Governor Carver's family, while three men still lie in the Rendezvous whom death seems to have sealed to himself. But the plague appears to be stayed, as the rest are generally recovering, and there are no new cases.

After all these had been buried, still fearful of the vigilance of the prowling savages, they carefully smoothed and prepared the ground, and in it have sown grain, so that over the bodies of our dead the green barley shall wave, and later, in the harvest-time, sigh and rustle with every breeze.

A strange event happened yesterday. As our men were holding another town meeting, a tall, stalwart savage came along, alone, and armed

only with a bow and two arrows, he stalked boldly into their very midst, his long, black hair hanging down his back, and entirely unclothed except a strip of fringed leather about his waist. So hideous was he to our unaccustomed eyes, that we all felt like doing as Mr. Allerton's and Mr. Hopkin's children did, scream in terror, and run to hide out of sight; but undismayed at the fear he caused, he went boldly on toward the Rendezvous, and would doubtless have gone in had they not stopped him.

"Welcome, Englishmen, welcome!" he repeated in broken English, saluting all who approached.

On questioning him, they found he was a Sagamore, or Chief of a tribe five days journey from here by land, and he had learned to talk a little English from the men on the numerous fishing vessels, that have often visited this coast. He told us that the Indian name of the place we inhabit is Patuxet, and four years ago all the Indians of the tribe living here died of a terrible plague, neither man, woman, nor child remaining. Next to us are the Massasoits, sixty warriors strong, and to the southeast the Nausites, who attacked our men while they were exploring

round Cape Cod Harbor. It seems that this latter tribe are very much at enmity with the English, because a few years ago a trader named Hunt, kidnapped twenty men from the tribe that are now exterminated, and seven from their tribe, and carrying them to Spain in his fishing vessel, sold them at twenty pounds apiece; and for this atrocious deed they are determined to dispute possession of this coast with all the English.

Poor creatures! fearing us more than we them, having, as Samoset says, a great horror of our guns, and no God in whom to trust, with what agony of terror must they see us settle on their shores! God grant that we may be the means of teaching them of Himself and His truth, and that they may welcome it in their hearts, as Samoset, spite of the injuries his race have received from ours, bade us "Welcome—welcome!"

As night came on, and our Indian friend showed no inclination to depart, but seemed rather to enjoy the evident curiosity and admiring fear with which he was regarded, the men were not a little puzzled to know what to do with him, but finally concluded to take him on ship

board, which appeared to be agreeable to his wishes; but the tide was out, and the wind high, so that they could not get the shallop to the ship, therefore they lodged him in an empty house, and watched him all night long,—an unnecessary precaution perhaps, but they did not know what treachery might be concealed under that seeming hearty gladness to see us. However, he went away this morning, highly delighted with the knife, bracelet, and ring given him, promising to come back soon with the Massasoits, who would bring beaver skins to trade with us.

And thus we are assured that God designs this as our home, with no one to contest our claim;—a place that He has thickly strewn with graves to make it tenable for us, and is now filling with graves to teach us that our abiding here at best is but a fleeting, and in Him alone is our true, eternal, only dwelling place.

Swallow's Nest, Tuesday, March 20.

This is the second of two warm days full of sunshine, so that we have been digging in our gardens, and sowing seeds. And other furrows have been upturned, other visitors have been among us besides the fierce looking savages that

have again been here. Our sowing was of the same grain, valuable beyond all price, that, going forth weeping, we have cast into earth so many times, and our visitants, Disease, who heralded the Spoiler, that Christ promises us shall yet be despoiled.

Four more men have been laid on the hill of burial, among them Mr. Degory Priest, a brother-in-law of Mr. Allerton's, and an intimate friend of uncle Samuel's, who came to feel this as a new call on him, and he has been adding to his many messages of love for his wife left in Holland, as was also Mrs. Priest.

Mrs. Winslow and her geranium are alike drooping, both touched by an untimely frost. She does not grieve as uncle Samuel does, and talks each day in her gentle, earnest manner of the bliss of dying, and says that her earth-life has been long enough ; — just in the same tone of joyful expectancy that she would speak of, and make arrangements for, a tour of travel to some fair land on which she had long desired to look, softened with a little of regret that those she would like to have accompany her, were yet to tarry behind a little longer.

Mr. Winslow watches over her in an agony of

calm Christian sorrow,—that kind of fortitude with which he would bear the amputation of a limb—and does what he can, as we all do, to gather the stones out of her pathway as she walks with bruised but unwavering feet through the valley of the shadow of death, as it seems to us, but to her, mountain tops of peace, and fields of light, where the Good Shepherd walks and dwells.

Her husband often mourns that in these last hours he is unable to obtain scarcely any of the luxuries, or even comforts, she was accustomed to in her home, that she left so joyfully for Christ's sake, and for the loss of which she has never been heard to murmur. Having no appetite for our coarse, unwholesome fare, and confined as she is to this one huddled-up room, always bearing about with her in memory the dying of the Lord Jesus, and His life of poverty, she puts all regrets and complainings far from her, and smiling says, "The spaciousness of the many mansions won for me by Christ, who had not where to lay His head, will more than compensate for the narrowness here. I have better than the vinegar and gall that were press-

ed to the lips of my dying Redeemer, and the servant may not be above his Lord."

So it seems that a visible angel-presence is with us, just for a little while, to show us how pure, sweet, and fragrant the love of Christ can make humanity, when crushed and sanctified by suffering for the truth's sake.

Samoset came again on Sabbath with four other Indians, bringing the stolen tools with them. They were all tall, straight men, each with a deer-skin thrown over his shoulders, except one who wore a wild-cat's skin, and seemed to be a chief among them ; they also wore long stockings, and over the body a leather dress. They had little or no beard, their hair was cut short in front and stood erect, and was trimmed with feathers, though one had the superior adornment of a fox-tail ; in the back it hung far down their shoulders.

In complexion they are like gipseys, but their faces were painted in broad, black stripes, from the forehead to the chin, and in various ways, that made them look grotesquely hideous, so that when they sung and danced after their rude fashion — although indicating friendliness, the children fled and hid in the utmost dismay. Francis

Billington was especially terrified, and told Paul and Samuel he should never dare take them to Billington Sea, for the very sight of the Indians scared him to death!

They brought a few beaver-skins and dried fish to trade with us, but, through Samoset, Governor Carver explained to them that this was a holy day, set apart for worshipping our God, and therefore he could not trade with them, but they should come again soon and bring more skins; and having given them something to eat, he sent them away, armed men accompanying them to the place where their bows and arrows had been left.

But Samoset complained of being sick, and he still lingers among us, seeming to be very happy in association with his English friends, and we feel that in him God has sent us a friend whose good will it is wise in us to conciliate and keep.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, March 23.

THEY sent Samoset away on Wednesday, after giving him a shirt, a hat, a pair of stocking and shoes, with which additions to his scant wardrobe he was highly delighted, and in return for which he was to ascertain why the Indians did not come with the beaver skins as they had promised.

That same day they held their third meeting to confirm the military orders that before had been talked of, and, as at each previous meeting, again were they interrupted by the appearance of savages, two of whom stood on a hill and made a show of daring our men. Captain Standish and another man took their muskets, and accompanied by the ship's mates went towards them; the Indians continued to rub and whet their arrows and strings very defiantly, but ran away as our men drew near.

On yesterday, a fair, warm day, they met again on public business, when Samoset made his re-appearance with another Indian named Squanto, who it seems survived all his tribe, being one of the twenty captured by the wicked trader. By some means he escaped from Spain to England, and there lived in Cornhill with a merchant named Slanie, who treated him kindly, and sent him back on a trading vessel to pacify the outraged Indians; it was there he had learned to speak English, as he does quite well. They brought with them some beaver-skins, and dried herring, and said that the neighboring Sagamore, and his brother was not far distant with all his men.

After an hour, Massasoit the Indian king, with his brother and sixty warriors, came on top of a hill near by. As we were unwilling that the Governor should go to them, and they were afraid to come to us, Squanto was sent to communicate with them. He soon returned saying they wished a man should be sent with Squanto, and Mr. Winslow was thought suitable. We all trembled at the thought of his possible danger in going alone to these fierce savages, but Mrs. Winslow said she had no fear—she knew the

Lord would protect him, and having kissed him good-bye, calmer than any of us, sat bolstered up in an easy-chair, and watched the proceedings from the door.

Our men sent by him as gifts to Massasoit, a pair of knives, and a copper chain with a jewel in it ; to his brother, a knife and ear-jewel ; also a quantity of biscuit and butter, all which they gladly accepted.

Mr. Winslow made a speech to him in a stately manner, saying that King James, the great English king across the seas, saluted him with love and peace, accepting him as an ally and friend, and that our Governor wished to have a conference with him, and confirm peace.

As Mr. Winslow said, “ He seemed very much pleased with my speech, and still more so with the biscuit and butter. And he was especially delighted with my suit of armor and sword, and signified that he would give me several chains of bones for them, but I declined the offer.”

Mr. Winslow staid, while the king came to the town brook with about twenty men, their bows and arrows being left behind. Here Captain Standish, with his invincible company of six men, all clad in armor, met them, and after many

ceremonious salutations, taking a half a dozen of them as hostages for Mr. Winslow's safety, he conducted the king and the rest to an empty house, where our men had spread a large green rug and several cushions. They were seated, and then came the Governor in his robes of state, with a drum and trumpet behind him, carrying himself with as much dignity as if he had been followed by thousands of armed men, marching in time to crashing strains of martial music.

"Ain't that nice?" said Francis Billington, in his admiration forgetting his fear, and putting his whole body out of the door, where only his head with a wide open mouth had been visible. "I tell you, boys, I am going to be a governor myself some day, and I'll have two drums to go behind me all of the time — now see if I don't!"

"More like you'll go to the gallows with two drums behind you, after all the good training I've given you, if you don't go straight and get me an armful of wood and a pail of water, so I can finish baking, and not be gazing at those red-skinned heathen that are just watching for a chance to take your scalp off!" retorted his irate mother, following him, rolling pin in hand, as he ran swiftly to the Rendezvous where the cere-

ny of salutation was going on, which consisted in Governor Carver's kissing Massasoit's hand and receiving one in return. Then they drank together, and the Governor feasted him ; and after he and his followers had eaten freely, the following terms of peace were agreed upon.

In the first place, we were to live without injury to each other, and if any of his people should do violence to us, he should send the offender to the Governor for punishment ; they should restore any tools stolen from us, and we were to do the same by them in all respects.

If we were attacked in war, they should aid us, and we would likewise assist him against his enemies : he should also send word to the neighboring tribes, his allies, and they should be included in the same conditions of peace.

When they came to us they were to leave their bows and arrows behind, as our men would their muskets in going to them. If he should do all these things faithfully, the Governor assured him that the mighty King James, who had thousands upon thousands of armed men, would esteem him as his dear friend,— an announcement that seemed to gratify him exceedingly, though he trembled with fear all the time he sat there, so

imposing an appearance did the Governor and his men make.

Massasoit looked like a strong man in prime of life, with a grave face, and little inclined to talk. He was dressed much the same as the others, except that he wore round his neck a long chain of beads made of bones, at the end of which, down his back, hung a bag of tobacco, some of which he frequently put in water, and offered to our men to smoke. He also had around his neck a string, to which was attached a long knife. His face was painted red, and both his hair and face well oiled, so that, as Mr. Bradford graphically said, "He looked greasily!"

His warriors were also painted in black, red, and yellow, with crosses and various figures. Some were clothed in skins, and some but partially so—and all were as terrible to me as was the sight of the Governor and his army to the poor king, or the sound of the trumpet,—at the first noise of which he was exceedingly awed, though some of his men did not scruple to try to blow it.

After all the terms of peace had been settled, the Governor with great pomp escorted Massasoit to the brook, and having embraced each other, he

went his way. But while we were looking anxiously for Mr. Winslow, word was brought that Quadequina, the king's brother, wished also to visit us, and soon he came with a troop of savages, and was conducted to the same place and fed. He seemed particularly afraid of our guns, so they laid them out of sight, and having staid awhile he went away, but so pleased were some of his men with ourselves or our food, that they wished to spend the night here, which the Governor did not permit, but sent them to their own men, who, with their wives and children, had camped for the night not half a mile from us; and though it was deemed prudent to keep a vigilant watch all night, there was no appearance of danger,—to us a gratifying fact, but tending to destroy Mrs. Billington's reputation as a true prophet in the eyes of her sons, for after giving them their regular nightly whipping, she had unqualifiedly declared,—“All of those outlandish savages with their long knives are coming back again before morning, and they'll not leave a hair on either of your heads,—which I hope will teach you never to disobey your mother again!”

Several of the Indians came over this morning, saying that the king would like to have some of

our men visit him, therefore Mr. Allerton and Captain Standish went, though not without some concern on our part as to the safety of doing so. But the king received them gladly, and gave them some ground-nuts and tobacco, the best he had to offer. When the savages went back, the Governor told them to return with the king's kettle, which he filled with peas, and it proved to be a very acceptable offering.

They say that in a week or two they will come and set corn by us, and spend the summer near. So we are inclined to think their friendship is not a pretence, and they desire to be at peace with us, hoping that we will be of assistance to them against the Narragansetts, their deadly enemies, — a powerful tribe living to the south-west, — as our guns are very formidable weapons to them.

Samoset and Squanto spent the night with us, and this evening the latter came back from fishing for eels with a bountiful supply. They look very much like snakes, but taste like fish. He caught them by treading on the soft mud where they were, "and when they came out of the ground to see what was the matter overhead" as Paul described it, "he caught them in his hands."

I cooked some for supper, and Mrs. Winslow ate of them with a relish that made Squanto say with delight, "Me glad the sick pale-face eat them!" and made us sigh that we have so few delicacies with which to tempt her appetite.

They also completed to-day the civil and military arrangements that so often have been interrupted by the savages, making several new laws and orders that seemed necessary, and chose our Governor for the coming year,—Master Carver as before.

Thus, at peace within ourselves and the little world outside, with the shadow of death, except in two cases, lifted from over us, and the spring, with its many labors, especially that of planting the seed, upon us, we seem to be settling into what will be our regular mode of life, particularly when the Mayflower shall have departed,—as she probably will within two weeks,—and severed the last link that connects us in this new home of our adoption to the old world-life behind,—dear to us still, yet grieving us not to know that we shall look on it no more.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, March 24.

Ours was indeed an angel, and she has suddenly found her wings and flown away. We did not think yesterday that she was so near the end of her toilsome journey, and when Mary Chilton and Paul, with cousin Samuel and myself, went into the woods this afternoon to seek for wild flowers to send to Patience, and for Mrs. Winslow, we little thought we were gathering them to deck her for the grave.

Here and there, in sheltered, sunny places, their roseate cheeks sometimes lying almost upon a snow-bank, we found pale, little flowers, white, streaked with red, and named them Mayflowers, in honor of our departing ship,— though uncle Samuel says the botanical name is *Epigaea*. These we gathered with upspringing green leaves, and delicate ferns and mosses, and carried them home.

Mrs. Winslow took our few poor little blossoms, and holding them in her thin, white hand, was inhaling the delicious odor when the summons came. Talking cheerfully of her eternal spring so close at hand, compared with whose flowers these, that looked so lovely, were but as coarsest weeds, she was attacked with violent hemorrhage

of the lungs. In vain uncle Samuel applied all the known remedies; rapidly the crimson life-tide ebbed away, and when the sun had set, Elizabeth Winslow was no more — or rather is evermore.

Like her own unselfish self was the last loving act of her beautiful life. When father was dying he again said to mother, what he had often told her before, that he did not wish her always to wear a widow's weeds, — that she was still too young to bury her loving heart in his grave, — and that it was his desire, that if she should be sought in marriage by a man that she could love, she would not for his sake and the faithful love she bore him, say nay, but as a wife again be happy in blessing another man as she had him, — “doing him good and not evil all the days of his life.”

And Mrs. Winslow in her cheerful talk about dying, — as though it was to her what it truly is to every Christian — going home, — again and again said to mother, that into her hands she committed Mr. Winslow's future earthly happiness; that to her best friend she gave what was dearest to her on earth, knowing that she would not refuse the sacred trust.

Finally, when by her request it was settled that

the wedding should take place on her birth-day, May twelfth, with chilling hands she joined theirs and blessed them, telling them to comfort each the other, and rejoice in the other, knowing that the two they had made so happy on earth, had entered into the perfect happiness of the land Beulah, where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, except to the Heavenly Bridegroom who claims them as His own.

Dear Mrs. Winslow! What a friend we have lost in her we scarcely know now, but shall realize as our days and weeks crawl on without her patient, beaming face to lighten our darker moments, and her quick love to God to kindle our slower emotions. Her grave, that need not be levelled, since we are at peace with the Indians and fear them no more, shall be planted with flowers pure and sweet—yet not sweeter nor purer than the fair body resting beneath, and not comparable with the white soul that animated it.

“When she was dying,” said uncle Samuel a little while ago, “and I saw how it was well with the departing Christian, I cried out ‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.’ And straightway—as soon as I was willing to die if it was God’s will,—I heard a

reply from far off—‘Thou shalt not die but live;’ and I know now, what has been so long mysterious to me,—that I, loving God, and yearning earnestly for Him and heaven, should of late be in so great doubt as to my acceptance with Him, and find no glimpse of His dear face, though I sought it carefully and prayerfully with tears, crying, ‘My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?’ and feeling only a horror of death judgment and eternity; now I perceive that it was not mental darkness, spiritual blindness and deadness, but due to nervous prostration—to my whole system shattered in every part by care and fatigue.”

“God bless you, children!” he said as Paul, Samuel, and myself kissed him in voiceless gladness that his darkness was past, and the true light now shining in his heart, “if God so will it, I can leave you all,—my lonely sister, my nephew, even darling Bridget and the boy, and go to Him gladly and without doubt,—yet I feel that the Heavenly Healer has struck at the root of my disease, and I shall recover.”

So to-night with Mr. Winslow bowed over his dead, and cousin Samuel still weeping in joy over his uncle, raised, as it were, to life again, I write,

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

and am reminded by the tall clock in the corner, ticking away our lives moment by moment, that I must commit this week just ended, to the forgiving hands of Him who writes the record of all our weeks and years.

CHAPTER XIX.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, March 29.

AY CARIAD: — It is my birthday — and the days of my years are sixteen. One year agone I began this letter-book, brimming with hope, and full of energetic life that was bounded only by doing and enjoying; to-day, settled in a quiet hope of good things to be, — in the better land — with a heart that has learned that God's strength is perfected in our weakness, and His will often better done by enduring rather than doing, I commence another year.

The twelve months just closed seem a lifetime to me, — as long as all the fifteen that went before, — and as I recall them, going backward day by day, I am confused at the changes God has wrought in and around me, and doubt my own identity.

But this has not been wholly a sad, dark year, for I find days here and there — weeks now and then — like oases in a desert land. Within this time God sent you to me, my Cariad, and that for one day I had you is enough to make a whole year bright. And He sent my little brother Peregrine, and my mother's precious letter ; and midst all its so-called losses, I have really lost nothing, for I have you all still ; — only my eyes are not able to bear the added radiance of your glorified faces ; and I know you are yet mine, nor would I go back to that inexperienced beginning, though the sting of this dear-bought knowledge clings to my flesh, and I sometimes mourn bitterly that you all so far out-ran me and left me toiling on behind.

There was no father to greet me this morning with kisses and good-wishes, — no Mary and David to find an excuse for doubling their usual caresses. Nevertheless, what once would have seemed dreary beyond endurance, is now easy to be borne, and not wholly without happiness in itself, inasmuch as I feel that I have grown to the True Vine, by this stern but kindly pruning of the Heavenly Gardener, lopping the offshoots that were stretching away from the parent-stem,

and pinching the tendrils twining round other forbidden things.

So, instead of spending the day in vain grieving over the inevitable sorrows of life, that are sent to fit us for life eternal, I have written a long letter to that dear Patience, and put into it as much of cheerfulness as I could extract from the circumstances in which God has placed us — for I could not bear to throw the full shadow of our griefs and cares on her dear heart.

Another year! I dare not look forward to it as a whole. Its weight and burden stagger me — my flesh refuses — my soul draws back! Help me, Thou eternal Now, to take each moment reverently as coming from Thee, to enjoy it in Thee, to spend it for Thee and Thy glory.

MY DEAR, DEAR PATIENCE: —

I have sat down many times to write that "good, long letter," you used to talk of getting from me when the Mayflower went back, telling you almost incredible stories of my ocean-ride, and tales of Indians wild and barbarous; descriptions of immense forests, high mountains kissing the sky, mighty lakes and wide rivers hurrying onward; of bright-hued birds and gorgeous but-

terflies ; stately deer stalking through the forests, fierce, wild animals, and many kindred things.

But the very thought of those calm, sweet days, when we sat and rocked in the little boats on the sleepy canals, trailing our hands in the water, and letting it purl between our fingers, while fancying these bright pictures in the future, brought with it too much of grief to go on, for it seemed to me that just so were we floating on the river of time, and joying to let the calm hours slip idly through our fingers, till before I knew it I was separated from you,— and the peaceful waters had become a turbid river filled with rocks, on which my frail bark was dashing and beating.

Yet God was very good to let us then see only the sunward side ; and now, having measured a little of the ruggedness of life's ways,— which Christ makes smooth,— and darkness— that is but a veil to hide His unendurable glory,— I believe that I can look, with a higher, better trust in the eternal promise, beyond the green avenues, and past the still water-courses,— even through the valley of the shadow, to the brightness beyond— the light that lighteneth the world.

But if God's strong hand had fallen on any of your dearest ones,—as at one time we feared it might,—I don't think I could have found words out of my own heart's grievings and sympathies in which to write you,—for that struggle is between one's own soul and God—not even a friend intermeddleth therewith—and He only can be the Comforter.

Your father, mother, and brothers will tell you in full all that has occurred to us,—Wrestling says he has been keeping a diary for you and Fear,—and you will read with great interest Mr. Bradford's journal that he sends to England and Holland for publication: therefore I am going to write in my familiar rambling way—just as I used to talk—and tell you of things they will be least apt to mention.

Dear Patience, do not for a moment suppose from what I have said about our trials and sufferings, that I have ever been sorry I came. When father lay dying—for my good father is among the many dead!—I was so glad I had overcome my selfish dream of ease, and desires to stay with you in Holland. And though I have no earthly father, one is my Father, even God,—dearer than ever to me because He has taken mine to

His parental bosom — can you understand how that is ?

On his death-bed, father gave me a letter from my own glorified mother. No words can tell you the comfort it was then and is to me. It seems as if a bridge had been made to span the abyss between us, — as if a ladder had been let down, extending from earth to heaven, on which angels are continually coming and going. You know how you will prize your mother's letter, written after less than a year's absence, from her rude log-cabin, your future home. Think what it would be to you if she had long since gone to "that house not made with hands," — your home too, — and your father with dying hands and a stilling heart had given it to you !

But as a sweet compensation for these losses by death, God sent us Peregrine — my darling baby brother, just four months old to-day, — lying now with wide-open blue eyes in aunt Fuller's cradle, which I jog with my feet as I write, — winning in his baby ways as I think child never was before. -

Jasper died, too. Young — just eighteen — ambitious, and good, — how truly good we did

not know till the testing-time came that tried all of us,—he too was among the called.

You know how we used to talk about dying — how sad we thought it to pillow a young head on the sod. But I don't think it sad now,—only sweet and pleasant, if such be God's will — to lay down these aching heads and throbbing hearts, and still them on Jesus' bosom. To be old, and trembling with age, lean on a staff,—to have the grasshopper become a burden and desire fail,—that seems far sadder than to have the chafing pulses of mad youth stilled forever!

But for Jasper to die! I had never thought so much of life could have within it the seeds of death,—and he was so suddenly summoned — to us at least, but he was always ready. And out of the four Richard is left alone, but so cared for by your free-hearted father and mother, who claim all the orphans here as their own children, that God has verified their dying father's trust, when he committed his four children to the care of our church and its great Head, saying "The Lord will provide friends for them—He will never let them want." And so soon, in Him, have the necessities of three been stilled and filled.

You will feel so sorry for Mary Chilton, Priscilla Mullins, Elizabeth Tilly, and cousin Samuel — all of whom mourn the loss of both parents. How light my grief compared with theirs!

Aunt Bridget must have had a lonely, anxious winter, but, thank God! she is not written a widow as Mrs. Priest is. Give her many kind remembrances, and tell her that her name is very often on our lips, and we look forward to meeting her,—and all of you left behind — as our brightest anticipation. Uncle Samuel — going night and day, giving relief to the sick, and consolation to the dying, till he himself lay a long while at death's door, — has been the means of saving many lives to us we believe. A physician's life seems so useful, that I told Paul the other day I would rather he would study medicine, unless the Lord should call him to the ministry.

Paul is a better brother than ever, dear Patience, if you know how that can be. He has become very manly since father died, and grown so much in stature since we came from Holland, that I am already beginning to depend on him. He often speaks of you, and, mindful of your interest in his archery, says he would like to have

you see him shoot at a mark now with his gun — one that Jasper gave him — and never miss. He wanted that I should write to you that he had already killed several fowls, and hit one deer, — but the deer ran away till Wrestling's shot finished him..

Paul used to sigh particularly for you on board ship, and say, "I know if Patience were here she would not always be crooning over that dull Latin, but come on deck and climb the ropes!" and I presume you would if you had dared, for I have not forgotten some of your apple-tree freaks in your father's garden !

Speaking of the apple-trees makes me think of the seeds you gave me from your own choice tree. I planted them a few days ago, — or rather, I put them in Peregrine's chubby hand, and he scattered them ; then I took his tiny finger and pressed each one into the ground, and he carolled and trilled like a bird all the while, as if he knew he were doing a good deed. I thought if they came up and grew as fast as he grows, it would be so nice to show him in future years the trees from the seeds his pink finger-tips had buried in the sod when he was a wee baby.

Mother's rose-bush has grown nicely, and been

blooming ever since we came to our rude house, and it still has buds on it. Our pansies are in blossom too, but I am afraid the frost has killed Mrs. Winslow's geranium ; she gave it to me, and I value it so, so much — more than all the rest of the plants — and still hope it will come up from the roots.

Old Tabby — I can almost hear David saying — “ Come, Tabby, pussey, get mikky ! ” has thriven better than any other passenger on board the ship. She soon forgot the loss of the white kitten, whose after career I want you to tell me, — and rats and mice were plenty on board ; moreover I don't think she ever had a twinge of sea sickness — which is a very sore illness, Patience, I can assure you. Fat and sleek, she now lies purring contentedly at the foot of Peregrine's cradle, — for he's asleep now, and his dimpled fingers that found rare delight in the warmth of her fur, and pleasure in grasping her convenient tail, are relaxed, so that she has crawled away to sleep and dream also.

The goats are also doing nicely. We left them on board ship till a few weeks since, and Dicky, from long confinement in close quarters, has forgotten his mischievous propensities that were

sometimes so annoying — though doubtless you would think him too subdued. Daisy and Dill — the kids we spent so much time in hunting good enough names for — are grown to a sadder and wiser maturity than when we used to play with them, putting wreaths of roses and flowers round their necks. Wrestling says your poor Billy was nearly dead at one time, — indeed all the goats but six died during the rough storms of mid-ocean, and it was so piteous, adding not a little to the horror of those dreadful days and weeks, to hear their moans and bleats.

Your little dog — grown now beyond possibility of recognition — frisks around as merrily here in the forests as if the change made no difference to him, and still persists in teasing Tabby, all our attempts to settle their time-honored family-feuds having been of no avail. And among the rest of my domestic intelligence I must not omit the hens and chickens, in whose grown up welfare I know you are interested, for we petted many of them in their callow state for canary birds, exchanging them for younger ones as the soft yellow down gave place to unmistakable chicken feathers. They have given us now and then some eggs, and since we came on shore, and the warm

weather set in, they limp cheerfully around on frozen toes, and scratch and cackle, and crow as gaily and unceasingly, as though there were no foxes prowling all around, and snapping up every one that strays too far from the houses — which inglorious fate befel our poor White-Top !

We have taken two or three grand rambles under Wrestling's protection, with Paul and his gun as additional safeguards, and I send you the few flowers and leaves here enclosed as proof of a few of the floral beauties of our new home. It is too early for a great variety, but by the time you receive them you can imagine us wandering off, following the laughing Town Brook to its source in Billington Sea, — past its beautiful, dashing waterfalls, and the level places where it slips idly along the smooth white pebbles, feeding the thankful roots of mighty forest trees, winding between high hills that strive to shut in the babbling brook so that it may not be swallowed up by the greedy sea.

As to the birds, — your ears have never been charmed by a more varied melody than they give us from the first dawn of light till dark — none that I have yet seen are brilliant in plumage, except the red-breasted wood pecker, who taps away

diligently at the trunks of the trees,—but their sweetness of song makes up for want of color.

We have already been planting corn;—I say *we*, because all that were able, young and old, went into the fields to do what they could,—and my part was to drop a few of the bright-colored kernels in the ground a few feet apart: two or three little ale-wives—a kind of fish that the Indians tell us will soon swim up the town brook in countless numbers—having previously been put into each hill to enrich the ground; the men covered it, and there we leave it to mother-earth to develop, “first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear.”

I was to tell you how I spent my birthday—but you see I have been taking largely of its hours to write to your dear self. I missed father's and grandfather's birthday greeting,—but your father and uncle Samuel blessed me instead, and your good brother Wrestling—who calls me his little sister—brought me a birthday present, that reminded me with an humbling pang of sorrow of the Testament your father sent me a year ago.

This book is a selection of detached expressions of praise, confession and meditation from

St. Augustine, and as Wrestling selected them himself, and they were printed on your father's press, they are probably not new to you. Being in Latin I have read but little, but one or two passages that he marked I am going to translate for you, for out of the bosom of this death I have learned their deep meaning.

"The man is happy that loveth Thee, and loveth his dear ones in Thee, and his enemy because of Thee. For He only loses not one that is beloved by Him, by whom all are loved in God that cannot be lost."

"If the mortal part please thee, thank God and love thy Maker more, that thou displease not God in that which please thee. If the immortal soul delight thee, love it in God : because away from Him they perish, but in Him they are fixed forever : otherwise they would die and pass away. Love, then, thy beloved in Him : lead unto Him with thyself what souls thou art able, and unto them say — Let us love Him — Let us love Him."

I wish you could see these Indians. They are really more horrible than I had dreamed human beings could be, even when painted and disfigured to the utmost. As yet, none but the men

and boys have visited us, but Mr. Allerton, who went the other day to the woods where the squaws and children were,— they call the babies pappooses — has been amusing his lonely, motherless children by telling them how the Indian mothers make a kind of cradle of bark, in which they tie the baby snugly, just leaving the dark little face peering out, and in travelling or working they bind the cradle on their backs, — and Mr. Allerton has several times fixed up Mary in real pappoose style to show how it is done. And sometimes, with a rope made from the twisted inner bark of trees, or a green withie, they fasten the cradle securely to the limb of a tree, and the wind swaying the branches rocks them to sleep.

Just think of treating our darling Peregrine that way! And yet copper-colored children are as dear to the heavenly Father, and their souls as white, as our faired-faced darlings, and Mary Chilton and I are much interested in their behalf, though we have yet had no opportunity to do anything for them.

I promised to tell you of my progress in Latin. My dear Patience, I can scarcely bear to think of it, so pleasant were the few lessons we had together — lessons ending so long ago, with so

many sad changes intervening, I scarcely know when was our last, or how far we read, but am sure we never finished the Second Book of the Æneid. Wrestling has kindly offered to hear me read Latin this summer — but not Virgil's Æneid, — I can never read that any more.

As St. Paul said to his beloved Galatian church, as evidence of his attachment to them — “ You see how large a letter I have written unto you with my own hand,” and this to you has extended indefinitely on, and I have still so much more to say. But you will have a surfeit of letters, if such a thing is possible, and therefore you may give my love to your dear sister Fear, uncle Robinson’s family, and all the dear ones left in Holland, reading Philippians I : 3, as an indication of the love flowing to you ever from

Your loving friend,

FAITH.

Plymouth, N. E., March 29, 1621.

CHAPTER XX.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, April 5.

THIS morning the Mayflower sailed homeward. We all went down to see her off, and some of the sailors shed more tears than we; nevertheless, though glad she was going to bear tidings of our fate to anxious loved ones, it seemed for a little while as if we were at last cut loose from the whole world,—that we had literally left all, and been left by all, for Jesus.

The men came down from firing a parting salute on Fort Hill, and the shallop returned to the shore with other men, and with straining, tear-dimmed eyes we watched the departing Mayflower as she swiftly glided on and slowly settled out of sight; when finally she was but a mere speck on the horizon, Elder Brewster knelt on the rock where we had first landed, and out of the one hundred and four passengers shipped on

her, fifty-two — just one half that had slipped the leash of death — gathered around and joined him in prayer, praising God for the mercies He had vouchsafed us in our wanderings, and especially, that, as He had put it into our hearts for the sake of His glory, and to spread the everlasting gospel among the heathen, to come hitherward, He had led us to so goodly a place to dwell in ; thanking Him for the richness of grace that had kept each one of us from an overweening, sinful longing to go back to our ease in Zion ; and beseeching Him as Abba, Father, that whatever He might see best for us, or deny us, in future years, He would give us love to Jesus and trust in Him, and deny us not the presence of the Comforter to teach us all things.

So we were refreshed by this leading to the Higher Rock, and went homeward talking cheerfully. On the way, as I sat for a while under a tree with Peregrine in my arms, thinking to what dear delights of the home that once was, the Mayflower had gone back, bearing messages of love, and tidings of great sorrow, a little gust of wind swayed the leafless branches over my head, and an empty bird's nest fell at my feet. All the comfort of Mr. Brewster's prayer faded

from my mind : all the sweet thoughts of Emmanuel, God with us, vanished, and I saw only my little, sunshiny Bird's Nest in Leyden — mine no more ; I was again a singing-chatterer there, and other warblers made merry music, chiming with my own. The light-hearted, care free gaiety of those days, — the chill loneliness and sadness of these, were too great a contrast, and the fountain of my tears — bitter Marah of the desert so often opened — was smitten again, and the hot flood leaped forth, dropping fast into the deserted bird's nest, — empty like my heart.

But Peregrine looked up and smiled, and cooed, and passed his hands over my face in his loving baby fashion, till I was comforted, and remembered that the birds had grown and flown to the sunny south, where they were steeped in summer wealth and beauty ; even as our birdlings had gone from the dreary north-land of earth to the bowers where the Heavenly Dove has its abiding-place forever. So I put the bird's nest back in the tree, pressing its loose, swayed sides together, half-hoping the former occupants would come back with summer, and again take up their abode there.

This afternoon Governor Carver came in from

the field very sick, complaining much of his head; now he has fallen into a heavy stupor, the end of which we know not, but trust that he will soon be better, hoping against hope, for uncle Samuel, quite well now himself,—who came in a few moments since to get some other medicine, and has gone to spend the night with him,—speaks despairingly of his case.

It seems impossible that God will take this strong staff and stay from us, for but twenty men are now left to guard us, and perform the labor necessary in planting the first settlement in the wilderness. It seems discouraging, and contrary to all human reasoning, that from so small a beginning any great result can ever come; but Mr. Winslow, in his accustomed, healthful trust in God, said to-day — “Christ in His poverty and loneliness, with His twelve disciples, planted the ignominious cross on Calvary, and while the triumphant world mocked, and kings made merry, and sent gifts of congratulation to each other, the stone cut out of the mountains without hands began to roll, and crush in pieces the brass, the iron, the silver, the clay and the gold; and a kingdom has been set up, of which we have the

unfailing promise that it shall stand forever. Shall we then fear lest it be not true of this feeble planting of the cross in Christ's name, that the end thereof is better than the beginning? Surely, surely not!"

And my heart takes up the hopeful exclamation, and echoes, "Surely, surely not!" and again am I comforted.

Swallow's Nest, Wednesday, April 11.

My Cariad—I am indeed rejoicing in your happiness and his, that your beloved father, cut off in the noon of his days, has so soon gone to the Ancient of Days whose years fail not. I remember him saying in bitterness of spirit, as the gray glamour of death settled over your bright, young face,—“I will go down into the grave unto my son mourning;”—and Æneas has met his Ascanius at last in fairer realms than prophesied Latium, where he reigns a king and priest to God.

It is not that we saw him die unmoved, for the fine gold of our life is again dimmed, and we feel that insatiable Death has reserved his greatest triumph till the last, waiting till we thought his back was turned, and he had gone, forgetting

how to smite, then coming down suddenly as a wily enemy on an unsuspecting foe — and there is no discharge in that war.

In the barley-field — green now with life up-springing from death — they lifted the sod and laid him, while the sun shone brightly, and the birds sang, and the full soul of nature seemed to joy in his joy,— that the Lord had lifted off the heavy burden of care that he took on himself as a duty imposed by the Cross-Bearer, and had called him, so faithful in a few things, to be ruler over many.

I began my Latin reading the day the May-flower sailed. It is very kind in Wrestling to take the trouble to hear me read alone, but he said he wanted to review Latin himself, and he would like to do so in that form, so I am reading Cicero's oration over his dead friend, the poet Archias.

The first two or three lessons were very sad, my Cariad, and I know my patient teacher must have wondered at my dullness, and why my tears dripped fast on the pages before me,—for I could not read; the letters swam as in a mist; and instead, I saw your earnest face bent over Virgil, and heard your voice sounding his sono-

rous verse as he sang of men and their exploits. But it was all wrong to let sad memory prevent present duty, and the last few lessons have indeed been pleasant.

Wrestling brought me a strange chrysalis the other day, and told me many wonderful things concerning it. I have watched its changes with much interest, and yesterday, a little after your father unfolded his loosed wings,—the imprisoned Psyche broke her bonds, and came forth gloriously changed. For a few moments, uncertain how best to enjoy her new liberty, she lingered near the deserted tenement, then trying her gilded, gossamer sails, floated away in the upper deep till I saw her no more.

Her empty house still hangs on the twig in the sunlight,—as lies your father's earthly house, with darkened windows,—no soul-look outshining from them, for the charmed spirit has gone to the Charmer, the God of spirits who gave it, in whom it had its beginning, but shall know no end.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, May 12.

To-day was mother's wedding-day—she is now Mrs. Winslow. At first, as the hours sped on, and

the set time drew nearer, neither of us could bear to speak of it;—it seemed sadder than death itself to be so soon rejoicing in wedding festivities. But as we became accustomed to the idea, that feeling wore away, till I myself began to look forward to the day as ushering in a new order of things: a breaking up of the dreary past, as the heavy rains—winter's tempestuous tears of sorrow at coming death—filled and swelled the town brook, broke up its strong, icy fetters that leaped and cracked in huge cakes over the falls, and were heaped up high in the rocky bed below, but finally sunk or floated away.

Thus, in preparation for this first Christian wedding in the New World,—coming through tears, since but for death it had not been, we forgot the sorrowful past, and that Mrs. Carver was rapidly sinking—speeding on to her eternal union.

The seed is all planted and growing nicely, the green leaves are large on many of the trees, and the Indians, camped near, come and go with the utmost good-will—being in fact almost too fond of us. We are happy, inasmuch as God smiles on our labors in fertile showers and quickening

sunshine, so it was resolved to make it a day of great rejoicing.

Mother took from the iron-bound chest the long unworn wedding-dress of ten years ago,— she was only sixteen then — as old as I! — and as she unfolded the heavy brocade, yellowed by time, it presented a strange contrast with our humble surroundings.

From Mrs. Winslow's laces, Mr. Winslow selected the rarest, which looked like the frost-work that used to lie in delicately pencilled tracery on our one pane of glass in each window ; and Captain Standish brought the pearls his Rose used to wear — not fairer than his own one pearl that the Lord took for His casket of jewels, — and insisted that mother should deck herself in them. In addition to these ornaments, a wreath of white wild flowers, made by Priscilla's deft fingers, completed a costume good enough for a queen ; and no queen is more worthy than my fair young mother.

From the woods we gathered pine boughs and limbs of budding trees, and climbing and trailing vines to decorate the Rendezvous — our meeting-house — where the ceremony was to take place. Beneath an arch we had made, stood my mother, — as sweet a bride as ever sun shone on, —

beside her Mr. Winslow, still young, only twenty-six, and Mr. Bradford—as Governor having the authority to do so—in the quaint, expressive words of Scripture, “made them twain one flesh.”

Tables were afterwards spread in the Rendezvous, and though not laden with the variety and good cheer of Holland or bonnie England, and not beautiful with much of silver and china, yet nevertheless there was an abundance for which we were truly thankful—for it seems quite like the miraculous manna and quails of the desert, that we should have so many of earth’s greatest luxuries at our very door—to be had for the gathering.

Samoset and Squanto had been deeply interested in the approaching gaiety, particularly the latter, who is on most friendly terms with Captain Standish, the two often hunting for a day together, and in their mutual taciturnity scarcely speaking a word. These Indian friends had brought in venison, several varieties of fish, and oysters and clams innumerable. With our plentiful eggs, Goodwife Brewster made many luxuries that seemed incredible to my poor knowledge without milk and butter, and that made me

believe what she once said to me, laughingly — yet somewhat in earnest — after I had been pouring my kitchen failures and temptations in her motherly ear ; “The better Christian one is, the better will they be in every respect, even as a cook, my dear ! ” and her light, delicious cakes, and new kinds of pies, were a triumph of Christian skill, — a culinary wonder to me, as much as her continuous nearness to God and unfailing thankfulness are spiritual incomprehensibilities.

In place of Holland beer and Rhenish wine, we had some home manufactured beer, made from various fragrant, spicy herbs, flavored with sassafras and cherry-bark, — the making and brewing of which were also the invention of Goodwife Brewster’s bewilderingly clever hand and head. And with happy hearts we made merry, eating our feast and spending the day in rejoicing, — none more light-hearted, nor with better reason, than Mrs. Carver, who lifted her head from the pillow, and kissed mother’s cheek, — so rosy beside her pale, wan face, — and with faltering voice wished them abundance of happiness as they trod life’s ways side by side in the coming years.

A few fierce-looking Indians — still terrible to

me even in their best humor—with their curious, admiring squaws, and timid children, came in from the woods to look on and wonder,—glad to eat of the abundance of the remnants of our feast. So ignorant are they, and apparently satisfied in their brutal ignorance, that we can seem to make no impression on them concerning divine things, owing in part, perhaps, to Squanto's imperfect knowledge of English.

We have learned through him that they believe in a Great Spirit above,—not a tender Father yearning over them with love unspeakable, but a terrible Sovereign, who smiles on them when He gives success in the chase, and frowns in the voice of His thunder and windy tempests. The brave warriors look forward to a home with Him in the Spirit-Land, where unwearyed they shall rove through boundless forests filled with game, and with an unerring arrow bring the fleet deer to the ground, where they shall know neither hunger nor thirst, nor be compelled to labor, nor suffer any of the torments of their present life: but in all these comforting expectations they give their women little share.

Squanto is earnest in his inquiries, and seems

to be seeking to know more of this religion of ours,—wondering that we did not make greater show of grief over our dead Governor; he sits in our meetings with his dark, sober face full of questioning and perplexity, and asked Captain Standish and Mr. Bradford such strange questions concerning our God and Heaven.

O that the Son of man, who died to redeem just such men, would flood his groping soul with beams from the true light, and gather him as the first fruits unto life eternal, of this sowing in tears here in the wilderness.

Thus in joyful peace and festivity this wedding-day has gone by, and the full moon looks down to-night in quiet, sympathetic beauty, shining on our little world now almost gone to sleep, and touching the gently-tossing ocean to a glory that reminds me of the land Beautiful across the river.

Swallow's Nest, Monday, May 14.

“For the love of God constraineth us,” was Mr. Brewster’s text yesterday.. Constraineth us! — like the magnet drawing the far-off magnet to itself,—like that mysterious attraction which

draws all things to a centre,— and to us who believe that centre, God in Christ.

A constraining love that creates an answering love. I thought of it as, after hearing that your mother, my Cariad, had at last sighed away her life, and like a tired child had gone to sleep, I went out and sat on the cliff, near our hill of hope, and looked seaward.

For her life was one of continuous love to God and man, and the force of that attachment to her Maker, had constrained her to love Himself. As Elder Brewster said — “ Loving each other, we love Christ ; loving Him perfectly, we are perfectly holy ; and perfectly holy, we are perfectly happy ; so then Heaven is in our souls, and we in Heaven.”

It was at low-tide, and I looked along the muddy flats, covered with decayed sea-weed, and strewed with skeletons of fishes and muscles ; through the murky shallows, filled with long sea-grass, I watched the stream winding along seeking the sea. But little by little the tide flowed in, covering deficiencies here and there, each higher-beating tidal pulse, throwing a fresh current of sea-water, till I saw only the great Bay studded with islands, where the sunshine

kissed the glad-bounding waves, lighting up the wrinkles of Ocean's face, and gemmed the tossing emerald hill : and far beyond the sand-bar crossing the Bay and the wooded islets, rose pine-clad Manomet,— a steep hill covered with trees, whose dark foliage on the crest shaded down to the faintest green tints of spring.

As I looked with eyes that could not be satisfied with seeing, it occurred to me that our life on earth without Christ was at low tide always,— crawling lazily and in a maze among muddy shallows, its flat shores skeleton-strewed, and its turbid waters made yet more sluggish by interlacing grasses— things of time and sense that catch and hold us as we strive to reach the sea.

But God's constraining love is mightier than them all, and He sends it tiding over our hearts, and lo ! these broken cisterns and bitter fountains,— all these low, slimy streams of thought and action,— are filled and cleansed, and, constrained to seek its source, our purified life-tide passes through a Baca valley, that becomes to us as a well filled with living waters flowing from and onward to the eternal fountain opened for us in the house of David.

CHAPTER XXI.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, June 14.

WITHIN a few days we have had quite an unwonted excitement to break the sweet monotony of our life.

John Billington, an elder brother of Francis the Discoverer, having lost all fear of the Indians, and enamored of their roving wild ways, about ten days ago strayed off as usual into the woods. He had often spent a night or two with the Indians near us in the forests, so at first we were not alarmed, but two days having passed, and finding that they knew nothing of him, everybody went in vain search for three days, till finally we concluded that he must have been destroyed by wolves or bears, or some other ferocious wild animals, that the Indians tell us are not unfrequent in these regions.

It was very sad to think of the poor boy wan-

dering up and down the mazy forests, trackless save where the deer had trodden paths, living on berries and roots, each hour growing weaker and more despairing, yet, buoyed up by the hope of finding home, staggering on, till at last, overcome by hunger and weariness, he lay down to die, or become the prey of wild beasts, and for many nights I could not close my eyes to sleep without dreaming of him, and hearing again his afflicted mother's cries and lamentations, who, forgetting how often she had said, "My boys are the most insufferable torments! I wish they were out of my sight never to return!" and true to her motherly instincts, repeated over and over that he had always been a good boy, recalling his various filial acts in detail; meanwhile in her inconsistency, punishing poor Francis because he had ranged the woods with his brother, and thus both had acquired the habit that had resulted so fatally to John. Mr. Billington was also completely broken down by the loss of his "noble boy," as he called him, but varied the exercise of his heart's grief in the same way as his wife, till our sympathies were divided between John and Francis, with a decided preponderance in favor of the latter,—poor scape-goat that he was

for the sins of the family! — who tearfully confided his afflictions to Paul and Samuel, closing them with this expressed determination — “I’ve just as good a mind as ever I had to eat, to go and lose myself in the woods, and be eat up by a bear, and see then if father and mother won’t think something of me!”

But on the seventh day, before Francis had carried his painful resolution into effect, and we had given up John entirely, Squanto came from Massasoit, camped now at some distance from us, bringing word that the lost boy, having wandered five days in the woods, had entered an Indian plantation; and after being fed and restored, he had been carried to the Nausites; so Governor Bradford sent ten men in the shallop, with Squanto, and Tokamahamon — another good Indian friend of ours — to bring him home. They started on the eleventh of June, and after being out in a severe thunder storm, during which a great water-spout rose at a short distance from them, but without injury, they anchored near land at night, and next morning saw two Indians catching lobsters, who told them John was well and still at Nauset: but for friendship’s sake our men went on shore there, and met their Sachem,

whom they describe as a very gentle, courteous young man of twenty-six years — quite unlike a savage except in dress.

While eating with him and his men as a pledge of friendliness, an old woman, apparently more than a hundred years of age, came to see them, and at once burst out in a great passion of grief, — for three of her sons were among the Indians who went on board ship to trade, and were treacherously carried off by that infamous Captain Hunt. Through Squanto, as interpreter, they told the poor old soul of their sorrow and indignation that any Englishman should have done so wicked a thing, and assured her that not for all the possessions the Indians had, would any of us commit so horrible a crime.

After they had comforted the heart-broken, old Indian mother as well as they were able, — John Howland said, “Giving her a brass finger-ring and bracelet seemed to touch her heart more than anything we could say, and the addition of a little knife convinced her of the genuineness of our sympathy ! ” — they sailed for Nauset, the pleasant Indian Chief Iyanough, and two of his men accompanying them. The tide was so spent when they neared there, that they could not take

the shallop to the shore, but Squanto, and Iyanough and his men, went on land to tell why the English had come, and soon some of the same Indians that had attacked our men near that very spot in the winter, went to the boat, among the number the owner of the corn that our men had taken, who offered to pay him then for it, or when he should come to Plymouth to trade, as he preferred.

After sunset, Aspinet, the Nausite Chief, went to the boat, with a great train of followers, full fifty in number, having with them the boy sitting on the shoulders of a stalwart Indian as they waded to the shallop, an equal number being left on shore, standing armed with bows and arrows. They gave up John, highly adorned with chains of beads, and quite proud of the honor and attention paid to him: in return, the Chief thankfully received a knife, and they also gave one to the Indian that had found John and taken care of him. They came home next day, and after Mrs. Billington had indulged herself in a short cry over her prodigal son, the father, heedless of his repeated protestation,—“Indeed I didn’t lose myself on purpose!” gave him a good whipping, both parents assuring him that he was ‘the

worst boy they ever knew, quite unlike his good brother Francis, who never ran away and made everybody so much trouble,—upon whom every one of John's heathenish chains of beads should be bestowed: and a promise was made him of similar punishment if ever again he went out of sight of Plymouth Town — intermixed with regrets that he had been found instead of being devoured by bears or wolves in the wilderness, as he deserved! Poor parents — poor boys!

Swallow's Nest, Monday, June 18.

Again has the quiet of our colony been much disturbed — this time in a way we had not deemed possible.

As soon as the planting and sowing were over, the men commenced diligently to fish, prepare lumber, and go out on excursions to obtain anything suitable for freighting a ship when another shall come and return home. With busy hands and cheerful hearts we had been enjoying the sunshine, the wealth of roses, red, white, and damask, single, indeed, but with the most perfect, delicate buds; the fields white with strawberry-blossoms, like flocks of sheep lying at rest on the hillsides; the wild plum and cherry trees, that in

full bloom lay like odorous banks of snow—pink-tinged as when lighted up by the mysteriously solemn northern lights—among the darker foliage of the forest, where the brown trunks and green-leaved boughs were embraced and covered by twining grape-vines, which promise full clusters in their season; and midst this natural profusion and beauty, prophetic of good to be, we were happy, spite of the incessant toil and wearisome labor to which all of us had not been accustomed.

But worse than the savages wandering here, who see the Great Spirit's hand and presence in these good gifts, two men, servants of Mr. Hopkins, from London, having had some quarrel, to-day fought a duel with swords and daggers. They dared ask no one to stand by as second except Mr. John Billington, who is like unto themselves, and who committed the first offence against law the day after Governor Carver's re-election, refusing with contemptuous speeches to obey the commands of Captain Standish as military ruler, for which he was sentenced to have his neck and heels tied together, but he humbled himself, and asked pardon, which was granted him.

These two foolish men, one wounded in the neck, the other in the thigh, received the same sentence, to be continued for twenty-four hours without food and drink, but after an hour, through Mr. Hopkins' intercession, and their own humble request with promise to do better, they were released by Governor Bradford.

Thus it is, God teaches us that we cannot escape from our wicked heart, that with His presence, from which we cannot flee, we carry our corruption also; and without the Divine Arm, even here, where it seems as if the tempter would not think to come, we do, and shall fall into all manner of out-breaking sin.

Swallow's Nest, Monday, July 6.

Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins came in late Saturday night from a tedious expedition of friendship and trade to King Massasoit, and Mr. Winslow has been entertaining us with their varied experiences.

Taking Squanto as guide and interpreter, they started Tuesday, July third, having a coat made of red cotton, and trimmed with gold lace, as a present deemed acceptable to His Majesty, also a

copper chain, which he is to use for mutual benefit.

All summer we have been more or less troubled by the Indians living near, who come in great numbers, and stay with us, living off our bounty, as they are really too lazy to hunt and fish for themselves when they can get subsistence more easily. Therefore they went to request Massasoit to put the chain on any one coming to us as a messenger from him, that he might be treated with all the respect due to the King's ambassador; and only the Indians having furs to sell, or other articles of trade, should come to Plymouth at all.

Another object was to pay for the corn taken in the winter, and still another to exchange corn with them, that it might be seen which was better adapted to the soil and climate of Plymouth.

Starting early last Tuesday, their first stopping point was at Namaschet, an Indian town of considerable size fifteen miles distant, that had previously been supposed near by, as the Indians come from there to us so freely on all occasions. At this place they were entertained in the best possible manner, and feasted on bread made from

corn, and the spawn of shad, boiled with musty acorns. "It was no particular addition to the flavor of the new dish," said Mr. Winslow to me, "and I advise you not to try the experiment in your future cookery!"

They killed there several crows,—a large, black, uncanny-looking bird, not unlike the English raven, Mr. Winslow says, which does great damage by pulling up the young stalks of corn to get the seeds. After thus winning the gratitude, as well as the intense admiration of the Indians, they went on eight miles farther, where a company of Indians were camped in an open field, engaged in catching bass from a large river, where the tide beats daily, and there they spent the night.

The next day they started with six Indians in company, and following up the river six miles, forded it; while crossing, they observed two savages, one very old, who seized their bows and arrows, and making a stand on the farther bank, demanded who they were, and whence they came. On being assured they were friends, the cautious, dauntless Indians received them very cordially, feeding them, and took each in return a small

bracelet, with many demonstrations of thankfulness.

The Indian guides showed Mr. Winslow and Mr. Hopkins special favor and kindness, carrying their guns and extra clothing, and even the men themselves on their shoulders, when it was necessary to ford a river or deep stream. So they journeyed all the day through a partially cleared country, abounding in great timber, but lone and deserted now, for the pestilence had found its way there also, and after meeting several Indians, and passing through another town where they were fed, they reached Packanokik, forty miles distant, and there they awaited Massasoit's arrival.

At Squanto's request, they were to fire their pieces as the king approached, but the poor women and children were so terrified as they saw them take up their guns to load, that they ran away in a panic, but being repeatedly assured that no harm was intended, a part of the more courageous returned to see them salute Massasoit, who received the honor with pleasure, welcomed the ambassadors, and with great pride immediately dressed himself in his red coat and copper

chain, and strutted up and down before his delighted people.

He promised all that our messengers asked, and calling his warriors together, addressed them in a long speech, asking if he were not king — was not such a town his, — would they not be at peace with the English, and bring furs and other articles of trade to our men, — and so on, to each separate question of which they responded favorably, and with loud applause : having named at least thirty towns in this way, it became insufferably tedious, and with great relief and joy the tired ambassadors applauded his last speech.

After the people had retired, King Massasoit offered them tobacco, and asked many questions concerning England and King James, wondering especially that so great a King had no wife. So the hours sped by in satisfying his curiosity concerning His Majesty across the great waters, and our men were hungry and weary, but Massasoit gave them no supper, having none to offer them ; and when at last, late in the night, they expressed a desire to go to rest, he signified that they, as also two Indians Chiefs present, would share the bed he and his were to occupy — which

was simply a few planks raised a foot from the ground, and covered with a thin mat.

It was a very warm night, and the Savages have a habit of singing themselves to sleep,— “In not the most musical tones!” Mr. Winslow said,— while vermin of all kinds abounded in the filthy hut, so, weary as they were, they slept but little; and having to eat, on the next day, only a small piece of fish, and a partridge that Wrestling Brewster had shot and I cooked for Mr. Winslow to take with him, added to another night of similar discomfort in the crowded wigwam, they left for home before sunrise, on Friday morning, poorly able to take so great a journey, after such a fast and want of sleep.

They travelled till evening on the strength of a little meal given them by some Indians they met, when one of the Indians in the company killed a squirrel and shad, and they camped for the night, sending Tokamahamon on to us, that we might forward some food to Namaschet for them.

But while our weary men rested, the two faithful guides caught fish and cooked them, else they would have had nothing to eat before their travel of the next day, for a heavy thunder-storm rose during the night, that put out their fire and con-

tinued with great violence all day Saturday. About noon they reached Namaschet, where they gave presents to all the Indians that had shown them favors, except one of the six guides that had deserted them on the way. At his expressions of surprise at receiving nothing, they told him he deserved no present, but finally gave him a trifle, and when he offered tobacco in return, they told him before all the people that he had stolen some by the way, and if it was of that they would not touch it,—that their God would be angry and punish them if they should.

This seemed to gratify the rest, and mortify the thievish Indian, who tried to make amends for past misconduct by carrying Mr. Winslow on his back through the river. Late at night, wet and weary, they reached home safely, and Mr. Winslow, after being refreshed by the supper we had kept waiting for him, said that our humble home, now divided into three rooms, and a loft overhead useful for storage, with plastered walls and a shingled roof, seemed to him as a princely palace, and for the future he was ready to resign all the dignity and honor of being an ambassador to the Court of King Massasoit.

Swallow's Nest, Wednesday, August 15.

More than a month has passed by since I wrote, speeding on day by day in cares and duties, that become positive pleasures, in proportion as we obey the apostolic injunction,— doing whatever our hands find to do “ heartily, as to the Lord, and not to men : ” a pleasant month of picking strawberries, reddening all the hills their blossoms whitened, and a little later, raspberries, crimsoning in plentiful lusciousness on the bushes, which we gathered and dried for winter use : a beautiful month, that has developed every hour in each day some new grace and charm in the little charmer of our Swallow's Nest,— our Peregrine,— just as every day adds something novel to the face of Nature, that makes us love our new home more and more.

Each morning I rise early, and prepare breakfast, that the family may be at their daily toil in good time, and every evening in the lingering twilight,— that kindles earth to a blush, and then seems loth to leave what it has made so fair,— we gather somewhere and sing, and talk, and are such a happy, peaceful world within ourselves, that if but a few more of our dear friends were here, this would seem to us the fairest land,

ours the happiest lot of all earth's restless mortals.

But within a few days this ever-changing life has been again changed. Sometime ago it was rumored that a conspiracy had been made against Massasoit, and two days ago, that Squanto — whom the savages rightly call "The Englishman's mouth," because he is so friendly and invaluable as an interpreter — was killed. The Governor at once assembled the men, and sent Captain Standish with nine of his militia to Namaschet, to punish Conbatant, a Chief under Massasoit, who was there stirring up sedition, and if he had murdered Squanto as was reported, his life was to pay the penalty.

Yesterday morning, in the midst of a heavy rain, the valorous army started under the leadership of their intrepid captain, and while we spent a season in prayer, — as we always do to ask God's blessing on every expedition, — they were marching up and down the hills and valleys between us and the revolting Indians.

Hiding near the town, they entered it under the friendly shadow of night, and surrounding a house in which the rebellious Chief was supposed to be, left a guard outside, while a few went

boldly in. So terrified were the rebels within, that although our men ordered none to leave, several ran out and were slightly wounded by the guards. But Conbatant was not in the house, and Squanto was still living, who, with Tokamahamon, came soon, and quieted the alarmed savages,—the cowardly boys among them continually crying out, “I am a woman!” hoping thus to be safe, as they had noticed that our men were very kind and gentle to the Indian women.

When quiet was restored, Captain Standish took their bows and arrows from them, and kept them till morning, when they breakfasted with Squanto, assuring the trembling rebels that if Conbatant offered violence to any of our Indian friends with whom a treaty of peace had been made, he would suffer for it. Having thus struck suitable terror into the hearts of all for daring to rise against the rightful sovereignty of King James' ally, Massasoit, they came home this evening bringing with them a man and woman that were wounded, whom we shall nurse and restore to health,—and thus has triumphantly ended the Frst Indian War.

CHAPTER XXII.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, Sept. 20.

AND more than a month has again passed since I have had, or taken time to write, and as at my last letter,—if indeed these are letters now,—I have to speak of days of trickling sunshine, touching the waving barley-field to gold,—making the corn-stalks bend under their heavy weight of ears,—turning the fruit on the full plum trees to beautiful, luscious hues,—making the limbs to grow with their delicious burden of cares; finally of another Indian expedition, more extensive than the former, and important in results.

Captain Standish's prompt and energetic action struck dismay into the hearts of all the Indian Chiefs, and Conbatant himself, through the forgiving Massasoit, interceded for pardon: while the Great King, influenced in part, doubt-

less, by the effort made in his behalf, wrote a letter with his own hand to Captain Standish, saying that the King of England was his Master ; and nine of the Chiefs under him hastened to secure the friendship of so powerful a people as Squanto has falsely reported us to be, declaring, among other things, that we had in our possession a cask containing the Great Plague, and that we can at will produce incurable disease among our enemies, and so superstitious are they as to believe it.

Having thus the confidence, as well as the unbounded awe and veneration of the savages near by, it was thought best that a party should go to the Massachusetts, a tribe sixty miles distant by water, who, though under Massasoit's authority, have often threatened us. Ten men were selected with Squanto and two other savages. On the second day they came to the home of a Sachem among them, who said his part of the tribe was small and weak, and that the Massachusetts Queen across the Bay was his enemy ; he gladly made peace with our men, and accompanied them to the Queen's territory.

The house in which the king had lived and been murdered, was different from any other they

had seen, being built on a platform raised several feet from the ground, and left standing desolate. Farther on they came to a Fort surrounded with a palisade of long poles, having a deep trench on each side ; within was a house where the king's body lay, and his wife reigned in his place.

The men of the tribe were nearly all absent, and they denied that the queen was at home : the poor women, in terrible fear, gathered their corn in heaps and ran away, but afterwards became more courageous, and fed the strangers on boiled cod, and such other food as they had, and at length, after much persuasion, one man came to them, who gladly accepted the proposition to trade, and he and the women brought many furs to sell

Squanto, in the unregenerateness of his heart seeing no practical beauty in Christ's commands to return good for evil, advised our men to seize the furs of the timid, helpless women,— who seemed very modest and gentle, Mr. Winslow says,— declaring as a good reason, therefor, that they were a bad people, and had often threatened us. But Mr. Winslow told him they would wrong no one, and give no occasion for offence, although if they attempted to injure us they

would be punished far more severely than by simply taking their furs.

This seemed to add to the poor creatures' confidence in the English, and after a day spent in profitable trading, our men returned home, winding by the clear moonlight through the beautiful Bay of Massachusetts, studded with little islands, many of which had once been cleared and inhabited, but now lying solemnly desolate in the shimmering light of the moon, because the swift Angel of the Lord, whose name is Death, had spied them out and swept over them ; and to-day our men are home again, full of thankfulness at the success of this last voyage on missions of peace and good-will.

Plymouth, Friday, October 5.

I sit by your grave this chill autumn day, my Cariad, while the cloud-shadows wander up and down the brown-grassed hills, or linger, and chase each other in gloomy, make-believe playfulness over the forests that cover the hillsides with trailing banners and floating pennons of gold and scarlet, green, broidered with yellow and purple, — so soon gloriously bright, though at the beginning of the week only the finger-tips of the

maple's extended arms dripped blood, to show that the frost had chilled its mystic life-wine ; and only the vines covering the decayed and unsightly stumps and trunks of trees, were crimsoned with the breath of their latest passion — the regal pomp of death.

Here, where the pine-tree drops her brown and yellow hair on the sharp stubble standing over the unmarked place where you sleep, I add the bitter rain of my tears, as I had never thought to weep again over you, and myself, and life's inevitable sadnesses.

But I have been carrying an unusual life-burden this week, — a sad secret, — and as I came here in my last great grief to read my mother's precious letter to her desolate child, so it seemed to me that I should find rest and comfort by coming hither and telling you this, where the mournful crickets chirp incessantly, and the lingering robin sings as if broken-hearted ; so that when I go in mother will not say again, " My dear Faith, your eyes look so sad and dreamy, — are you sick, or what is the matter ? " nor shall I be startled by their mournfulness as they are reflected to me, when I glance in my little glass and brush away my hair for the night.

Yesterday morning Wrestling Brewster came in early to say good-bye: he and another man were going on a fishing and hunting expedition, to be absent a week, getting supplies for a feast that we are to give Massasoit and his men next week, so my Latin will have to be laid aside. He gave me a folded paper as he went away,—an act that made my foolish heart beat quickly for a moment, because I thought of the many letters he had brought once from Patience, and at the instant I forgot the utter impossibility of its coming from her dear hand.

“Faith,” he said very low and earnestly, and in a husky voice, “I shall want an answer when I return. God bless you!” and went away, while I stood trembling and frightened, at what I could not tell, for I still supposed it was some of his English themes that I was to put into most classical Latin, so many of which he has brought from time to time, especially when it was necessary that he should omit one or two lessons.

But it was not. It was, instead, a letter from him,—so strange to me, so unexpected, that had a star fallen and settled on my head, I should not have been more astonished. I looked at it again and again, convinced that the mist over my eyes

must have deceived me ; and that the trembling of the paper in my hand misled me as I read :—

MY DEAR FAITH :

Doubtless it will surprise you to receive this epistle from the hand of your old, long-tried friend, who has often carried you, when a child, with his sister Patience in his arms, and to whom you look up with the same child-like trust and confidence as then, that I do not wish to shake or change,— so that for weeks I have refused my lips to speak what has so often trembled on them, and denied my heart what it has craved to tell you,— that you, whom I have called my dear little sister, have long been, and are now dearer to me than sister or mother, or any other earthly friend; that I have learned to think of you as the very dearest — next to Him in whom we all are beloved.

“ A prudent wife is from the Lord,” saith the Bible, and like a plain, outspoken man as you know me to be, I come straight to the point, and tell you that I have dared to wish, and almost hope, that you with your fair youth would crown my years, full twice yours, with that completest of earthly blessings — a good wife ; for so faith-

ful a friend, so tender a sister, such a devoted daughter, could be but a good wife.

What you will think of so blunt a confession, I scarcely know,—what you will reply, I can only faintly hope, for I have never been able from the strength of my love and desire to make myself really believe that you could, or would care for me more, or otherwise, than as my sister Patience,—and of such regard from you I am not worthy,—for I remember hearing you say that you feared me, and I hold it true of human, as of Divine love, that “perfect love casteth out fear;” therefore, loving you well as I do, I am not afraid to trust my fate to your gentle hands, praying unceasingly to the Ruler and Consoler of all hearts, that, whatever you may be constrained to answer me from the depths of your true, inmost soul, I may have grace to hear it. That if so be you can love me never so little in return for the whole heart that has been yours ever since you first lifted your brown eyes to mine, I be not puffed up, and make an idol unto myself, forgetting, in the wealth of your love, God who is Love.

And if you cannot so care for me, unworthy of any of your care,—and I must resolutely

face this which seems most probable to me,—I have besought God to give me such abundant, and recompensing happiness in Himself and the Comforter, that I be not wholly overcome by inordinate grief, or unmanned for duty.

My dear Faith, can you lay your little hand in my strong one, and let me lift you over life's stony, up-hill ways, onward to the Heavenly City? And will you be to me as the strong magnet, drawing the weak needle to itself,—even out of myself to your higher level, on and on till death do separate us?

But whatever may be your answer, my dearest Faith, it can in all future time make no difference with the love I have and ever shall have for thee.

The Lord guide us both to His grace and glory.

Your friend,

WRESTLING BREWSTER.

Saturday, September 29, 1621.

And this, my Cariad, is that over which I have been sorrowing,—because I care for him so much, and he is so dear to me in his true nobleness of soul, that I cannot bear to pain him as I

must, and tell him what I must,—that I do indeed love him, but only as a sister.

I had never thought of it before. No one had ever teased me concerning him, as they do Elizabeth Tilly about John Howland—whose wedding-day is not far off,—or Priscilla Mullins and John Alden. He is so much older than I, so wise and learned, so dignified and noble,—how could or can he love little foolish me,—or how should I ever dream of it?

My Cariad, I remember how you once read to me from Shakespeare, where Mark Antony, in his impassioned speech over dead Cæsar, his murdered friend, cries out as an apology for his forgetfulness of time, and place, and words irregular from choking grief;—

“ My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me ? ”

And as I read Wrestling’s letter, it was to me as a revelation concerning this heart of mine, so unfathomable in its wishes, and longings, and waywardness, that it too is in my Cæsar’s coffin,—in a deep, deep grave, and that it will know never a resurrection, nor “ come back to me,”—but I shall go to thee, O my Cæsar !

This faith and hope comfort me for myself—so much! — but I take up the question and go over the whole ground again and again, wishing for Patience's sake,— will she ever love me at all after she knows of this? — and because of dear good Elder Brewster and my adopted mother, and most of all for the sake of Wrestling, that among the cold ashes of my heart I could find a little of the flame of that love for which he asks,— but the very thought is an agony, and I am sick at soul with grief, and dread for the morrow, when he will return, and we shall walk slowly seaward,— as we have often done, watching the unresting tossing of the ocean-billows,— and he will ask my answer, and in some way I shall have to find words to tell him all this, which, until a few days since I scarcely owned to myself, or to you, my Cariad, having with you my heart as dead as the rose you hold in your white fingers.

The Lord help me,— it seems to me that in this perplexity He is so far off, and that this cry of mine reaches Him not; — forgive me wherein I have done wrong, and comfort him, my good, true friend, whose noble heart I am to pain so deeply.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, October 6.

I went home yesterday with a comparatively lightened heart, and saw no shadow in my eyes at night, for I had cast my burden on the Lord, and it consoled me unspeakably to remember that we have no trials, no cares nor anxieties that we may not bring to that Jesus, who, with His divine knowledge of our needs, is touched with a feeling of our every infirmity.

Wrestling and his party came home late last night with a goodly quantity of game, and calling early this morning greeted us all as usual, nor did he, or any one else, seem to notice that I sat still, pale and red by turns, and did not, as always before, run to meet him, and full of questions chatter about his success; till at length I began to wonder if I had not been dreaming all this, and wish that it was indeed so.

Wrestling offered to take us in the afternoon where the beeches, walnuts, and hickories, frost-pinched, had been made to unclose their tight fingers, and drop their abundant stores on the ground below, and at the appointed time a merry party were ready with bags and baskets.

For very dread I could scarcely see a nut at first, but Wrestling was in so cheerful, playful a

mood, that I had quite forgotten all my fear and care, and at length, a little apart from the rest of the busy nut-gatherers, was emulating the squirrels around me, actively gathering their winter stores, when he came near.

"My little Faith," he said in his gentle, earnest way, "I have waited patiently for your answer — can you give it me?"

And not much frightened, only very, very sorry,— I found words to tell him I hardly know what; and as we walked slowly on he told me not to be grieved on his account—that he would have liked to brighten my life and heart had it been possible; that your heart's unrest had found repose in the God of peace, where all hearts must be stilled at last. And he said, too, that far from having a shadow of blame or upbraiding for me, this love so freely given me had been a blessing to him—had made him a happier, better man,— how could that be?— and that in all coming years, as now, he should thank God for it, and if ever I needed a true friend I might be sure his heart, and aid, his prayers and benedictions were mine.

So, as he bent down the laden branches, and we picked the triangular beech-nuts from out the

shells only half-opened by the frost, we talked pleasantly and cheerfully, each trying to comfort the other, because the kernel of life had fallen out and left but a dry husk, with which we must try to be satisfied as we journey on to the completeness of life eternal. But I could not be quite easy because of Patience, and stooping to gather the nuts lying thick on the leaves below, that he might not see my face, begged him not to tell her.

"Bless your dear heart!" he answered with a very cheery laugh, "it was her last request that I would do my part, and ask you to marry me, so that she would have you for her own dear sister! But she always said she knew you would not—and you see from her poor encouragement that she did not expect me to succeed!"

How glad I was that Mary Chilton and cousin Samuel came up just then to compare baskets, and I had a great many more beechnuts in mine than either of them!

Thus easily has this burden been slipped from my shoulders, and so light-hearted was I when I came home to-night, that Mr. Winslow, seconded by mother, told Wrestling he was very glad he had returned, for I had missed my favorite Latin

lessons so much that I had never smiled during the week of his absence, with more to the same effect that I did not hear, for I ran in the next room to take Peregrine, who was opportunely crying, but as I went back in response to a call from Paul, Wrestling was replying, that if such was the case, he would appear punctually on Monday and give me my usual readings.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, October 12.

Our week of rejoicing and feasting has closed. For three days, commencing with Wednesday, we were honored with the presence of Massasoit, several of his Chiefs, and many warriors, ninety in all, whom we entertained and feasted on the best we had ; and they in return went out and shot some fine deer, which they presented to the Governor, Captain Standish, and others.

We had among the recreations a military review, Captain Standish going through all the drill with his invincible army, in as dignified a manner as Alexander the Great, or Cæsar himself marshalled their unnumbered legions, and drew them up in battle-array : while the Indians in their turn, painted most grotesquely and hideously as when going to battle, dressed in

their fullest war-costume, went through their war-dances, and corn-dances, and gave us their manual of arms and warlike exercises.

This morning they parted from us after again renewing the treaty of peace by which we are knit together and serve each other as a protection from the powerful, barbarous Narragansetts, numbering thousands of stalwart warriors, Massasoit says; and at last, at the end of this jubilee week, having waved our sheaf of first-fruits before the Lord, and offered our meat-offering—under the protection, yet out of reach of the persecution of His Majesty, King James, we are safer than on English soil, for here we can worship God in the way that seemeth right to our consciences.

To-night, in a little prayer-meeting we had to thank God that He has so blessed us through all the exercises of the week, Mr. Brewster spoke to us from—“The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places: yea, I have a goodly heritage;” and in reviewing the past year and a half, there recurred so many occasions of thankfulness to every devout heart, that we could but cry one to another, “The Lord has been very gracious and

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

merciful to us. Let us seek to know Him more and yet more, love Him better, and strive to walk in all His ways and ordinances to do them.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, Nov. 10.

BAP — rap — came a thundering knock at our door last night, rousing us suddenly from our slumbers. Thoughts of an Indian attack, or violent illness floated through our minds, — but no, it was some startling intelligence. A ship had been seen putting in at Cape Cod Harbor, — it was just one year from the day we came in sight of land there — and the friendly Nausites, taking her for a French vessel, and supposing she contained our enemies, hastened to give us warning, and at midnight their messengers reached Plymouth.

All were at once on the alert, and as she was seen approaching our coast this morning, the Governor commanded the great piece of ordnance to be fired to call in all absent from home, and every man and boy stood ready for defence with loaded gun. But as she drew nearer, we

saw from her proud-flying colors that she was an English ship, and abandoning everything, we all ran to the shore eager to greet our friends

It was a small boat named the Fortune, one-third the size of the Mayflower, and contained thirty-five passengers, mostly men from England, few of them being our dear friends, except Mr. Cushman and his son, the former to stay only till the ship returns,— Mr. Jonathan Brewster, a married brother of Wrestling, and Mr. John Winslow — who will add one to our family.

From them we have been learning all the news relative to our friends in Holland, and reading their precious letters of love, they seem so near to me this moonlit eve,— they in Leyden, I in Plymouth, with the weary-wide ocean tossing between,— that I feel as if I could almost clasp hands with them : as proof of their remembrance of little me, I have three more letters to add to my letter book, first, of which, I will copy dear uncle Robinson's, because of the honor due to his good self.

MY DEAR NIECE :

Well-beloved by one according to natural bonds, and dearer yet in the perfectness of that

bond whereby we are made one in the Lord Jesus, I am constrained to write you, not only as a relative sympathising with you in your great afflictions, which Paul in his Epistle to the Corinthians, having tasted what it was to be "troubled on every side," speaks of as "our light afflictions, which are but for a moment," assuring us that it "worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," said the holy man of old: and Job, let for a time into the hand of Satan, that in the deepest depths he might show the Lord's sustaining grace to those sinking beneath the heaviest billows of trial, "sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." From his patience take example, and see thou to it, my lamb, that thou murmur not at the leading of the Good Shepherd, through whatever narrow ways or over whatsoever rough paths.

For if so be that He has mercifully ordered that ultimately thy life shall speak His praise, over thy complaining mouth will He again and again lay the heavy hand of chastisement, saying, "Be still, and know that I am God," till thou shalt have learned the golden grace of silence and resignation,—yea, even of thanksgiving,

saying, "It was good for me that I have been afflicted."

I hear that thy heavenly parent has taken thine earthly father to Himself, and many tears hath my wife, his loving sister, shed over his untimely end, and for his children bereft of fatherly care. But know, my child, that the Lord discerneth the end from the beginning, and through these low paths of sorrow and suffering He would fain bring us to the upper heights of peace and joy.

Be constant in prayer, for love and zeal in duty. Let the name your glorified mother gave you, and that I pronounced over your unconscious head in the name of the Trinity, when you were sealed unto God in baptism, stimulate you to a blessed confidence in the eternal love of His dear Son unto your soul, to whom be all blessing, honor, power and glory ; in the hope of whose final coming,

I am your loving uncle and pastor,

JOHN ROBINSON.

Leyden, Saturday, June 16, 1621.

MY EVER DEAR FAITH:

Your best friend, Patience, by name, has at last taken time out of her now happy days to begin to write an answer to your good and long, but sad letter. But I can't write a sad one in reply, for I am not a staid sober-sides as you always were, and yet I do believe, if I had gone with you on that dreadful journey, I, too, might have been subdued and tamed in spirit.

Sister Fear says I am "a playful little kitten" still,—if I am in my eighteenth year! But I did not think that I should ever laugh again in my life after we bade you good bye, and saw you sail bravely away, and we moped homeward along the dreary canal, which I helped to make as ocean-like as possible with my plentiful salt tears. Indeed I always cry now when I think of it, and if there should be a blot right here, you may charge it to the memory of that sad parting!

I didn't think Virgil's *Æneid* was very interesting, and sister Fear found me a dull scholar I am sure, for instead of having my mind on it, I was always thinking how you were reading to dear father, with Mary Chilton and Jasper, as you bounded along on old ocean, having forcible

illustrations of the perils of "pious Aeneas" by land and sea.

And Jasper died! I cannot help saying "Poor Jasper to die so young!" Neither can I think of him as dead,— but he always seemed better than other boys, and the Lord wanted him for His. And, dear Faith, when I read your letter I was afraid that you, too, were so ready,— "so good ready," as Mary used to say,— that you would also be called, and having crossed the wide sea, I should find only a green grave, whose red roses would nod me a sad greeting! Oh, Faith, you must not die!

From the description you all give, I think you live in strange houses, and it makes me laugh to think of your reading this by the light coming in through oiled paper! It seems to me like "playing live and keep house" as we used to do. Have you forgotten how you always wanted to be the grandmother, and wear spectacles, and lean on a cane? And do you remember how I never could keep from laughing, and spoiling it all, when you spoke of your rheumatism in the most doleful tones, and poor Mary's eyes — not blind then — would grow so large, and fill with tears of wonder at my hard-heartedness, and your

affliction? How I love to recall those days—do you?

My magpie, you would not know where to find your home, in which we used to have "such nice, good times," to quote Mary again. I always cried when passing it, just to think of the gay chatterings we had carried on in that little nookery of yours; but some benevolent body—to save my eyes, I suppose—tore it all away, and the whole square is being builded up with shops. Now please don't bend your head close down over the sheet,—as you were wont to do over some of the books we used to read together,—and drop a few quiet tears on this letter of mine, blotting it even more than now, for I hope—O, so much do I hope!—that before many more years fly over my thoughtless head, we shall renew our twitterings in some little martin-box of a house, thatched with hay. How we will talk then!

The white kitten long since went to parts unknown, but Pompey still lives, and reflects great credit on him for whom he was named—"The noblest Roman of them all." I rather think that, as usual, I am mistaken in applying that quotation to the original Pompey, but however

that may be, your old favorite is a devoted friend,— having adopted me from the very first, and preferring that I should feed him ; and so enjoying my society that he follows me everywhere. But he has not forgotten our darling Mary,— Rose-Mary, whom the Lord transplanted — for whenever I go to her grave, bright with the beautiful flowers nestling in the green grass, he whines and looks at me so beseechingly.

You want to know what I have been doing, I suppose. *Doing* is such a hard word, but I have so short a story of deeds that it will take little time to tell it. I am startled almost every day when I think how many things there are that I have to learn to do, of some one of which sister Fear often says to me, “ Why, when I was as old as you, I could do that perfectly ! ” But this is not telling my little tale, which commences with my Latin reading. I finished the *Æneid*, and read all the *Georgics*, — so I am in advance of you there, — and have read considerable French.

I have embroidered some, — made a stomacher for Fear, that is really beautiful, — “ As well as I could have done at your age ! ” she said, and to prove how nice it is, never wears it, keeping it, I guess, till she shall go to Plymouth, where it will

no doubt excite the admiration of the squaws,—as she says a new dress I have will — a scarlet stuff, short gown — but I am wearing mine out here. Sometimes sister Fear thinks it is almost too bright, but I tell her it is not as brilliant as many of the birds and flowers, away off in the forests, where no one but God and the angels see them — so He must love to look on bright and beautiful things.

But to return to my “doings.” I have finished my sampler begun so long ago, over which many tears of despair have dropped. I suppose yours is *in statu quo* — I am determined to use a little Latin! — and when I go to New England I will fly into Swallow’s Nest, and teach you several new stitches. I finished mine with a border, and in the unfilled corner put my name, with the dates of the beginning and completion thereof, and “my verse,” — “She maketh herself coverings of tapestry; her clothing is silk and purple,” and every word of it is in a different stitch or color.

I have written you a long, foolish letter, because it is just like myself to do so, and I knew Jonathan would tell you all about us and everybody, — especially how disappointed we were not

to go this time, but hope that Mr. Robinson's family and the rest of ours will sail in the next ship; — and I mentioned these little things that I knew he would forget, because I was so thankful to you for telling me about your plants, the goats, chickens, and things of that kind.

You must cheer up my drooping violet, and like the sweet May flowers you sent me — many thanks for them — raise your head through the snow of your winter's sorrow, and bloom and smile. And Faith, if it was a dreary winter to you, it was to us also, hearing nothing from you for so many months. O what dreams I had of a ship sucked in a great, boiling whirlpool, — of father, mother, brother, you, all of our loved ones going down, down, among the tangled seaweed, and dreadful sea-monsters, — from which I would wake with a shriek, only to sleep again and repeat it!

If you, midst all the sickness and death, lost your faith sometime, I am sure I displayed very little of the grace implied in my name, and did not possess my soul in patience, but the merciful Father rebuked my complaining distrust, and sent me far better tidings than we had dared to

hope,— for it was as if the sea had given up its dead before the time.

You must reply to this with just such a long letter as before, and never cease to love, and pray for

Your True Friend,

PATIENCE BREWSTER.

Leyden, Thursday, June 14, 1621.

MISS FAITH WHITE:

My Beloved Little Sister — Father and mother both write that since you were orphaned they claim you as their daughter, and you have greatly recompensed their loss of Patience, so, although you did not ask me to write, I will add a few words and send them with her letter, which she brought me to read, as I see the poor child has not done herself half justice.

We thought she never would smile again after we came back to our dreary home, and as months went on, and the only report from you was a continuous story of mishaps, she grew more melancholy. Then came the long, long silence, and we could not conceive why the Mayflower did not return, except that she had foundered with all on board. It was a winter to

try one's faith in the All-Faithful, and constantly we bore your case in prayer to the mercy-seat; but so did the sickening uncertainty wear on Patience, that we much feared the spring would trickle its sunshine on her grave.

But when the Mayflower came at last, bringing its messages from loved ones — our own all spared, while many others had lost their nearest and dearest, yet so much better than we had feared, it was as a new lease of life to her. All the pent-up, long-repressed happiness of her sunny nature gushed forth in an overflow of love and gratitude, and now, perfectly well again, she goes round singing like an English lark.

She has not told you — but she said I might — that Mr. Thomas Prince, who will sail in the Fortune, is a dear friend of hers, and will one day claim her as his, — so he must be a good friend of yours, my little sister Faith, for her sake.

Will you accept from the hands of your adopted sister, a little volume of Herbert's Hymns, of which I know you are fond, and as you read, think once in a while of

Your Friend,

FEAR BREWSTER.

Leyden, Friday, June 15, 1621.

MY DEAR PATIENCE:

Mr. Winslow just came in, saying it was settled that the Fortune was to sail to-morrow, as she was now fully freighted. It startled me to remember that she had been anchored in the Bay, more than four weeks, and I had not yet replied to your letter: and her going away seems like putting you a great distance from me — like a new parting with your dear self for a long, sad separation, — and yet it is but a short letter I can write, for my spare moments are very limited.

The men have been exceedingly busy gathering freight for the Fortune, working early, late, and earnestly, and I have had my share to do in our not small family — numbering ten, for all the new-comers were divided among the nine families of the colony. But we are very happy, and I do not believe there is a city in the world that holds more contented hearts than beat under the roofs of this little town of Plymouth, containing eleven houses, and eighty-seven souls.

Together with our long-desired Patent, came a letter from Mr. Weston, very severe in its upbraiding, because the Mayflower carried home so little freight, — although it was the best our men

could possibly do, and had some lone less, they might not have died. In proof of the injustice of the rebuke, Mr. Winslow was just reading the Fortune's bill of lading, — clapboards, otter and beaver-skins, — with great gratification, stating that it amounted to five hundred pounds; all this as the proceeds of the summer's labor of twenty men, shows that we have not been idle, and we hope it will fully satisfy Mr. Weston.

But busy as we have been, we have enjoyed many pleasures, gathering flowers, berries and nuts, or going fishing, and to get clams and lobsters ; and later in running up and down the crisp-frosted hills. We have also had another wedding besides mother's, — I wish you had been here on that first great occasion : this time it was John Alden to Priscilla Mullins, who has thus fulfilled her laughing prediction, when she made mother's bridal-wreath, that she would wear the next one. But Priscilla's was only leaves from my geranium, — that finally grew from the roots — with a few rose-buds.

It was quite a disappointment to Captain Standish, who very much admired Priscilla's patience and readiness about the beds of the sick and dying last winter, when only seven were able to

tend the sick. Yet the brave soldier could not summon courage to tell her of his love, and asked John Alden to do it for him. But when John went to the girl he loved himself, and plead the Captain's cause, and after her quick refusal, urged his many noble qualities, she asked in reply — “Why don't you speak for yourself, John?”

So his tongue was loosed in his own behalf, and he won the bride, but the Captain, honorable in love as in war, after the first passion of being thus refused and supplanted had passed, took his first defeat quite calmly, sending her as a bridal-gift a brooch with a pearl in the center, and none seemed to enjoy the wedding gaiety more than he.

John Howland will soon be married to Elizabeth Tilly, — a good man with a good wife, though she is so very young, only sixteen. Perhaps no one else will remember to write you that Governor Carver formally adopted her, after the death of all her friends, and she took a daughter's care of her new parents in their last illness: and as was most suitable, all his property was divided between her and Richard Moore.

Peregrine celebrated his birth-day by taking

his first walk across the floor, and cutting a tooth. He is such a darling child — so well and strong. I thought of him because I heard his voice calling me — and now it is as near a cry as he ever gets, so I must go, and with my many evening duties, and morning cares, I much fear this letter will never be longer than now.

Let me just add, that I very much like your friend, Mr. Thomas Prince, and with love to sister Fear, and thanks for her kind letter and gift, think of me, all the years that may roll between us, as ever loving, and praying for you, who, I fain believe, love in return,

Your own friend,

FAITH.

Plymouth, New England, Dec. 12, 1621.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, January 18, 1622.

The Fortune sailed December thirteenth, taking from us dear, good Mr. Cushman whose visit we so much enjoyed ; but his unceasing labors in England and Holland are invaluable to our infant colony, so we were obliged to be content with his short stay.

As the Fortune brought no provisions, we were compelled to give her of our supplies for the

return voyage, and it was soon found that even if we were put on half-allowance of bread, our grain,—we raised but twenty acres of corn and a little barley,—will last us but six months. The men that came in the Fortune were also generally destitute of money and clothing, adding nothing but stout hands to our company,—a much needed addition,—but all are not willing hands, as the Governor found on Christmas day. Several objected to work on that day, saying it was contrary to their religious belief, and the Governor felt that it would be wrong to compel them to labor against their conscience ; but finding them in the street soon after, playing games, he took their bats and balls from them, telling them it was against his conscience, and the teachings of Paul, that they should play while others were at work for their benefit, and sent them home.

We have had another alarm from the Indians, that may result in serious trouble. Canonicus, the haughty Chief of the Narragansetts, five thousand warriors strong, having heard of our weakness, and angry that we had made peace with Massasoit, sent a messenger to Governor Bradford, bringing a bundle of arrows tied with

a rattlesnake's skin. Squanto was absent, and the Governor did not know what to make of so dubious a present; questioning the messenger, he found his errand was hostile, but he sent him away unharmed, bidding him tell Canonicus that he feared neither him nor his threats. But when Squanto came and said it was a declaration of war, the Governor at once assembled the men to consult as to the best means of replying to the challenge.

"Hurl it back in his teeth!" cried Captain Standish in a voice of thunder, as coming in from a hunt during the meeting, he first heard of the insult. "Stuff it with powder and bullets, and let the audacious red-skins know that we have no fear of twice five thousand villainous braves, with their contemptible bows and arrows!"

The advice seemed good, and was promptly carried out, and it is hoped that it will quell them, but as an additional protection, we have been building a stockade of thick planks, enclosing all the houses and the Fort, with gates at each end that are shut by night; and Captain Standish daily drills all the men in four squadrons, that we may be prepared for war, if that is

the next affliction with which God sees it needful to try the faith of our little band.

Swallow's Nest, Saturday, May 11, 1622.

How the months have flown by since last I wrote,—not seeming swift as they passed day by day with grim hunger staring us in the face, but like the painful, halting flight of a bird with a broken wing.

It was January then — and now May smiles on us with flowers and sunshine ; but the flowers seem to lack the brightness, and the sunlight the genial warmth of a year ago, when mother was married, and we ate of the plentiful wedding-feast and were thankful,—a dinner, the very thought of which makes me almost too hungry to write.

It is hard not to have enough to eat ! It was very sad to see Oceanus Hopkins, who had survived the storms of sea and the winter's sickness, dying inch by inch because we had none of the right kind of food to give him ! I have often sat down to write, and laid aside my letter-book to tell a story to poor Peregrine to make him forget his cry for bread. Besides, it seemed selfish in me to spend my time in writing, when I thought by any extra labor, and skill of preparation, I

might make our small allowance of meal go further, so that the hard-toiling men would not stagger at their heavy work for want of food.

Yet the hand of the Lord has often shown itself in a remarkable manner; for sometimes when we had actually nothing at noon, in some way, before night, a full supply has been sent us, as providential as was the coming of Elijah to the starving widow of Sarepta, whose barrel of meal, and cruse of oil, failed not in the three years and a half of famine.

In another instance has Jehovah's arm been signally bared in our behalf, and though it was so long since, it seems like a dream, I cannot refrain from recording it. Canonicus received the answer to his insulting challenge with the utmost terror, refusing to touch it or let it stay in his hut, and no one being fearless enough to bring it back to us, it was handed from tribe to tribe, invested with a new and mysterious horror at each removal, till finally a friendly Indian returned it to the Governor with expressions of fear and regret, and to-day the Chief of the Narragansetts, if not a friend, is a subdued and panic-stricken enemy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, July 13, 1622.

THE summer is creeping by in beauty and glory, but not with the abundance of last year, and the health of many has been seriously injured by actual want: but He who sent this for our good, sent also partial relief in his own good time, for soon after my last writing, seven passengers sent by Mr. Weston came to us in a shallop from a fishing-boat, the Sparrow, under Captain Jones, and they brought with them a very kindly letter from Captain Huddleston, on another fishing vessel;— I pray daily for that good Captain. Mr. Winslow went to him in a boat, and obtained enough bread to give each person a quarter of a pound daily till harvest.

Poor Peregrine, standing by with hungry eyes, clutches at the stale ship-bread as if he were

starving, and I have so far been giving the dear child nearly all mine, yet even that does not seem to satisfy his ravenous appetite. At the time Mr. Winslow came we were actually near perishing. Our nets were not strong enough to hold the multitudes of bass and other fish in the bay,—we had no tackling to take the plentiful cod, and had it not been for the clams and muscles, and little alewives, we must have starved, even with such abundance at hand.

Yet Mr. Brewster in his strong faith has never failed to thank God “that He has permitted us to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sand:” and our growing hunger has not failed to remind us of One, our Man of sorrows, without food forty days and forty nights, beset by the tempter, that our soul’s craving might be satisfied with that eternal bread, eating of which we hunger never again, till we cry—“Lord, evermore give us this bread.”

Our growing crop promises but poorly, for the men were too weak to tend it properly, and when it was in the milk,—not nearly grown, but very delicious to eat when roasted,—the men of a colony settled not far from us took a great deal

of it. This company was sent out by Mr. Weston,—who has left the Merchant Adventurers,—under command of his brother. We were warned against them as bad men, but for their master's sake we treated them with all possible hospitality, and they so repaid it, that unless providentially supplied, we may look forward to another winter of pinching want, worse than the last.

The Indians also, knowing our weakened state, boast of their power to cut us off. Even our old ally Massasoit keeps aloof, and treats us coldly, now we can feast him no more.

It is a dreary out look we have into the future,—but doing all we can, and trusting for the rest, a Fort has been built on Fort Hill, where the pieces were formerly planted. It is a large square house, with flat roof supported by strong timbers, and on this the cannon are planted: the lower part we use for a meeting-house, and we are joyful in God's house of prayer, even though it is so necessary to be constantly on our guard, that on Sabbath morn, at tap of drum, the men all assemble before Captain Standish's house, each carrying his gun, and marching three abreast, ascend the hill. They sit with their

guns beside them in church, while by turns two or three stand outside as sentinels, that we be not surprised.

Swallow's Nest, Tuesday, Nov. 12, 1622.

Poor Squanto is dead, and blundering as he was,—often getting us into trouble,—and many mistakes as he made through vanity because of our dependence on him, we feel that we have lost a true friend.

About a week ago he went with Governor Bradford to Cape Cod to get corn, and there disease found him. Faithfully did the Governor nurse him, but so violently ill was he, that on the second day,—November ninth, three times a marked day in our calendar,—after making some bequests of his little trinkets to various friends in Plymouth, he bade the Governor good-bye, begging him “to pray that he might go to the Englishman’s God in heaven.” And as we lay our faithful friend under the sod, we can but hope that he was taught of the Englishman’s God, and gathered out of the darkness of this life to the light of heaven; that to the last man of his tribe,—saved by a bitter providence from the besom of pestilence,—it was given to con-

quer Death single-handed, and that he has gone to Him who three days slept in death that we might wake eternally.

But in Hobbamock, one of Massasoit's chief captain's, who has been sometime with us, we have both a prudent and zealous man to be our "mouth piece," and much do we need such an one, for the reckless band of colonists at Wessagussett — after so injuring our crop of corn, that had not Captain Jones stopped on his way to Virginia, leaving us knives and beads to trade with the Indians, we should be facing greedy winter empty-handed, — have so conducted themselves that the exasperated savages hate them bitterly, and only by the most sagacious management can an outbreak be prevented, in which we should doubtless be involved.

What then? But we cannot doubt God's final good designs for us, as with thankfulness we remember the past, thickset with mercies; especially for His grace that in all our misery and want, we have learned but to love each other the more, and drawing closer to our fellow-companions in suffering, have in that very action drawn nearer to Him, who smites us in love — a union well worth all our sorrows.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, February 21, 1623.

Two years ago to-day my father received his baptism of immortality. Two years,—counted by that warm, bright summer of plenty, and then our winter of discontent, with its blinding snows and scant meals ; followed by a summer of hunger and dread, and that, by another winter—almost gone now—of cold, and griping want, each day growing more bitter and oppressive.

My letter book has in it few records since the Fortune sailed away,—but I could not bear to sit down and think or write, with the memory of haggard, wan faces,—childish faces that should be plump and rosy,—lifting sunken eyes imploringly to mine, and hear their weak voices cry for bread. It is dreadful beyond expression to see men at work, trembling from actual, gnawing hunger! It has been particularly bitter to me to see my loved mother crying over her baby boy,—several months old now, though it seems years since he came among us,—who seems all the time so famished and perishing.

Can it be, we ask ourselves, that God is rebuking our rashness in coming to this savage coast, expecting Him to work miracles in our behalf? For the weak faith of many fails oftentimes,

doubting even that Father whose love is affirmed to be greater than any earthly father's love for his son, to whom, if he ask for bread, He will not give a stone. As a general thing, my life, like all others here, has resolved itself into this one oppressive question — "What shall we eat, and where withal shall we be clothed?" for we are but a shabby set in dress by this time: and I have found it very hard to obey the injunction,— that I have so often read as a reproof, to my anxious self, that my Bible falls open at it,— "Take therefore no thought for the morrow."

But Mr. Weston's shiftless men have fared much worse than we, who, although they boasted that they would not be hindered by feeble women and weak children, have been so straitened as to sell their clothing and bedding to the Indians, cut their wood and carry water for them like servants for a little corn, while several have actually perished from cold and hunger.

At one time they resolved to attack the savages, and take their corn by force, but having asked the Governor's advice, after showing them the sin of so doing, and telling them they had better resources than we,—as they have an abundance of oysters in addition to our

diet of ground-nuts, clams, and muscles,— he said that as the Indians had but little corn it would soon be spent, and then they would have to hunt for sustenance, exposed to the incensed savages.

For a wonder, they followed his good advice, though they might not have done so, had it not been clinched with a solemn promise that when King James sent an officer here to look into the affairs of the colonies, if they put their iniquitous plan into execution, he would recommend them to him as worthy of the gallows,— so they are still in a half-starved condition like ourselves.

Swallow's Nest, Thursday, April 23, 1628.

“With one grand campaign the Second Indian War is over!” said Captain Standish with a grim smile, as he set the bloody head of Wituwamat upon the Fort, for a terror to evil doers, but haunting me with its ghastly fearfulness, whenever I am tired, nervous or sick, as I have been so much of late.

We have all had a narrow escape from massacre by the Indians, staggering in our ignorance and hungry weakness on the brink of destruction,— but the hand of the Lord kept us. The

Massachusetts and Paomet Indians, outraged by the lawless conduct of Mr. Weston's men, entered into a conspiracy against all the English. Wituwamat, a desperate Massachusetts Chief, resolved first to kill Captain Standish,—of whom they stand most in awe. While he was with them buying corn, with only two or three other men, Wituwamat tried to persuade him to send for the rest of the men to come up from the boat, and failing in this scheme, an Indian, on pretence of taking them grain as a present, went to the shallop and spent the night, intending to murder the Captain in his sleep; but warned of God, as we believe, he could not sleep, but walked the boat all night; and when the disappointed assassin urged him to stop next day at his village for corn, and he would have done so, a contrary wind prevented him, and the treacherous savage came here with him.

During the absence of Captain Standish, having heard that Massasoit was very ill, Mr. Winslow, with a gentleman from London, Master John Hampden, who spent the winter with us, went to see the poor king, taking Hobbamock as a guide, who, as they journeyed, bewailed the fate of Massasoit in most touching lamentations,—for

the Indians, hoping to keep them from going farther, had told them he was dead. But Mr. Winslow, wishing to make peace with the crafty Conbatant, his successor, went on, and found Massasoit still living, but very low and perfectly blind, with a crowd of medicine-men around making a most distracting noise.

“Art thou Winslow?” cried the apparently dying king, stretching out his hand. “O Winslow, I shall never see thee again.”

Mr. Winslow at once took charge of his case, nursing him till he was able to sit up. His gratitude knew no bounds, and remembering all our former kindness and friendliness, he treated them with the utmost respect, and taking Hob-bammock aside, told him the plot against us, which during his sickness they had vainly urged him to join, and he repeated it to Mr. Winslow on their way home.

No time was to be lost. Captain Standish had just come in with the Indian, who was urging him to return to Paomet for corn the first fair wind. He was at once sent home, the plot unfolded, and in the council assembled on the yearly court-day, March twenty-third, it was decided that on pretence of purchasing corn, Captain

Standish should go with a body of picked men, and seize or punish the ringleaders.

Having chosen and equipped eight men on whom he could rely, he was ready to start, when a messenger came from Wessagussett to tell us of their perishing condition, and he at once went to them, and found them so reduced that the Indians could easily have murdered all.

While telling them of the arranged massacre, several of the Indian leaders came in, pretending to have furs to sell, and the fierce flash of Captain Standish's eyes told them their designs were known. Several times during the day they came near,—one even sending word by Hobbammock that they knew the little Captain had come to kill them, but they did not fear: and frequently they brandished their sharp knives before the faces of our men, with insulting gestures, and contemptuous speeches.

Wituwamat especially boasted of his knife. On the end of the handle was a woman's face. "I have another at home," he said, "with which I have killed both English and French, and by and by they shall marry!" adding, as he caressed the keen, glittering blade, "By and by it shall eat, but not speak."

Pecksuot, a tall, strong Indian, mocked the Captain for his small size, and threatened him, which he bore patiently, biding his time. But on the next day, four of the worst being in the room, having given the signal to his men, he seized the braggart Pecksuot, and killed him with the knife hanging from a chain round his neck, that he had sharpened on both edges with almost a needle's fineness at the point. After despatching them they followed up the rest, and killing several, drove the others to a swamp.

Captain Standish gave all the corn he could spare to the terrified colonists at Wessagussett, who hastily took boat and sailed away, much in debt to us. But when the Captain came home bringing Wituwamat's head,—such a horrible sight!—and the fierce, blood-thirsty looking weapons of those that fell, we felt that under any circumstances we can rejoice over the departure of those who embroiled us in this successful but bad war.

Swallow's Nest, Wednesday, May 14, 1623.

If last May—as I find by turning back but a few leaves—I wrote under the presence of physical want, sore-sick at soul, and haunted by

hunger-wasted faces, and sunken eyes, I have even worse to write of now, nor have I the spirit or strength to bear it as then — somehow all this has crushed me.

For three months we have been without a particle of grain to eat, sometimes all having to go down to the shore and dig shell-fish, or to the woods for roots and nuts, relieved now and then by an occasional deer, or a small boat-load of fish. Thus do we drag out the weary days, and long, long nights, — trying not to complain, and praying, "Give us this day our daily bread," with a fervor that once, when enjoying life's common blessings, seemed impossible.

The sharp agony of that dreary winter of death, was nothing to the slow torture of this spring. It is comparatively easy to look in a dying face, full of the soul's exceeding bliss, and think that after a brief struggle there shall come a sweet, eternal release.

But O the agony of looking into these swollen, watery-skinned faces, — these hunger-filled, imploring eyes, and think it may last for months yet! It is very trying to have the children beg piteously for bread, — to see Mary Allerton take Peregrine, and kneeling down pray in unques-

tioning faith — “O, Father God, please send us something to eat!” and wondering that it delays so long, take him and the other children out, and seating them on the green grass say, “Let’s play that Jesus knows we are hungry, and he’s going to come with some loaves of bread and feed us,” and tell them in her childish way of Christ’s feeding the multitudes.

It is very bitter to look forward for days to a returning boat or hunting party, comforting the impatient children through each sad to-day with a hope of the better morrow, and have the expected men come in empty-handed!

O my Cariad, whom I have not called upon for so long, lest in my weakness I should have an overweening desire to go from this desolation to the fulness of the Father’s house, in my failing strength I could but be glad this morning, when, after a night of tossing unrest, troubled by feverish dreams of loaded tables, round which our starving children clustered, but were unable to reach the food, I heard uncle Samuel tell mother he feared I would never live to see another winter.

Is it wrong to be very glad at the Lord’s will, — if it be His will to take me, — even when

mother's tears fell fast over me, and Peregrine sobs aloud because she is crying ?

I cannot tell — I scarcely dare think of that — only pray, as we all do earnestly, for relief, and that the expected ships may come with supplies and friends, — and I do pray to live till Patience comes.

Swallow's Nest, Wednesday, July 24, 1623.

"The Lord is merciful and gracious ; slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy. He will not always chide ; neither will He keep His anger forever."

With trembling hand I write this as my testimony in behalf of Him who hath led us as a flock, — one of my last letters, for although I have been and am much better than in early May, — so that mother hopes, and Paul rejoices over me, — yet I know I shall write few letters more.

In the destitution of April it was resolved, that to stimulate all to their utmost endeavors to secure a good crop, the land should be divided, and every family plant corn for themselves, and by this means a much larger amount was planted than in either season before ; even the women

and children working diligently in the field, or carrying baskets filled with alewives, that were caught in immense quantities in a trellis-work in the river, to put in the hills, and with a good hope in the future — that seemed far off to our eager appetites — we hungered, prayed, and waited.

But in the middle of May began a terrible drought, with not a drop of rain for more than six weeks. The early-planted corn put out little blighted ears; the latter withered in blade and stalk, and hung drooping as if dead, while the bean-vines looked as though scorched by fire.

Each morning, after coughing the fore part of the night, as I woke late from a little sleep, I saw the red sun glaring down from the brazen sky like a globe of fire; and all night the moon shone as a ball of blood against the dark blue of the upper deep.

Day after day, week after week, we prayed in our closets — at the family altar — and in our house of prayer for relief, each looking in his own heart for the cause of this judgment, — and still the heavens were as brass, and God mocked our prayers for rain with scorching sunshine.

In addition to this, we had heard more than

two months previous that a ship was only three hundred leagues off the coast,—a ship laden with supplies, and more precious still, our friends — Patience among them—and yet she came not. Instead, after a heavy storm there drifted to the shore fragments of a wreck, and we sat in deepest grief, almost certain that this last, best earthly hope had been taken from us.

But in our deep distress, mindful how God in time past had listened to the strong crying of a united people, it was resolved to humble ourselves before the Lord in a day of fasting and prayer, and Thursday, July eighteenth, was set apart for that purpose. It was a time of thick darkness, and we kept the Fast-Day solemnly to the Lord, the whole time from eight in the morning till four or five in the afternoon, being spent in confession and supplication, each crying mightily, and wrestling with the Angel of the Covenant, saying as Jacob, “I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me.”

Mr. Winslow and Wrestling carried me up to the meeting-house, and after staying two hours I came back—not sorrowing because I should tread the narrow, well-worn path no more.

After I had rested, Hobbammock came to the

door, very curious to know why we kept this day the same as the Sabbath, and even more strictly. My explanation seemed to make a great impression on his mind, and he was still more surprised at the faithfulness, and power of the Englishman's God, for before the meeting was over, thick clouds began to hurry up the sky, and shut out the cruel, burning sun, and ere morning they dropped on the parched land in gentle showers, which came so quickly, and lasted so long that everything was revived, and with hearts made thankful, and softened by the dew of God's grace, we hope for a fruitful harvest.

That same memorable Fast-Day night, Captain Standish, long absent, came in with a boat-load of provisions,—better yet, bringing word that two treasure-filled ships were on their way, and would soon be here, so it was decided to keep a day of Thanksgiving to our prayer-hearing, and prayer-answering God: and in the hope that those we love will be here to rejoice with us in the Lord, it is set on Thursday, August first.

A Thanksgiving Day! Who should give thanks if not we—if not I, who expect soon to look upon my dear friend, Patience,—and soon to look upon One dearer yet?

Hobbammock just came in to show me a mammoth eagle he had shot, and as I looked at it he told me how the old eagle taught its young to fly, by taking from them one by one the pieces of the nest: desperately do they clutch at every last particle, but when all is gone, and they shiver on the bare ledge, she shoves them rudely off, and as with shrieks of fear they instinctively stretch and try their wings, she floats around, sustaining and cheering, till soon they swim away in ether to dizzy heights.

I saw myself in the young eagle, sheltered under God's broad wings of love till it came my time to fly. Clinging still to things of time and sense, He took my treasures on earth to heaven, — brother, sister, father, and thee, my Cariad, — snatching comforts too, and little joys. Hugging desperately the beggarly elements of the world, He took peace and ease from me, sent terror from the Indians, and famine; drouth, and fear for the loss of friends; now He takes my health and life, and I seem to be toppling over into the abyss of death, not unsustained, but upborne by the invisible but strong wings of the Heavenly Dove.

Many thanks to thee, Hobbammock, for the lesson. May the God in whom you have ex-

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

pressed your belief grant you such pardoning grace, that in the dying hour your soul may mount as on eagle's wings.

CHAPTER XXV.

Swallow's Nest, Friday, Aug. 16, 1623.

AY CARIAD:—Sitting here this bright summer day, propped up in the old easy-chair in which Mrs. Winslow used to sit, I find it far easier to look forward, as John from rocky Patmos, to the glories of the New Jerusalem, than in this “last time” to glance backward, and like Mr. Martin, “settle my accounts before I die.”

I could but be better for about two weeks ago, just in time to keep our Thanksgiving Day with us, came the Ann and Little James, bringing many passengers. Patience came—Fear was with her, and Mr. Jonathan Brewster’s family. Aunt Bridget and little Samuel gladdened uncle Fuller’s heart; while Governor Bradford clasped in his arms his orphan boy asking, “Where’s my mother, my mother?” and sobbed aloud.

A Mrs. Southworth came also, a widowed sister of uncle Samuel's second wife,—an early love of Governor Bradford's when he was a mere boy, it is said,—and little John Bradford calls her mother now.

Fear Brewster has told me as a secret, that she has promised to give a mother's care and love to the little Allertons: and Captain Standish in his own peculiar, resolute way, has secured a wife.

Not trusting to some one else this time, he went down to the shore as the passengers were being landed, and having espied one he deemed suitable, he appeared and asked her name. On being told, "Barbara," said he, "I want a wife. You suit me. Will you marry Captain Standish, to-morrow?" and Barbara did not refuse, so they were married on Thanksgiving Day.

Many other families came to their husbands and fathers here: all the sad, heavy eyes sparkle again, and Peregrine says many times daily,— "We have good times now, don't we?"

A very comforting letter also came from the Merchant Adventurers, who, after expressions of tender sympathy, added, "Let it not be grievous to you, that you have been the instruments to break the ice for others who shall come after you

with less difficulty. The honor shall be yours to the world's end."

This consoles our men who have struggled under such a weight of disadvantages, for the bitter reprimand Mr. Weston gave them, that still rankles in Captain Standish's heart. Poor Mr. Weston! Having deserted us after all his good promises, being involved in some trouble, he left England in disguise, in a fishing-vessel, to come to his colony here, and being cast away on the shore was robbed by the Indians, so that he was compelled to borrow clothing to come here, where he first learned that his miserable colonists had abandoned all, and shipwrecked in fortune, he was very glad to borrow articles of our men with which to commence trade with the Indians.

"Don't lend him a penny's worth!" said Captain Standish, but a better feeling prevailed, and he is now trading with the savages.

Our friends were in great dismay at the sight of our shabbiness and poverty, and our undreamed-of destitution: and as at first we had no food to give them but lobsters and fish, some of them thought our Thanksgiving Day quite superfluous.

But we, having tasted the great goodness of

the Lord, kept it devoutly, having a sermon in the meeting house in the morning, in which Elder Brewster reviewed our unnumbered blessings and reliefs in distresses. I could not go this time, but I sat in the open door, and listening to their sweet songs of praise, rejoiced that I was soon to sing that new song which no man knoweth ; and joining in the prayer of thanks, looked forward with most thankfulness because the time was near, when, all my wants supplied from Eternal Fulness, prayer should be lost in praise.

After the services were over, in our different houses we gathered round tables supplied with various rarities that had been brought on ship,—especially milk from the few cows they brought—and our own luxuries of fish and fruit ; and bountiful indeed did they seem to us—well worthy of giving thanks therefor.

With this accession of numbers, strength and comforts, all the future looks bright, and promises only happiness. And this I am to leave ! Am I sorry ?

For the first few moments, as Patience threw her arms around me, and cried aloud at sight of my pale face, and wasted figure, saying she could not give me up, I felt almost a desire to

stay until the radiant summer should be over-past, and the leaves brighten into their dying glories.

Perhaps I ought to feel sorry to leave my poor mother with such a weight of cares,— to which I add greatly now,— but Mary Chilton is soon to be the wife of John Winslow, who came in the Fortune, and she will be a daughter to mother in my place, as she has been ever since I have been ill.

Sometimes when that dear brother Paul of mine comes in with some fresh oysters that he has been at great trouble to get for me, or some luscious, dewy fruit; or stands near when I am suffering, eager to do anything that can relieve me, great tears of love and sympathy suffusing his eyes, I thank God for giving me so good a brother, and am willing to live a little longer.

And as Peregrine runs to me every little while to be kissed, and asks mother why I cry, as fall the tears I cannot keep back at the pang of giving him up, I almost wish to live a great while longer.

And, my Cariad, when Wrestling Brewster came in this morning, as I sat weak and faint after a violent paroxysm of coughing, and sit-

ting near me repeated God's old promises, ever new, and spoke of the tender love of Jesus, who shrank not from life's bitter cup, but drank it to the very dregs and died, that it might have only eternal sweetness for us, I quite wished to live long on the earth, that Wrestling might know I did indeed love him in return for the love he gave me so long ago.

Indeed all are so kind to me unworthy, — I am encircled with such a charmed halo of love, — that I should be ungrateful to Him who is Love, did I not joy in it. And yet I find it much easier, and more accordant with my will, to lay my hand in the Elder Brother's, — to go forth and meet the Heavenly Bridegroom. All fear and doubt are gone ; He hath prepared for me my wedding-garment, and in its spotless purity it is waiting for me — even me.

Faith White's letter-book is ended. Her imperfect, dying life is, through death, soon to be a life indeed with you, my Cariad, with my father and mother, with the "great cloud of witnesses ;" — most of all — best of all — with Him who first loved me — whom not having seen I love.

His voice calleth to me in the solemn night-

FAITH WHITE'S LETTER BOOK.

watches, "Surely I come quickly:" and my heart beats evenly, rapturously as I answer, "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

In accordance with her permission, this letter-book of my glorified friend Faith has been given me to read.

Nothing need be added to the completeness of the record of a life hid with Christ in God, except that Faith White triumphantly fell asleep in Jesus, Monday, September 29, 1623, aged 18 years and 6 months.

WEBSTLING BREWSTER.

WILAYAH

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